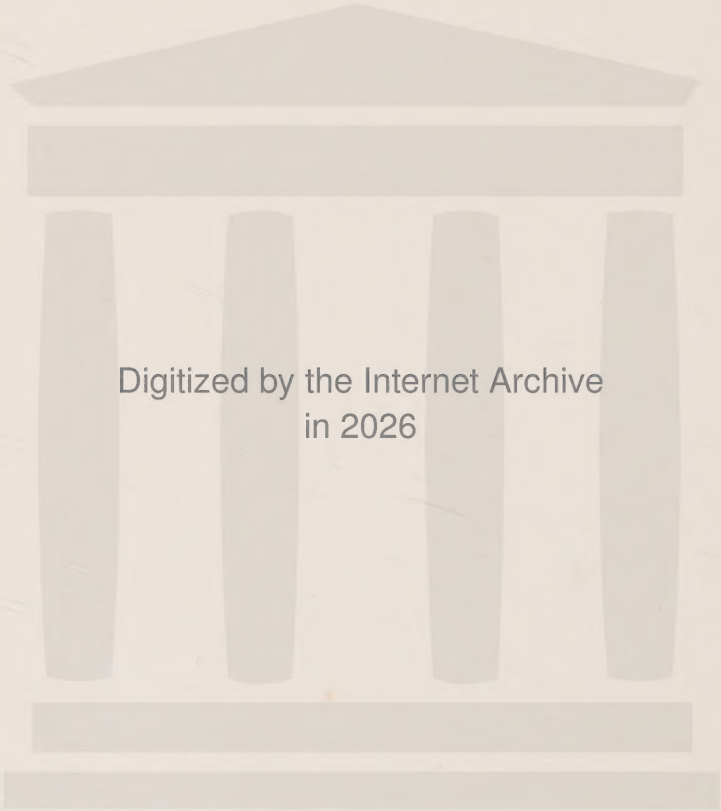
NEW SONGS
OF THE
GOSPEL
1, 2 & 3
Combined



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New Songs of the Gospel
Numbers 1, 2 and 3
Combined

Edited and compiled by
J. Lincoln Hall
C. Austin Miles
C. Harold Lowden
and others

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PREFACE

NEW SONGS OF THE GOSPEL NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 COMBINED.

The series of books which we have issued with the above titles have been the most popular and useful we have ever published.

The sales have reached many hundreds of thousands. In combining the three books we believe we are giving the Christian public the greatest compendium of songs ever issued. This combination makes a Hymnal for Christian Worship, Sunday Schools, Evangelistic Meetings, &c., which will meet all requirements.

We trust that the cause of Christianity may be advanced through the use of these songs and that God's blessing may be upon them.

The Editors and Publishers.

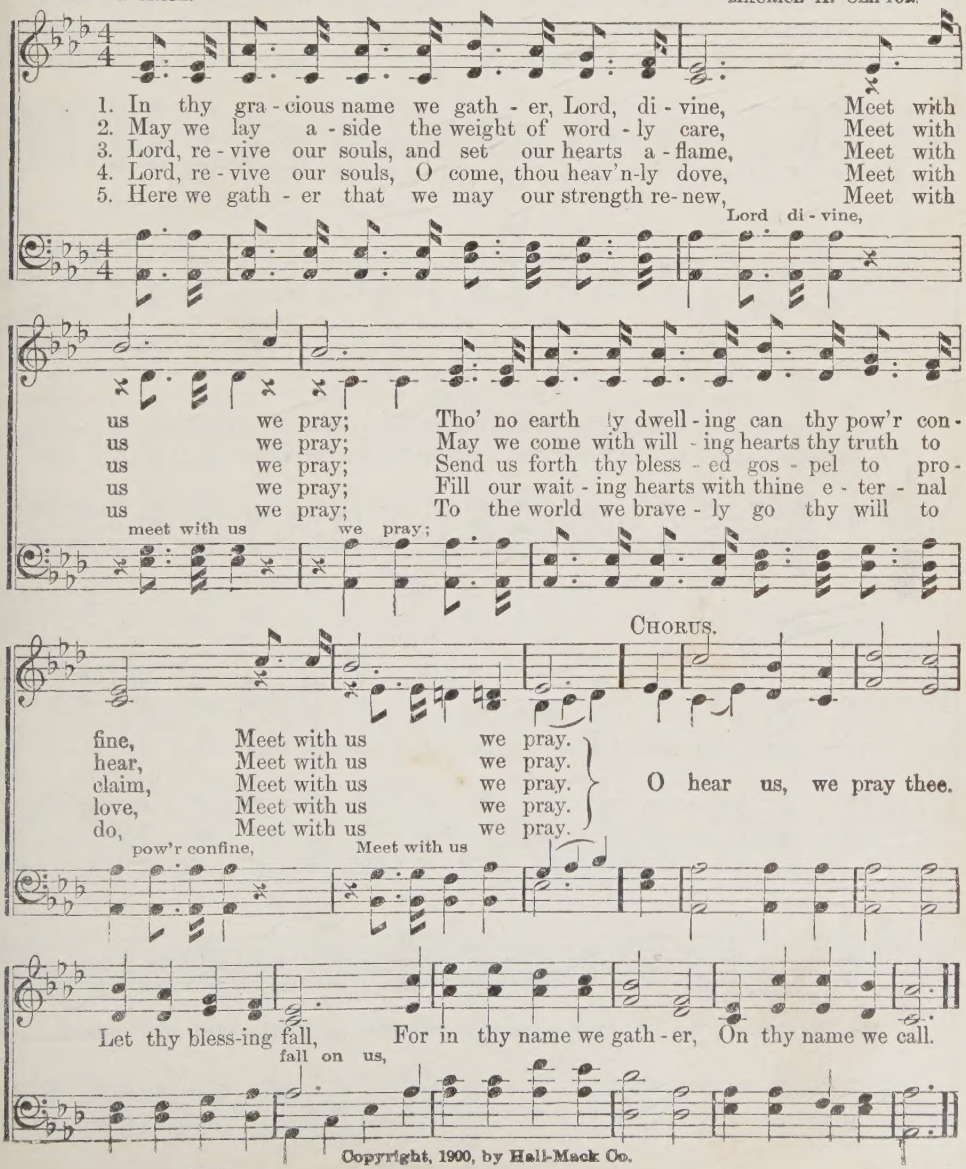
NEW SONGS OF THE GOSPEL

NUMBERS 1-2-3

COMBINED

No. 1.

Lord, Meet With Us.

IRVIN H. MACK. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. In thy gra - cious name we gath - er, Lord, di - vine, Meet with
2. May we lay a - side the weight of word - ly care, Meet with
3. Lord, re - vive our souls, and set our hearts a - flame, Meet with
4. Lord, re - vive our souls, O come, thou heav'n-ly dove, Meet with
5. Here we gath - er that we may our strength re - new, Meet with
Lord di - vine,
us we pray; Tho' no earth - ly dwell - ing can thy pow'r con -
us we pray; May we come with will - ing hearts thy truth to
us we pray; Send us forth thy bless - ed gos - pel to pro -
us we pray; Fill our wait - ing hearts with thine e - ter - nal
us we pray; To the world we brave - ly go thy will to
meet with us
we pray;
CHORUS.
fine, Meet with us we pray.
hear, Meet with us we pray.
claim, Meet with us we pray.
love, Meet with us we pray.
do, Meet with us we pray.
O hear us, we pray thee.
pow'r confine,
Meet with us
Let thy bless-ing fall, For in thy name we gath - er, On thy name we call.
fall on us,

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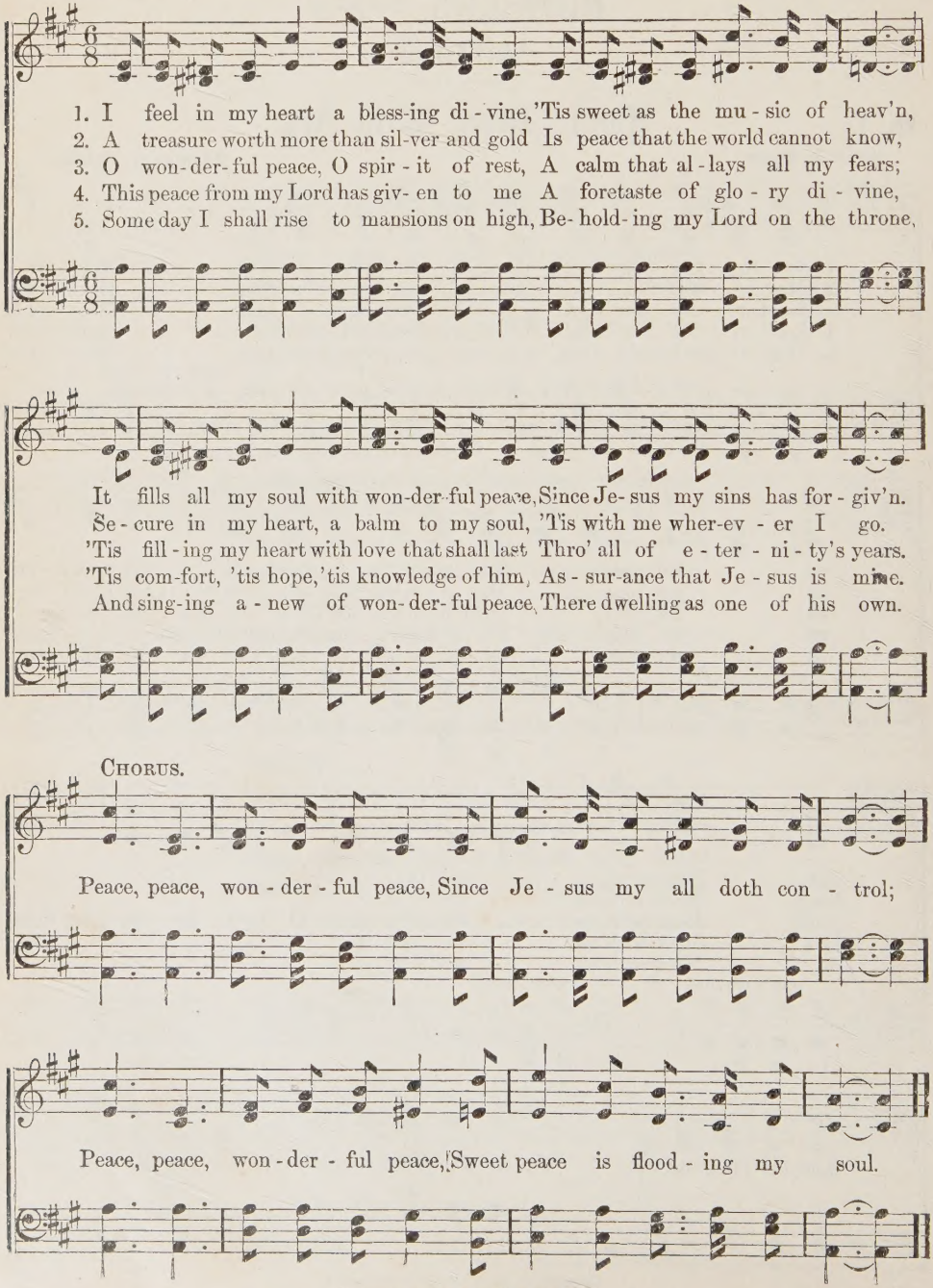
No. 2. Sweet Peace is Flooding My Soul.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. I feel in my heart a bless-ing di - vine, 'Tis sweet as the mu - sic of heav'n,
2. A treasure worth more than sil-ver and gold Is peace that the world cannot know,
3. O won-der-ful peace, O spir - it of rest, A calm that al - lays all my fears;
4. This peace from my Lord has giv- en to me A foretaste of glo - ry di - vine,
5. Some day I shall rise to mansions on high, Be- hold - ing my Lord on the throne,
It fills all my soul with won-der-ful peace, Since Je- sus my sins has for - giv'n.
Se - cure in my heart, a balm to my soul, 'Tis with me wher-ev - er I go.
'Tis fill - ing my heart with love that shall last Thro' all of e - ter - ni - ty's years.
'Tis com-fort, 'tis hope, 'tis knowledge of him, As - sur-ance that Je - sus is mine.
And sing-ing a - new of won-der-ful peace, There dwelling as one of his own.
CHORUS.
Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace, Since Je - sus my all doth con - trol;
Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace, Sweet peace is flood - ing my soul.

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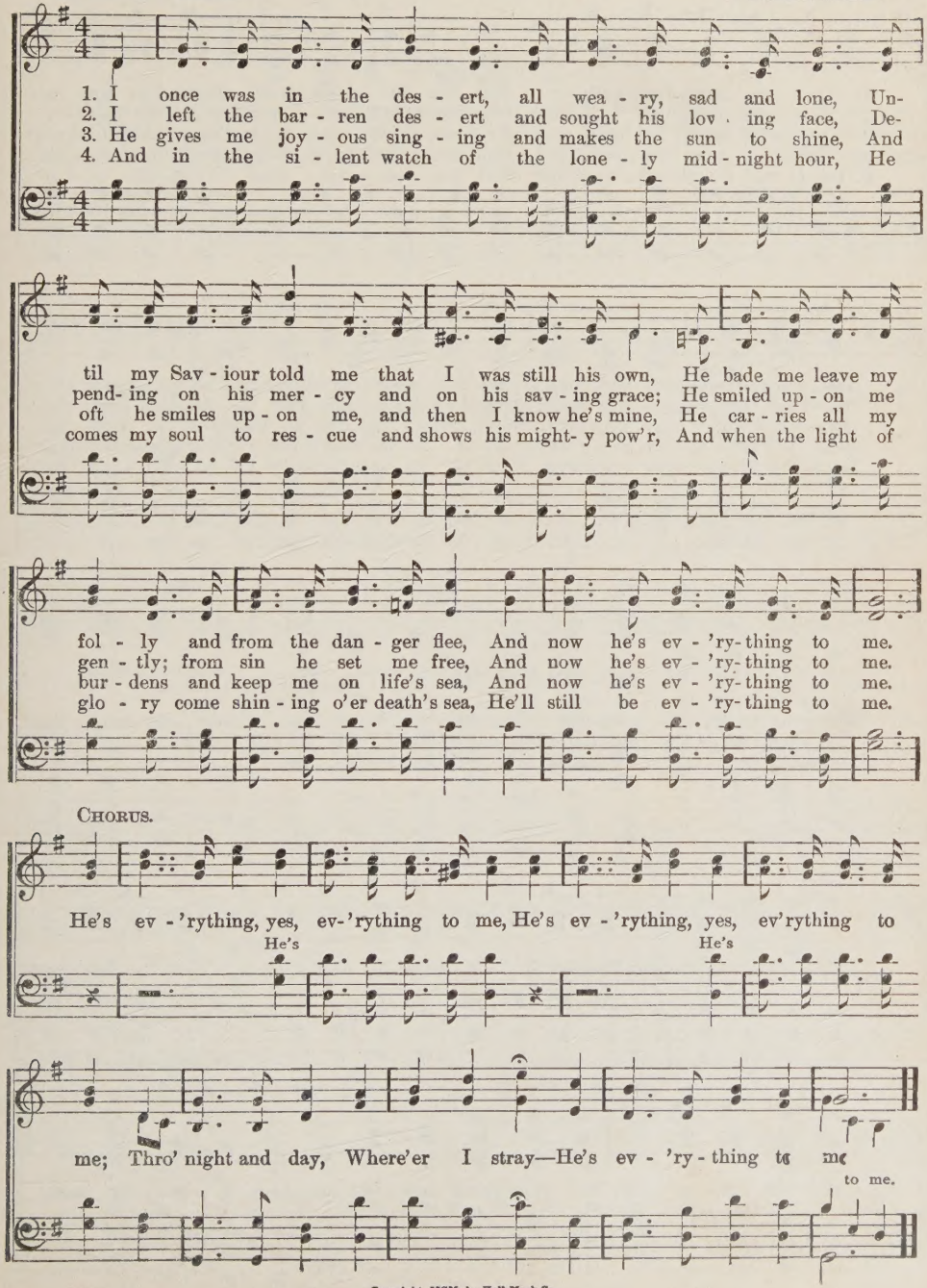
No. 3

He's Everything to Me.

FRANK H. MASHAW. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I once was in the des - ert, all wea - ry, sad and lone, Un-
2. I left the bar - ren des - ert and sought his lov - ing face, De-
3. He gives me joy - ous sing - ing and makes the sun to shine, And
4. And in the si - lent watch of the lone - ly mid - night hour, He
til my Sav - iour told me that I was still his own, He bade me leave my
pend- ing on his mer - cy and on his sav - ing grace; He smiled up - on me
oft he smiles up - on me, and then I know he's mine, He car - ries all my
comes my soul to res - cue and shows his might- y pow'r, And when the light of
fol - ly and from the dan - ger flee, And now he's ev - 'ry- thing to me.
gen - tly; from sin he set me free, And now he's ev - 'ry- thing to me.
bur - dens and keep me on life's sea, And now he's ev - 'ry- thing to me.
glo - ry come shin - ing o'er death's sea, He'll still be ev - 'ry- thing to me.
CHORUS.
He's ev - 'rything, yes, ev- 'rything to me, He's ev - 'rything, yes, ev'rything to
He's
He's
me; Thro' night and day, Where'er I stray—He's ev - 'ry - thing to me
to me.

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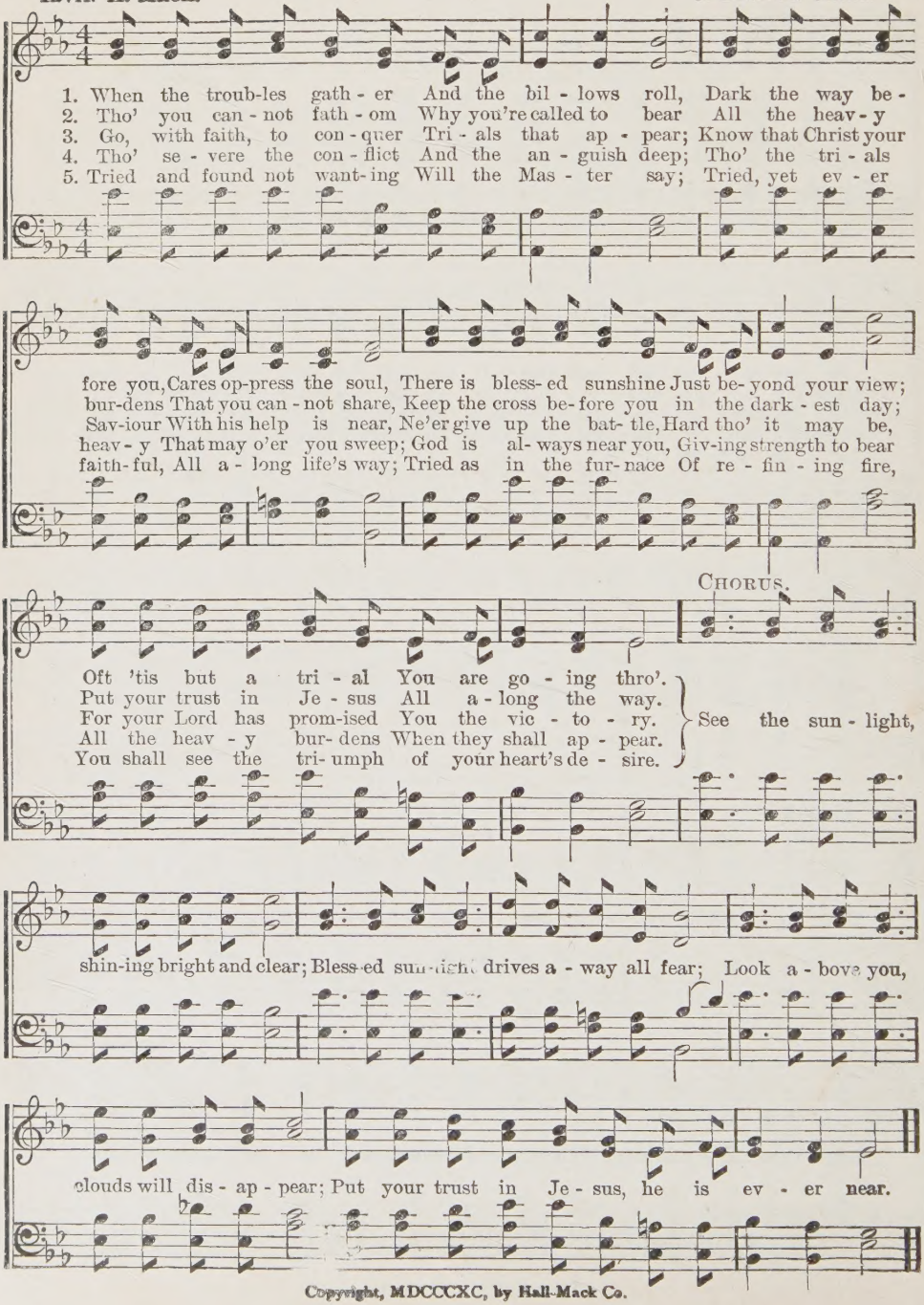
No. 4.

Light Beyond the Shadows.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. When the troub-les gath - er And the bil - lows roll, Dark the way be -
2. Tho' you can - not fath - om Why you're called to bear All the heav - y
3. Go, with faith, to con - quer Tri - als that ap - pear; Know that Christ your
4. Tho' se - vere the con - flict And the an - guish deep; Tho' the tri - als
5. Tried and found not want - ing Will the Mas - ter say; Tried, yet ev - er
fore you, Cares op-press the soul, There is bless-ed sunshine Just be-yond your view;
bur-dens That you can - not share, Keep the cross be-fore you in the dark - est day;
Sav-iour With his help is near, Ne'er give up the bat- tle, Hard tho' it may be,
heav - y That may o'er you sweep; God is al- ways near you, Giv-ing strength to bear
faith-ful, All a - long life's way; Tried as in the fur-nace Of re - fin - ing fire,
CHORUS.
Oft 'tis but a tri - al You are go - ing thro'.
Put your trust in Je - sus All a - long the way.
For your Lord has prom-ised You the vic - to - ry.
All the heav - y bur-dens When they shall ap - pear.
You shall see the tri- umph of your heart's de - sire.
See the sun - light,
shin-ing bright and clear; Bless-ed sun-light drives a - way all fear; Look a - bove you,
clouds will dis - ap - pear; Put your trust in Je - sus, he is ev - er near.

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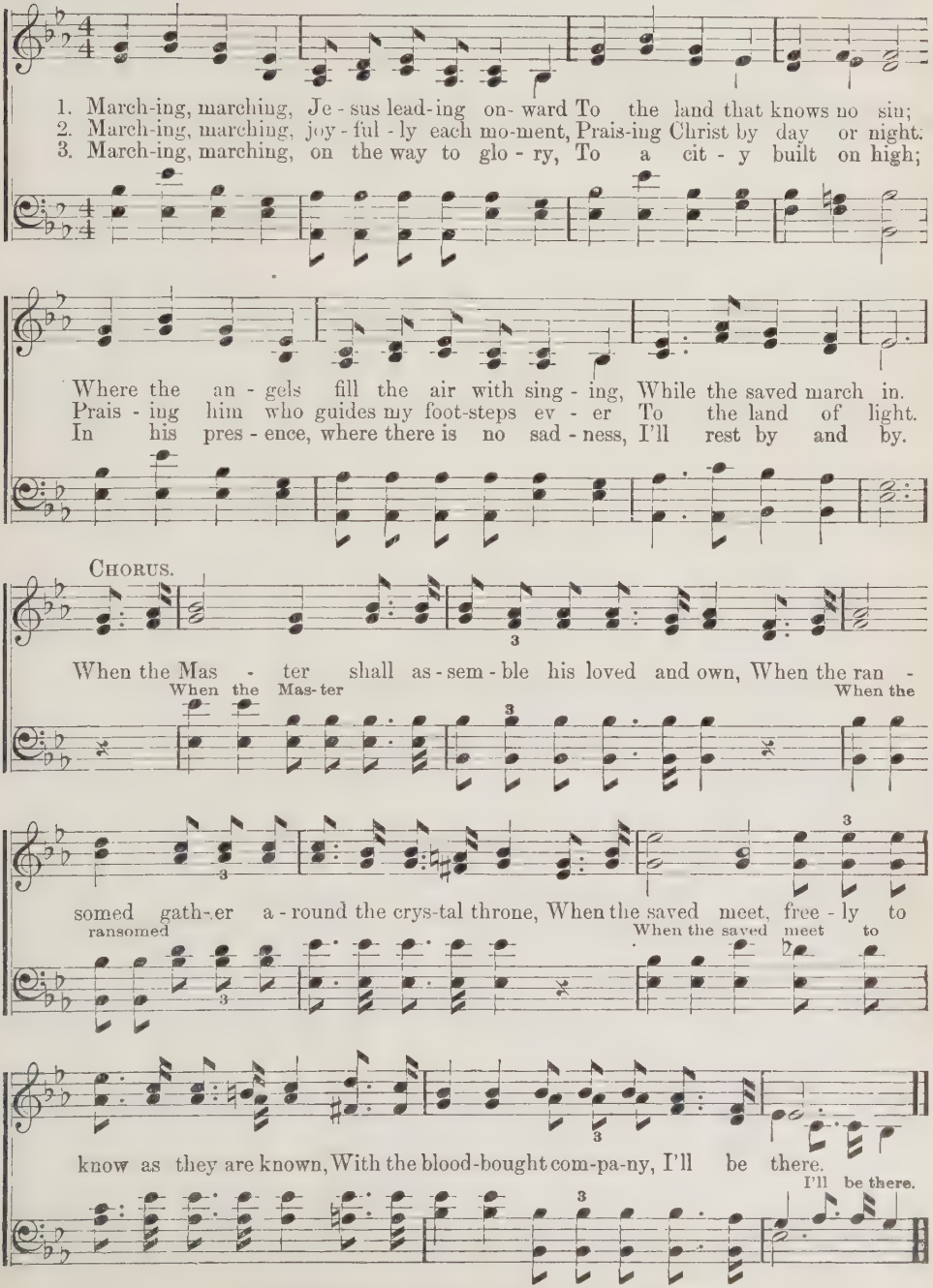
No. 5. With the Blood-bought I'll be There.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. March-ing, marching, Je - sus lead-ing on- ward To the land that knows no sin;
2. March-ing, marching, joy - ful - ly each mo-ment, Prais-ing Christ by day or night.
3. March-ing, marching, on the way to glo - ry, To a cit - y built on high;
Where the an - gels fill the air with sing - ing, While the saved march in.
Prais - ing him who guides my foot-steps ev - er To the land of light.
In his pres - ence, where there is no sad - ness, I'll rest by and by.
Chorus.
When the Mas - ter shall as - sem - ble his loved and own, When the ran -
When the Mas-ter
When the
somed gath-er a - round the crys-tal throne, When the saved meet, free - ly to
ransomed
When the saved meet to
know as they are known, With the blood-bought com-pa-ny, I'll be there.
I'll be there.

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No. 6.

"Holiness Unto the Lord."

H. L. G.

H. L. Gilmour.

1. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," church of our God, Pur - chase of Je - sus re-
2. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," chil - dren of light, Walk - ing with Je - sus in
3. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," praise his dear name! This bless - ed se - cret to
4. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," glo - ri - ous thought! Up from the wild - er - ness
5. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," Bride of the Lamb, Wait - ing the Bridegroom's re-

deemed by his blood; Called from the world and its i - dols to flee,
gar - ments of white; Rai - ment un - sul - lied, nor tar - nished with sin,
faith now made plain Not our own right - eous-ness, but Christ with - in,
wan - der-ings brought, Out from the shad - ows and dark - ness of night,
turn - ing a - gain; Lift up your head for the day draw - eth near,

Chorus.

Called from the bond- age of sin to be free.
God's Ho - ly Spir - it a - bid - ing with-in.
Liv - ing and reign-ing and sav - ing from sin.
In - to the Ca - naan of per - fect de-light.
When in his beau - ty the King shall ap-pear.

"Ho-li - ness un - to the Lord,"

is our watch - word and song, "Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord,"

cres.

as we're march - ing a - long; Sing it, shout it,

"Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord."

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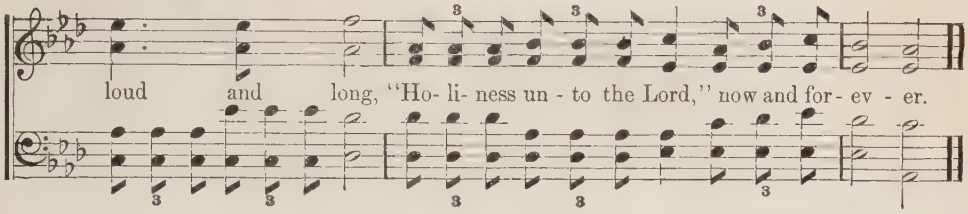
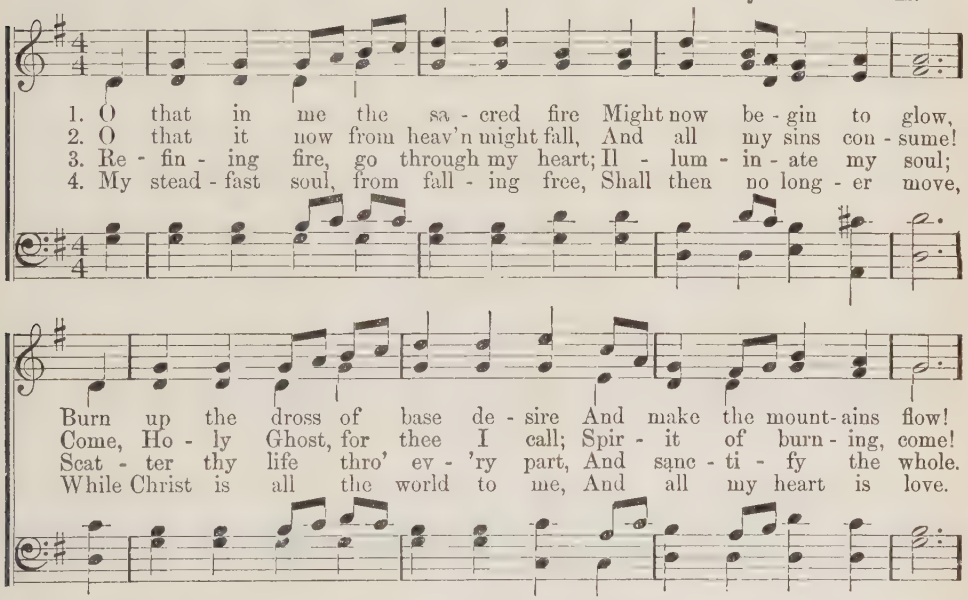
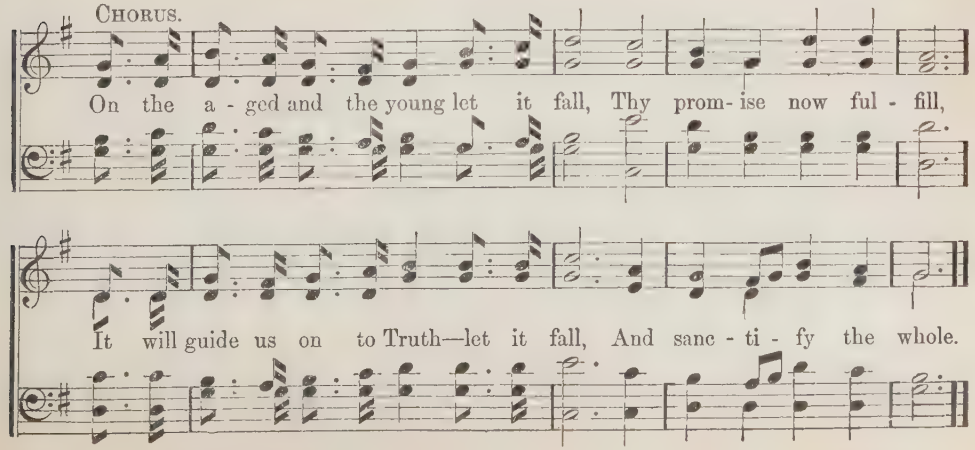

No. 7. On the Aged and the Young.

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. by C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. O that in me the sa - cred fire Might now be - gin to glow,
2. O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con - sume!
3. Re - fin - ing fire, go through my heart; Il - lum - in - ate my soul;
4. My stead - fast soul, from fall - ing free, Shall then no long - er move,
Burn up the dross of base de - sire And make the mount - ains flow!
Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for thee I call; Spir - it of burn - ing, come!
Scat - ter thy life thro' ev - 'ry part, And sanc - ti - fy the whole.
While Christ is all the world to me, And all my heart is love.


CHORUS.
On the a - ged and the young let it fall, Thy prom - ise now ful - fill,
It will guide us on to Truth—let it fall, And sanc - ti - fy the whole.

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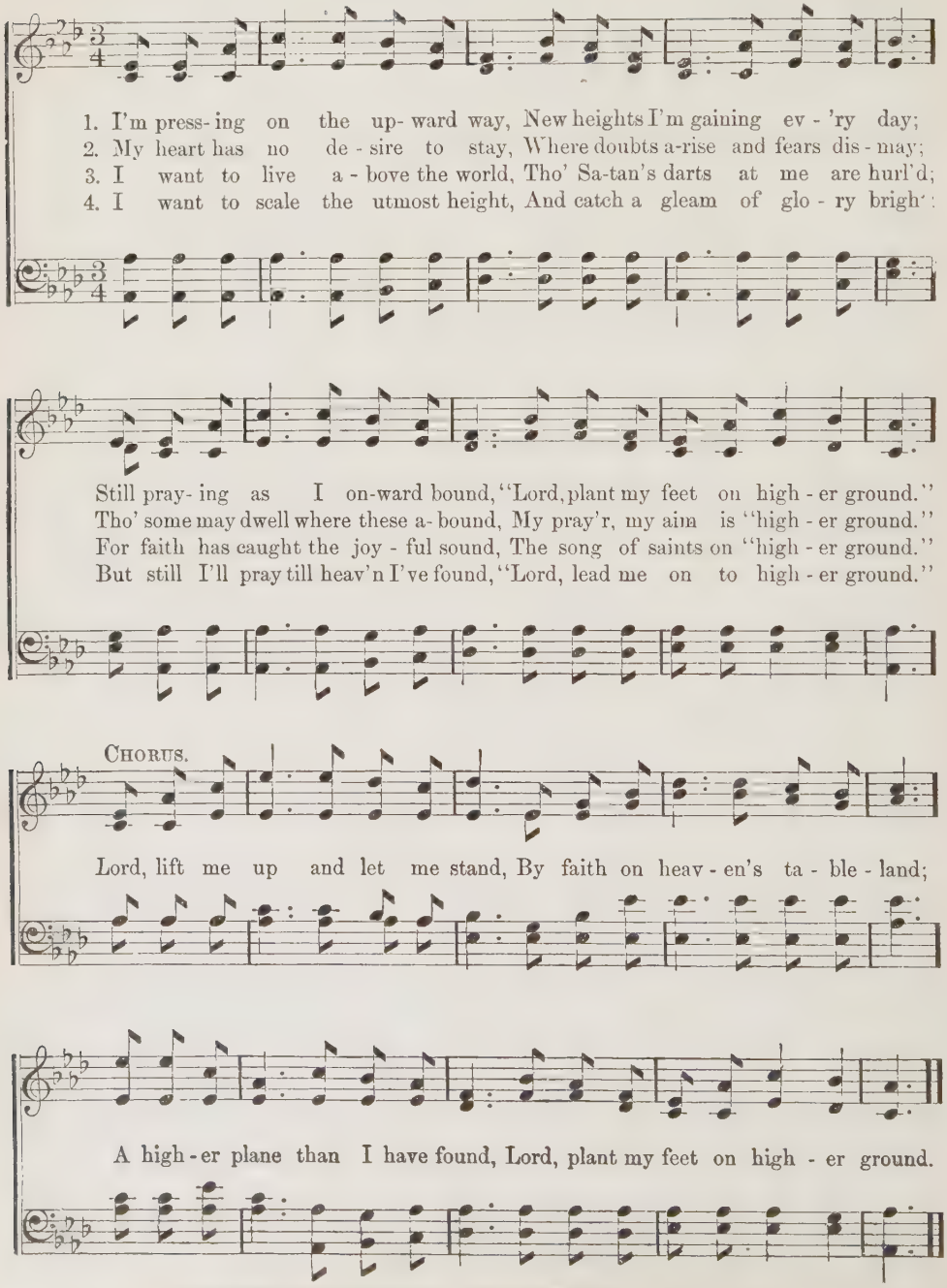
No. 8.

Higher Ground.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay, Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright:
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these a-bound, My pray'r, my aim is "high-er ground."
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on "high-er ground."
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."
CHORUS.
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith on heav-en's ta-ble-land;
A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

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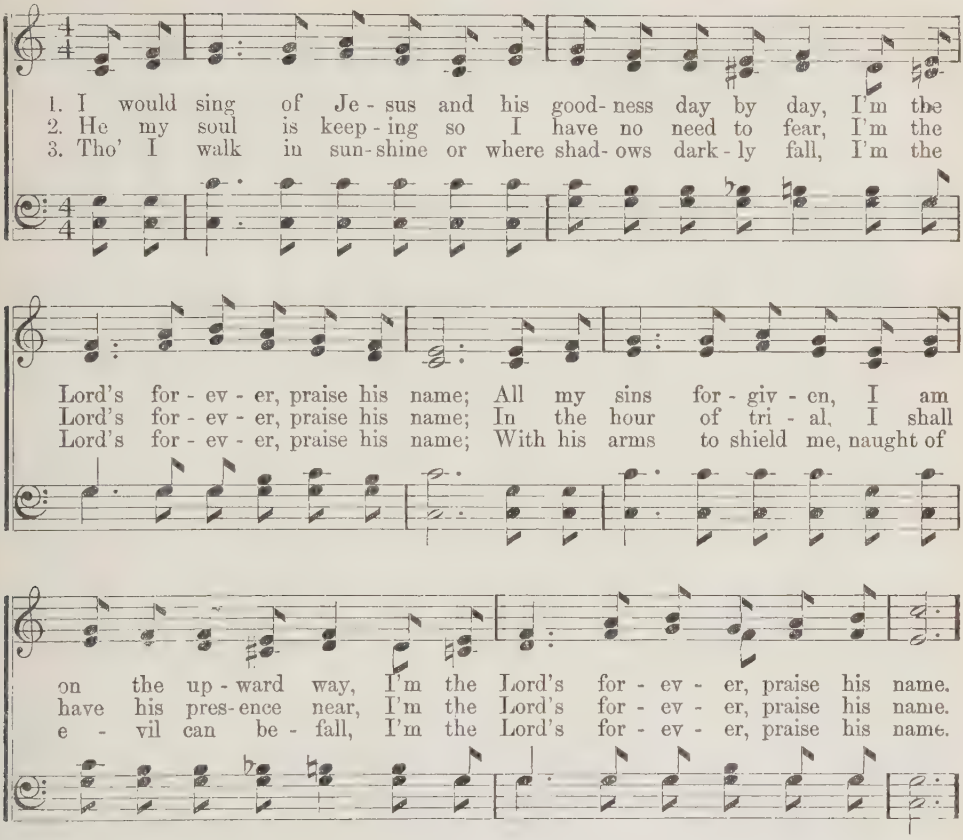
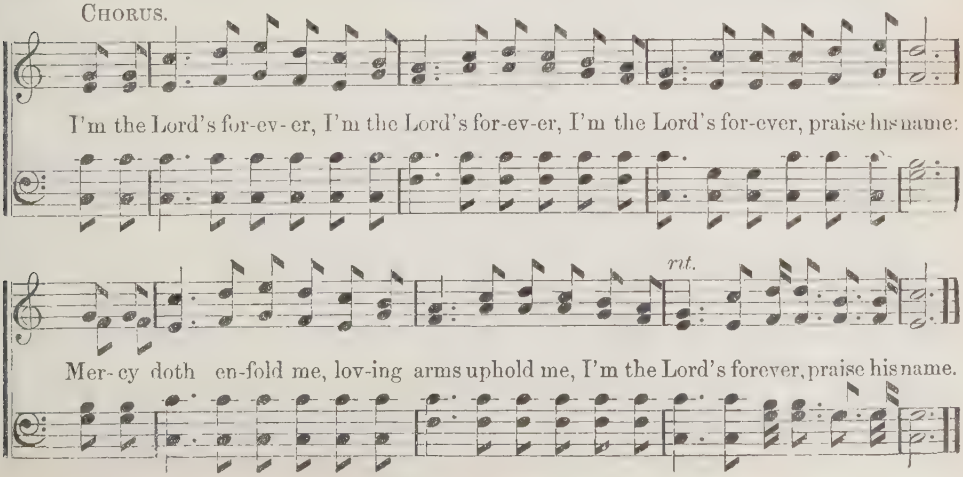
No. 9.

I'm the Lord's Forever.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. I would sing of Je - sus and his good- ness day by day, I'm the
2. He my soul is keep - ing so I have no need to fear, I'm the
3. Tho' I walk in sun - shine or where shad- ows dark - ly fall, I'm the
Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name; All my sins for - giv - en, I am
Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name; In the hour of tri - al, I shall
Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name; With his arms to shield me, naught of
on the up - ward way, I'm the Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name.
have his pres- ence near, I'm the Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name.
e - vil can be - fall, I'm the Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name.

Chorus.

I'm the Lord's for-ev- er, I'm the Lord's for-ev-er, I'm the Lord's for-ever, praise his name:
rit.
Mer- cy doth en-fold me, lov-ing arms uphold me, I'm the Lord's forever, praise his name.

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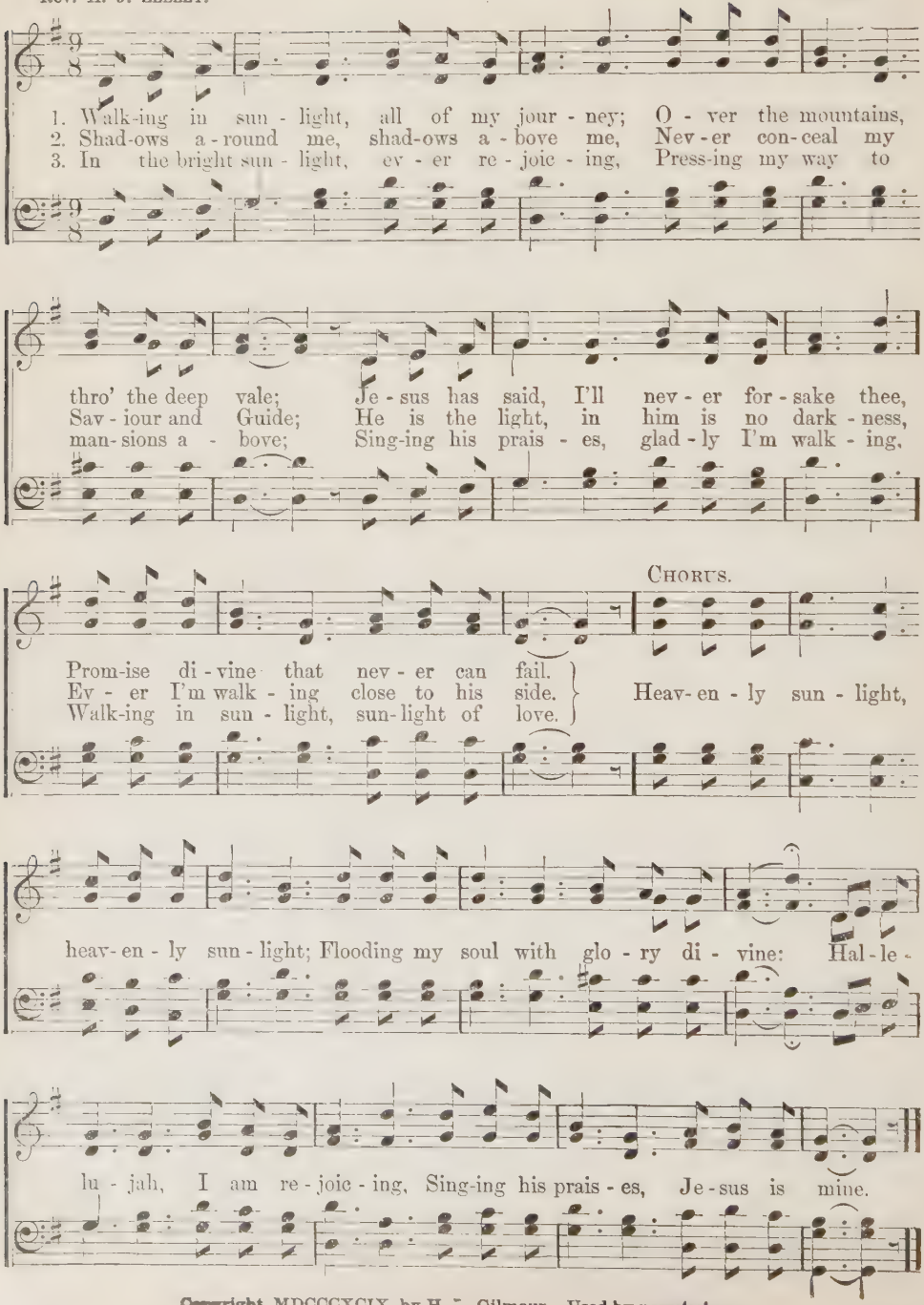
No. 10.

Heavenly Sunlight.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. G. H. Coor.

1. Walk-ing in sun - light, all of my jour - ney; O - ver the mountains,
2. Shad-ows a - round me, shad-ows a - bove me, Nev - er con - ceal my
3. In the bright sun - light, ev - er re - joic - ing, Press-ing my way to
thro' the deep vale; Je - sus has said, I'll nev - er for - sake thee,
Sav - iour and Guide; He is the light, in him is no dark - ness,
man-sions a - bove; Sing-ing his prais - es, glad - ly I'm walk - ing,
Chorus.
Prom-ise di - vine that nev - er can fail.
Ev - er I'm walk - ing close to his side.
Walk-ing in sun - light, sun-light of love.
Heav- en - ly sun - light,
heav- en - ly sun - light; Flooding my soul with glo - ry di - vine: Hal - le -
lu - jah, I am re - joic - ing, Sing-ing his prais - es, Je - sus is mine.

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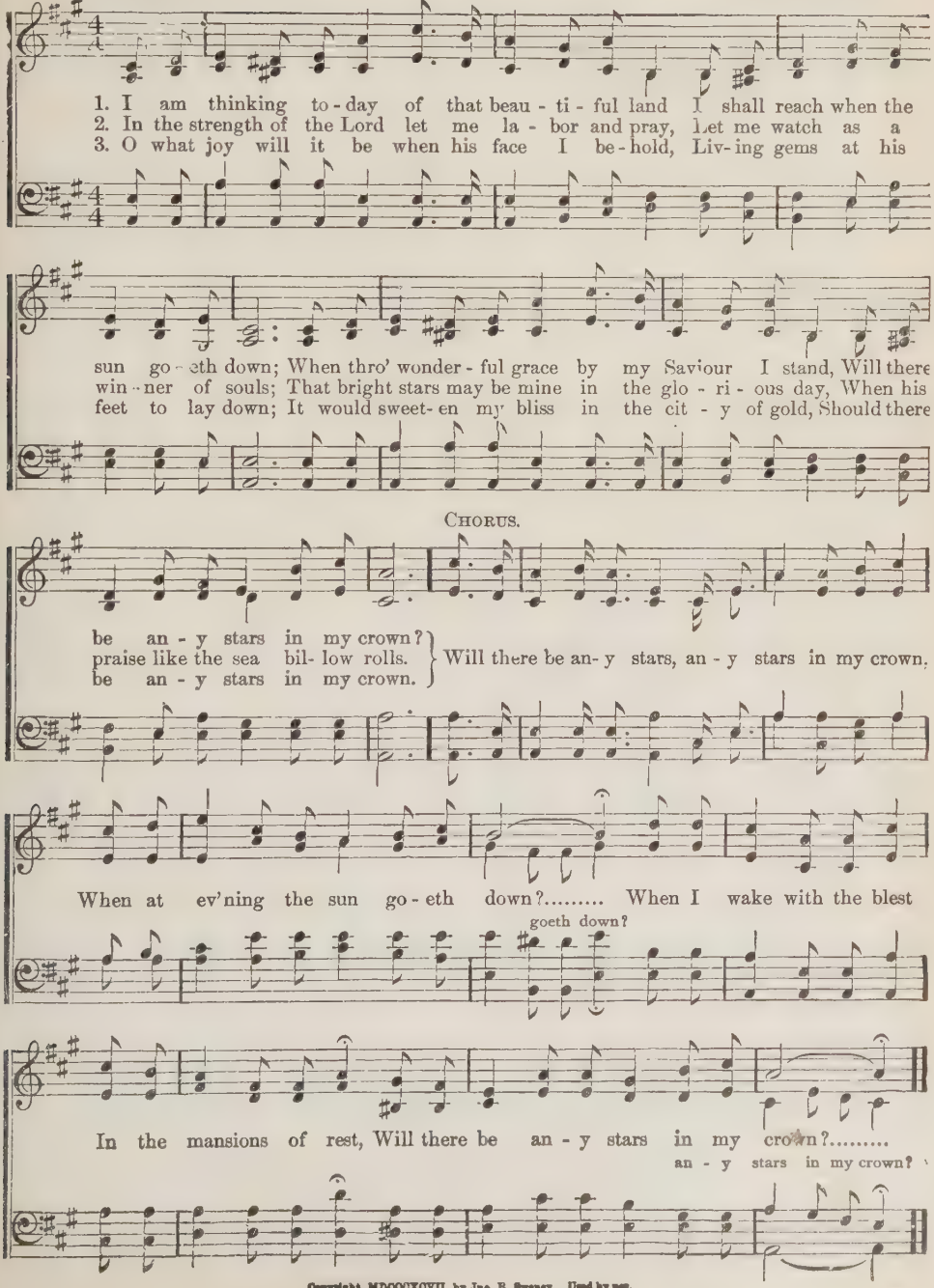
No. 11 Will There Be any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. O what joy will it be when his face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at his
sun go-eth down; When thro' wonder-ful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When his
feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there
Chorus.
be an-y stars in my crown?
praise like the sea bil-low rolls.
be an-y stars in my crown.
Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown,
When at ev'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest
goeth down?
In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?.....
an-y stars in my crown?

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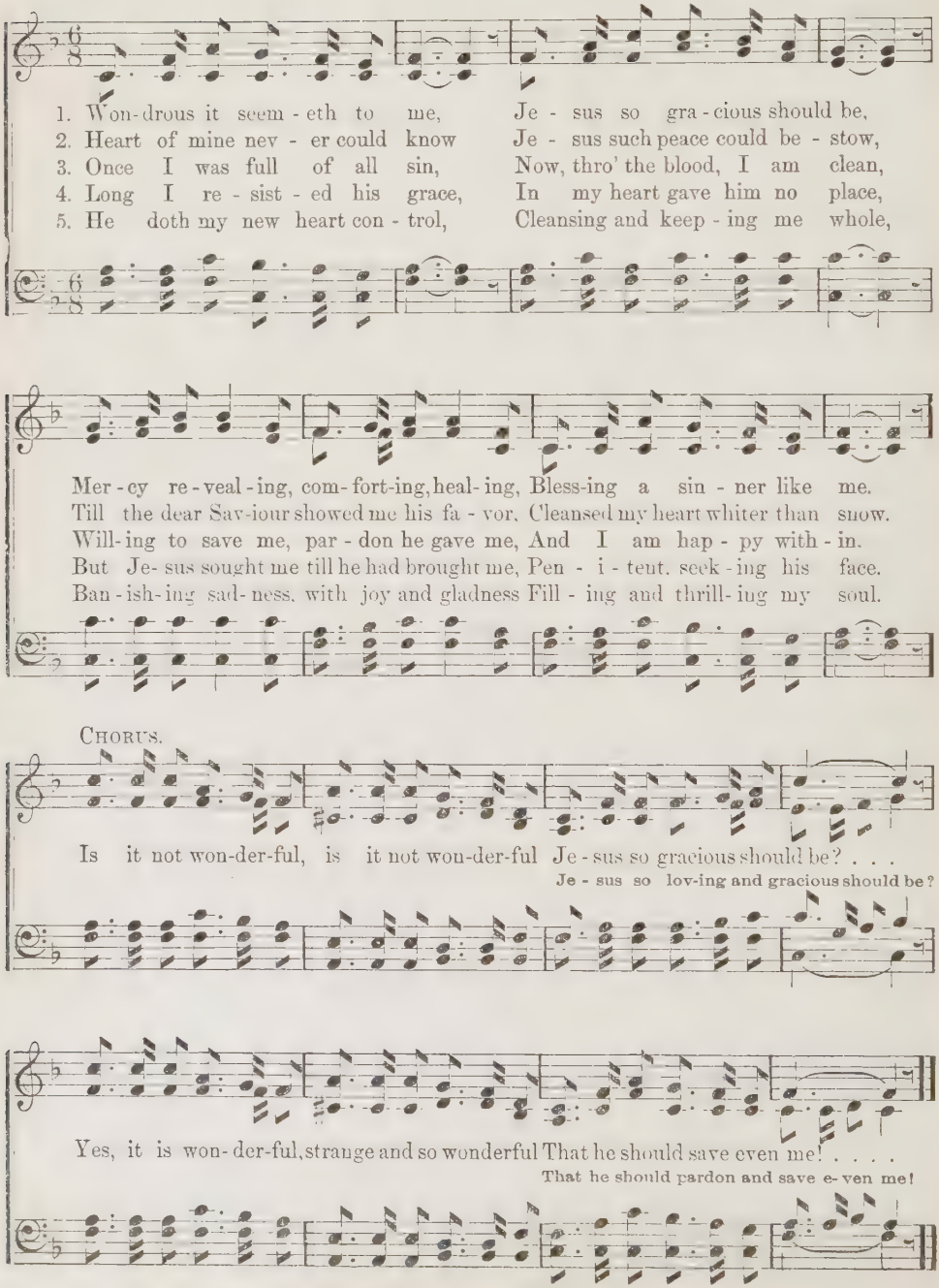
No. 12.

Is it not Wonderful?

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Won-drous it seem-eth to me, Je-sus so gra-cious should be,
2. Heart of mine nev-er could know Je-sus such peace could be-stow,
3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean,
4. Long I re-sist-ed his grace, In my heart gave him no place,
5. He doth my new heart con-trol, Cleansing and keep-ing me whole,
Mer-cy re-veal-ing, com-fort-ing, heal-ing, Bless-ing a sin-ner like me.
Till the dear Sav-iour showed me his fa-vor, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
Will-ing to save me, par-don he gave me, And I am hap-py with-in.
But Je-sus sought me till he had brought me, Pen-i-tent, seek-ing his face.
Ban-ish-ing sad-ness, with joy and gladness Fill-ing and thrill-ing my soul.
CHORUS.
Is it not won-der-ful, is it not won-der-ful Je-sus so gracious should be? . . .
Je-sus so lov-ing and gracious should be?
Yes, it is won-der-ful, strange and so wonderful That he should save even me! . . . .
That he should pardon and save e-ven me!

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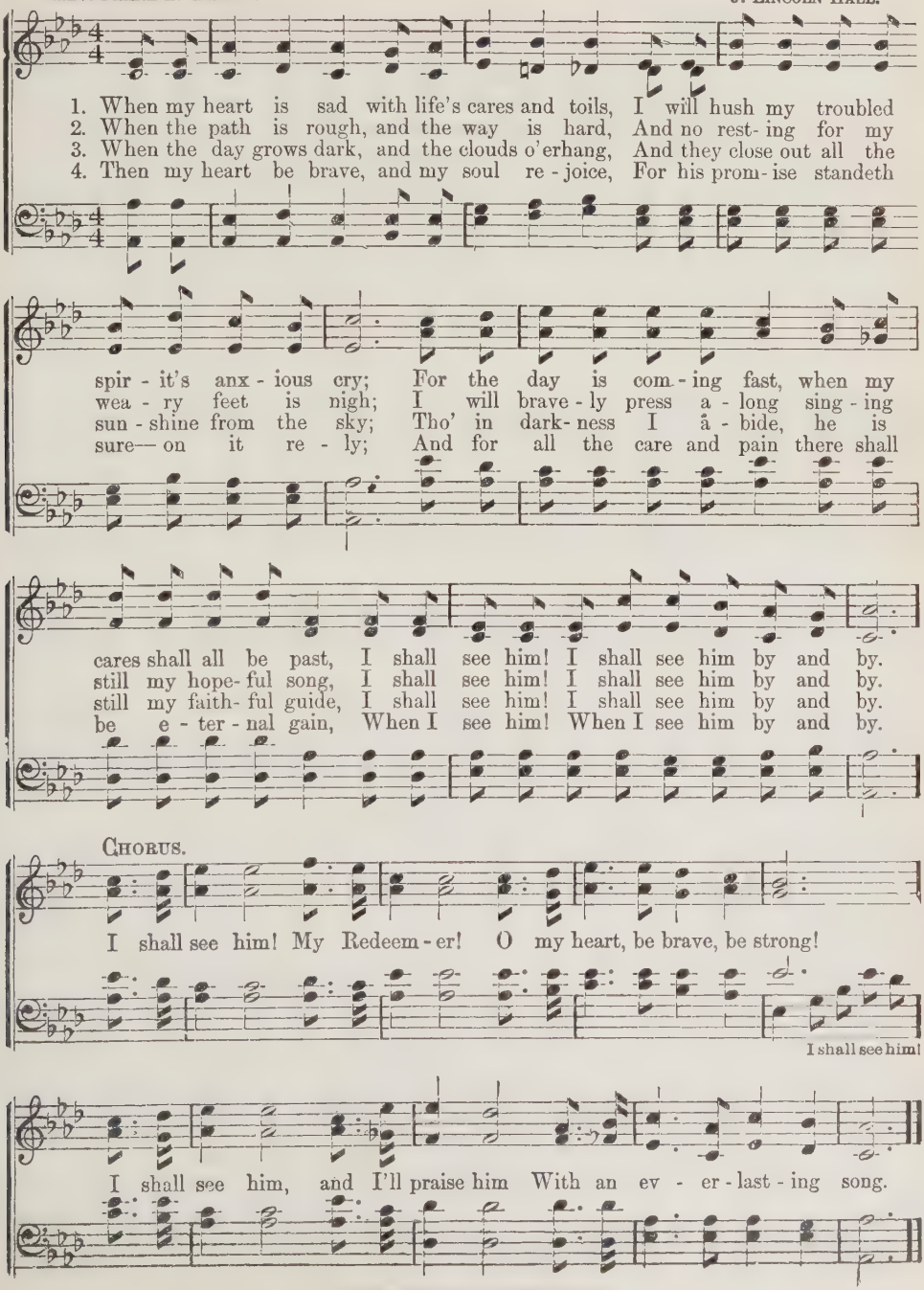
No. 13.

I Shall See Him By and By.

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. When my heart is sad with life's cares and toils, I will hush my troubled
2. When the path is rough, and the way is hard, And no rest-ing for my
3. When the day grows dark, and the clouds o'erhang, And they close out all the
4. Then my heart be brave, and my soul re-joice, For his prom-ise standeth
spir-it's anx-ious cry; For the day is com-ing fast, when my
wea-ry feet is nigh; I will brave-ly press a-long sing-ing
sun-shine from the sky; Tho' in dark-ness I a-bide, he is
sure— on it re-ly; And for all the care and pain there shall
cares shall all be past, I shall see him! I shall see him by and by.
still my hope-ful song, I shall see him! I shall see him by and by.
still my faith-ful guide, I shall see him! I shall see him by and by.
be e-ter-nal gain, When I see him! When I see him by and by.
CHORUS.
I shall see him! My Redeem-er! O my heart, be brave, be strong!
I shall see him!
I shall see him, and I'll praise him With an ev-er-last-ing song.

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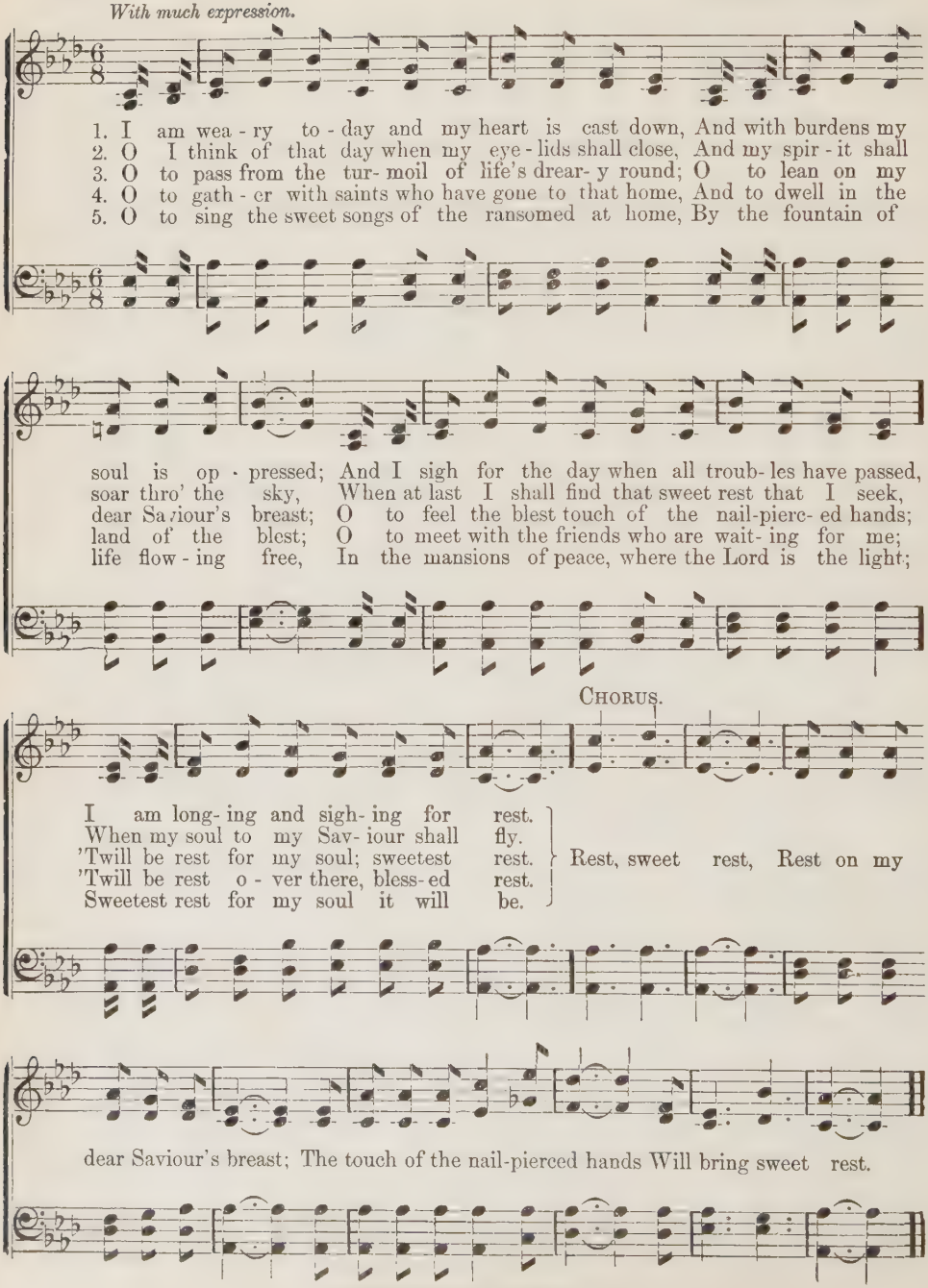
No. 14.

Rest, Sweet Rest.

IRVIN H. MACK. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

With much expression.


1. I am wea - ry to - day and my heart is cast down, And with burdens my
2. O I think of that day when my eye - lids shall close, And my spir - it shall
3. O to pass from the tur- moil of life's drear- y round; O to lean on my
4. O to gath - er with saints who have gone to that home, And to dwell in the
5. O to sing the sweet songs of the ransomed at home, By the fountain of
soul is op - pressed; And I sigh for the day when all troub- les have passed,
soar thro' the sky, When at last I shall find that sweet rest that I seek,
dear Sa viour's breast; O to feel the blest touch of the nail-pierc- ed hands;
land of the blest; O to meet with the friends who are wait- ing for me;
life flow - ing free, In the mansions of peace, where the Lord is the light;
CHORUS.
I am long- ing and sigh- ing for rest.
When my soul to my Sav- iour shall fly.
'Twill be rest for my soul; sweetest rest.
'Twill be rest o - ver there, bless- ed rest.
Sweetest rest for my soul it will be.
Rest, sweet rest, Rest on my
dear Saviour's breast; The touch of the nail-pierced hands Will bring sweet rest.

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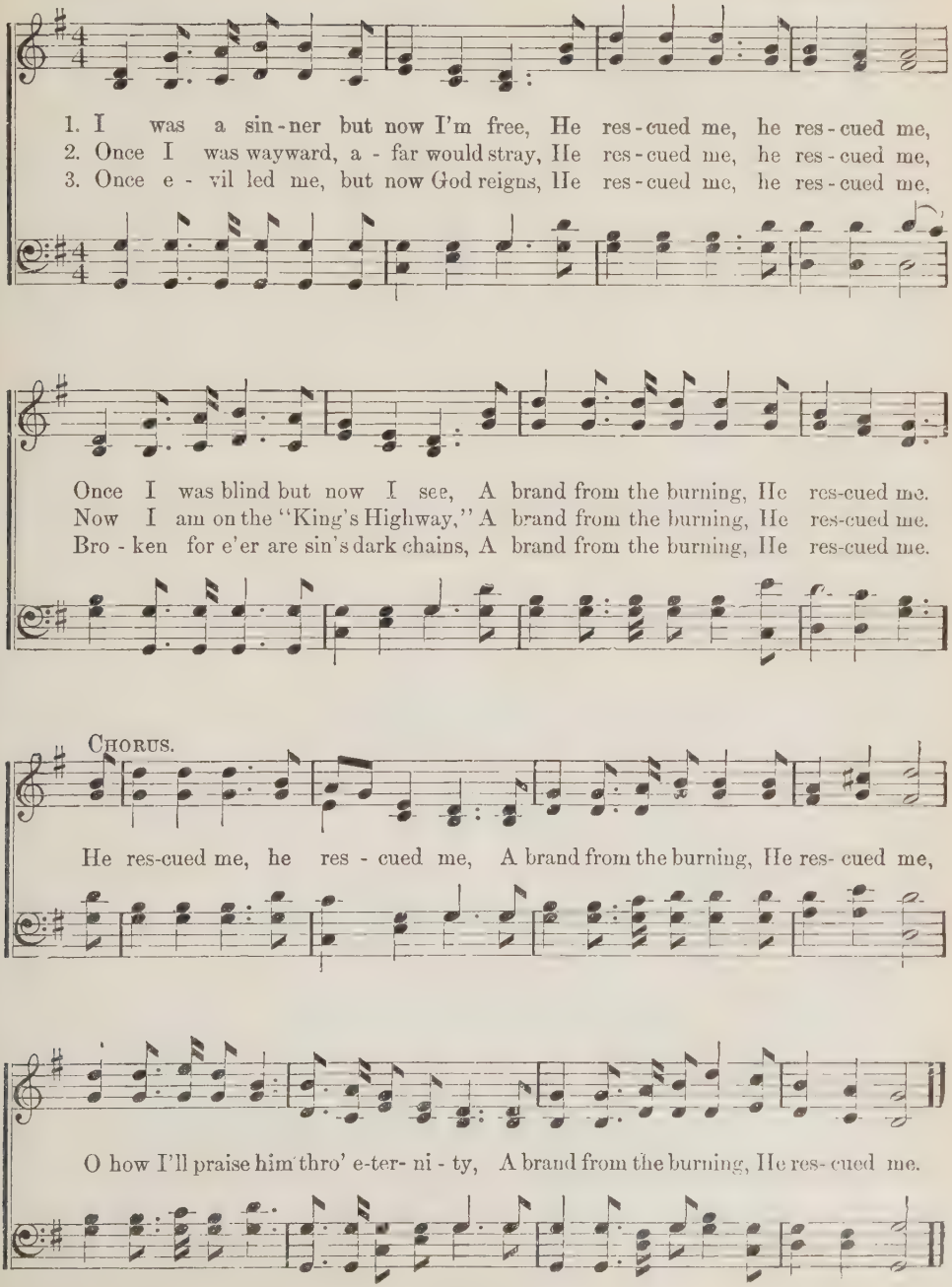
No. 15.

He Rescued Me.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.


1. I was a sin-ner but now I'm free, He res-cued me, he res-cued me,
2. Once I was wayward, a-far would stray, He res-cued me, he res-cued me,
3. Once e-vil led me, but now God reigns, He res-cued me, he res-cued me,
Once I was blind but now I see, A brand from the burning, He res-cued me.
Now I am on the "King's Highway," A brand from the burning, He res-cued me.
Bro-ken for e'er are sin's dark chains, A brand from the burning, He res-cued me.
CHORUS.
He res-cued me, he res-cued me, A brand from the burning, He res-cued me,
O how I'll praise him thro' e-ter-ni-ty, A brand from the burning, He res-cued me.

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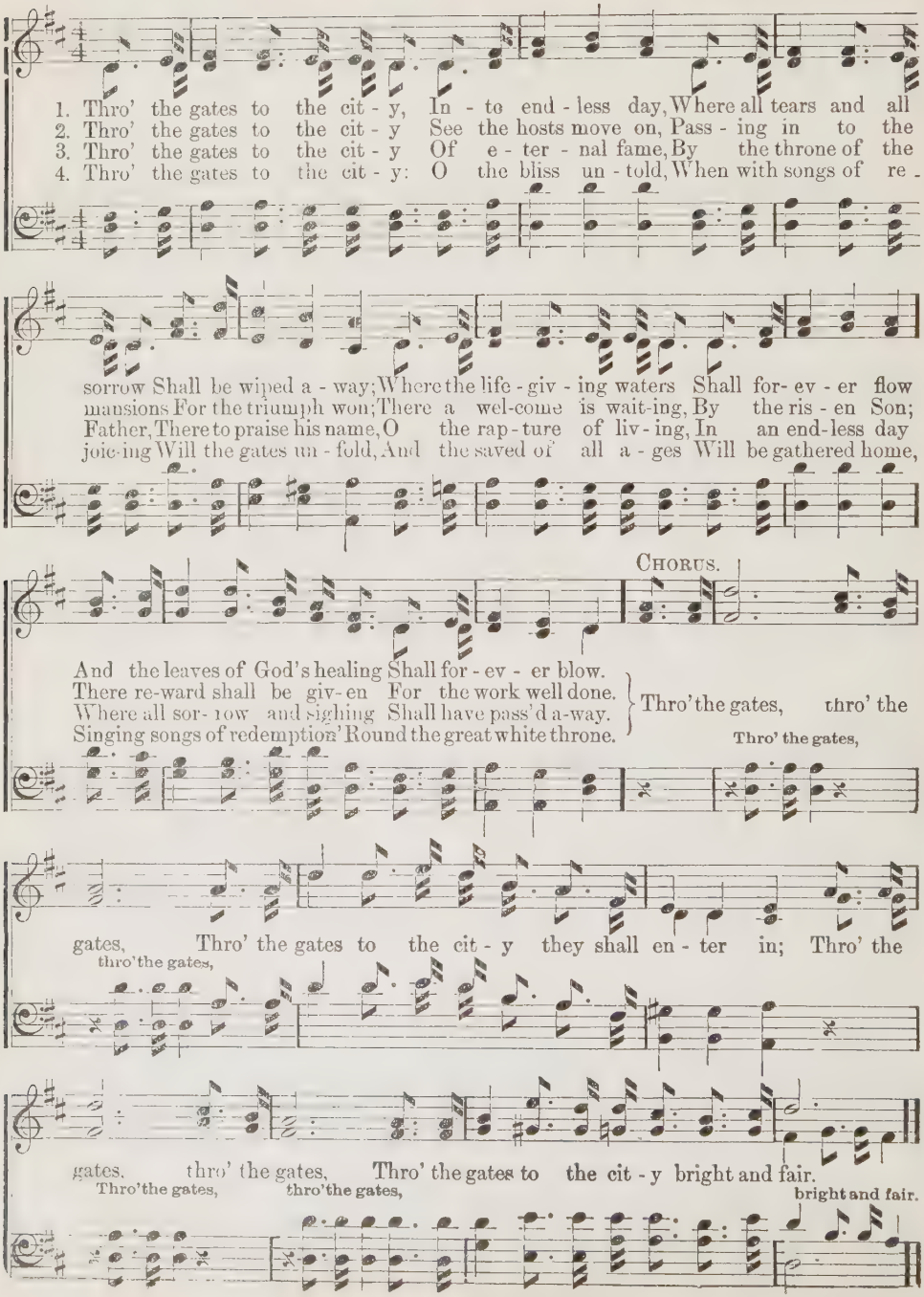
No. 16.

Through the Gates.

IRVIN H. MACK. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.


1. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, In - to end - less day, Where all tears and all
2. Thro' the gates to the cit - y See the hosts move on, Pass - ing in to the
3. Thro' the gates to the cit - y Of e - ter - nal fame, By the throne of the
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y: O the bliss un - told, When with songs of re -
sorrow Shall be wiped a - way; Where the life - giv - ing waters Shall for- ev - er flow
mansions For the triumph won; There a wel-come is wait-ing, By the ris - en Son;
Father, There to praise his name, O the rap - ture of liv - ing, In an end-less day
joic-ing Will the gates un - fold, And the saved of all a - ges Will be gathered home,
CHORUS.
And the leaves of God's healing Shall for - ev - er blow.
There re-ward shall be giv-en For the work well done.
Where all sor- row and sighing Shall have pass'd a-way.
Singing songs of redemption 'Round the great white throne.
Thro' the gates, thro' the
Thro' the gates,
gates, Thro' the gates to the cit - y they shall en - ter in; Thro' the
thro' the gates,
gates, thro' the gates, Thro' the gates to the cit - y bright and fair.
Thro' the gates, thro' the gates, bright and fair.

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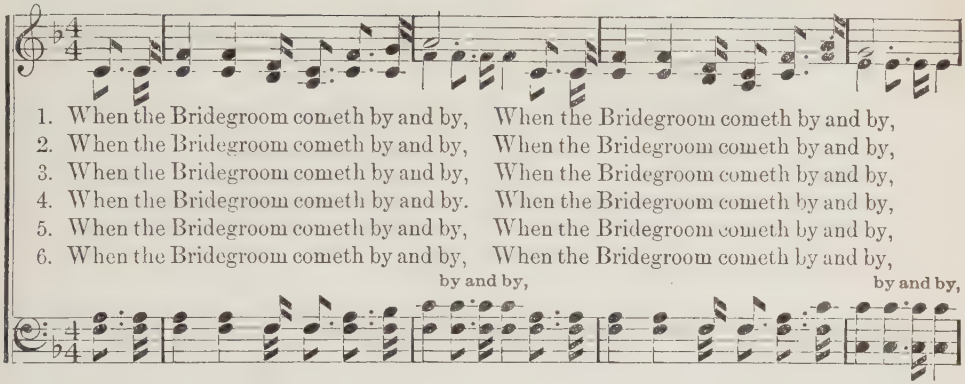
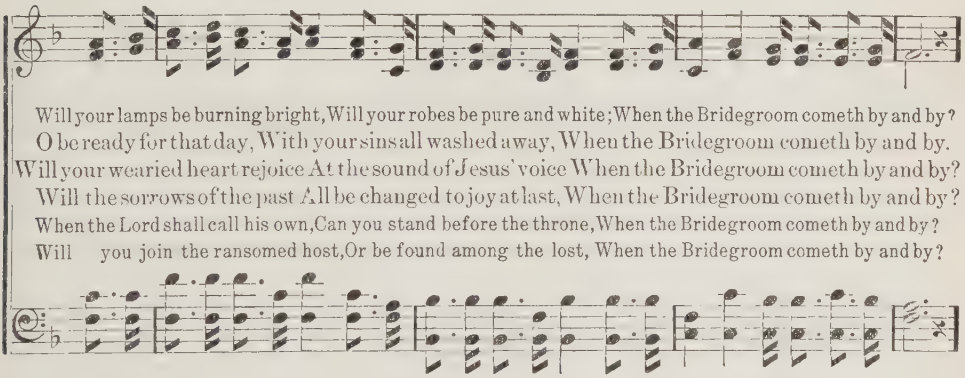
No. 17.

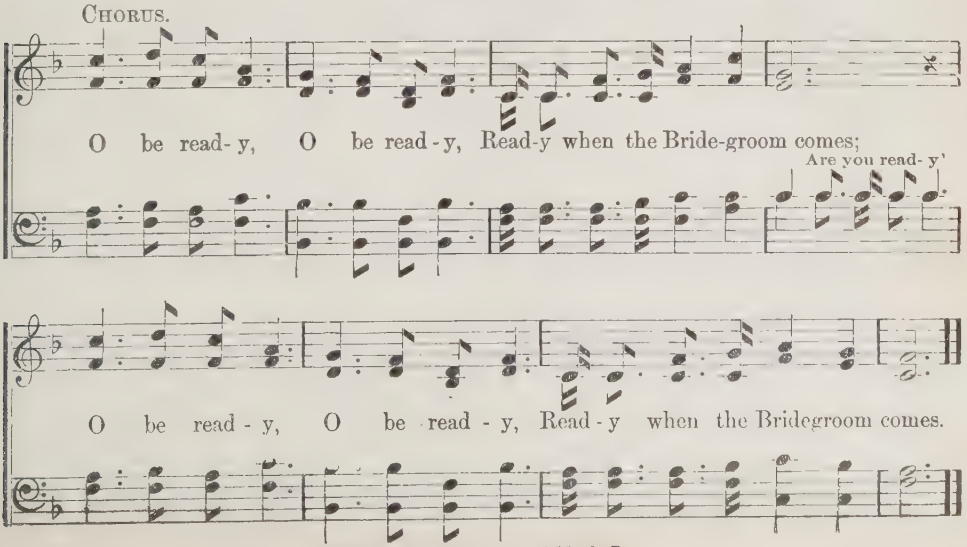
O Be Ready.

J. G. B.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.




Will your lamps be burning bright, Will your robes be pure and white; When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?
O be ready for that day, With your sins all washed away, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by.
Will your wearied heart rejoice At the sound of Jesus' voice When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?
Will the sorrows of the past All be changed to joy at last, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?
When the Lord shall call his own, Can you stand before the throne, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?
Will you join the ransomed host, Or be found among the lost, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?


CHORUS.
O be read- y, O be read - y, Read-y when the Bride-groom comes;
Are you read- y'
O be read - y, O be read - y, Read - y when the Bridegroom comes.

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No. 18.

Dearest of All.

J. W. V.

J. W. VanDeVenter.

1. There are friends I re - call That are dear to my mem'ry, And they
2. There are dear ones of yore That were near me in childhood, And their
3. In my sins I was lost, Far a - way from my Saviour, I was

live ev - er treas - ured with - in; But the dear - est of all, One I
love I shall ev - er ex - tol; But there's none I a - dore Like the
doomed with the down - fall - en race; But the Lord paid the cost, Gave his

love more than an - y, Is the one who has saved me from sin.
bless - ed Re - deem - er, Who was wounded to res - cue my soul.
life to re - deem me, I was saved by his in - fi - nite grace.

Chorus.

Dear - est of all is the kind, lov - ing Sav - iour, Je - sus, who

died for my sins on the tree; He is the best and the

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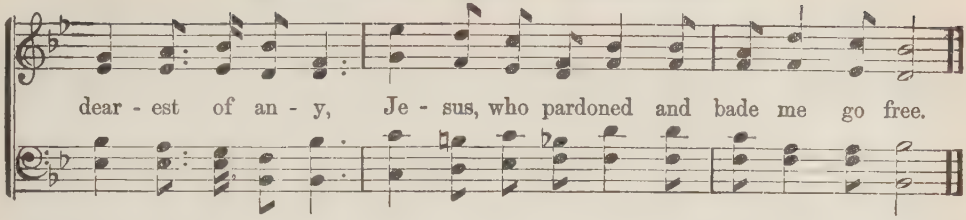
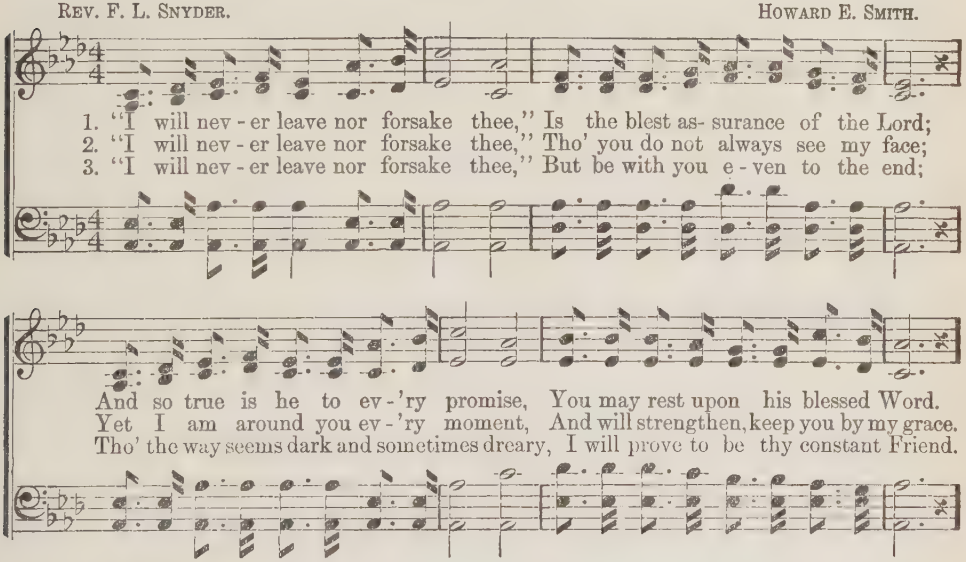
Dearest of All.—Concluded.



No. 19. I Will Never Leave Thee.

Hebrews 13: 5.

REV. F. L. SNYDER. HOWARD E. SMITH.


1. "I will nev - er leave nor forsake thee," Is the blest as- surance of the Lord;
2. "I will nev - er leave nor forsake thee," Tho' you do not always see my face;
3. "I will nev - er leave nor forsake thee," But be with you e - ven to the end;
And so true is he to ev - 'ry promise, You may rest upon his blessed Word.
Yet I am around you ev - 'ry moment, And will strengthen, keep you by my grace.
Tho' the way seems dark and sometimes dreary, I will prove to be thy constant Friend.
CHORUS.
I will nev - er, no, I'll nev - er, Nev - er leave thee, to the end;
But will strengthen, keep and com - fort, And will be thy con - stant Friend.

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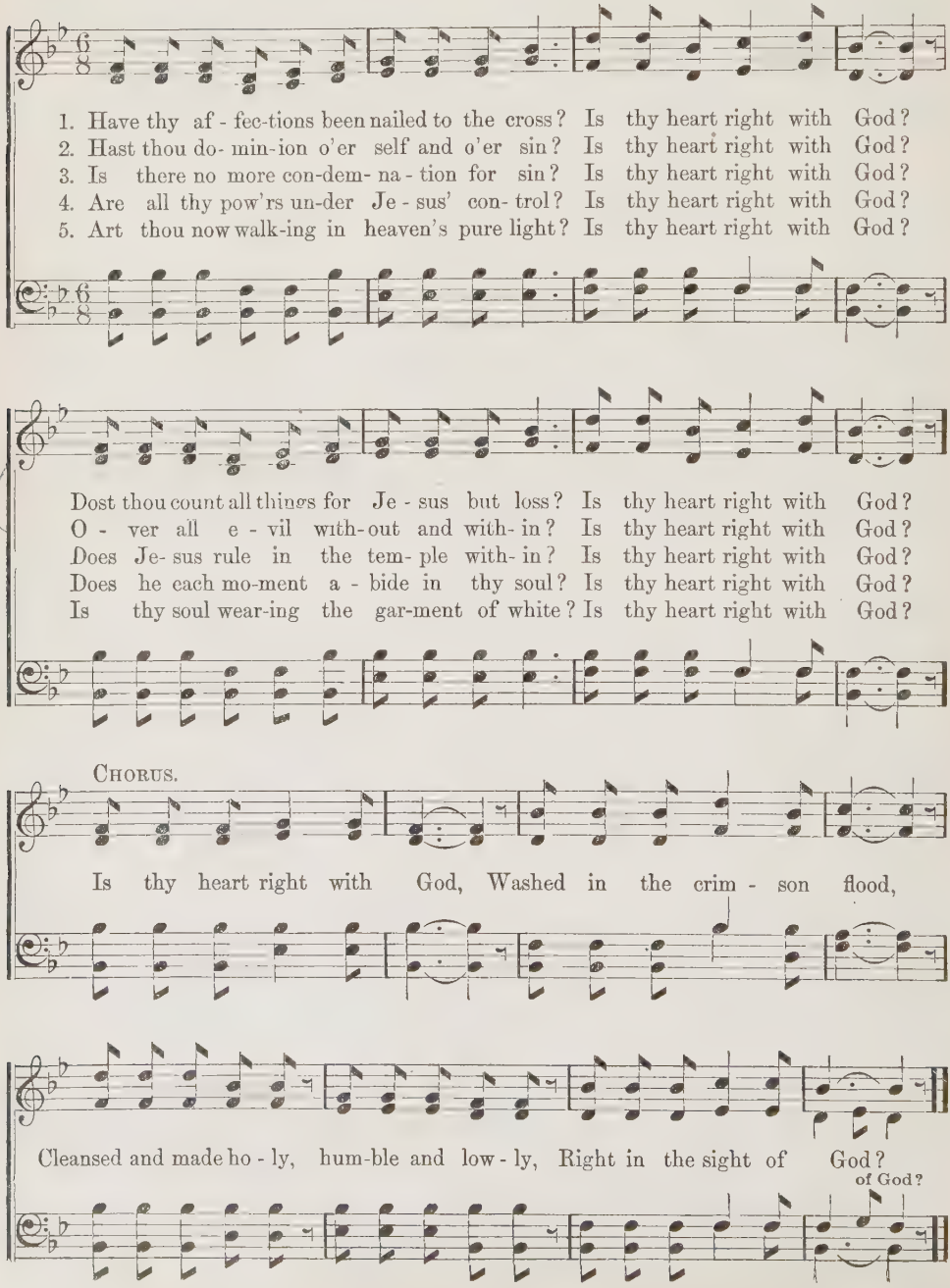
No. 20.

Is Thy Heart Right with God?

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Have thy af - fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do- min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem- na - tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je - sus' con- trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walk-ing in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?
Dost thou count all things for Je - sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with-out and with- in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je- sus rule in the tem- ple with- in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does he each mo-ment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wear-ing the gar-ment of white? Is thy heart right with God?
CHORUS.
Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,
Cleansed and made ho - ly, hum-ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?
of God?

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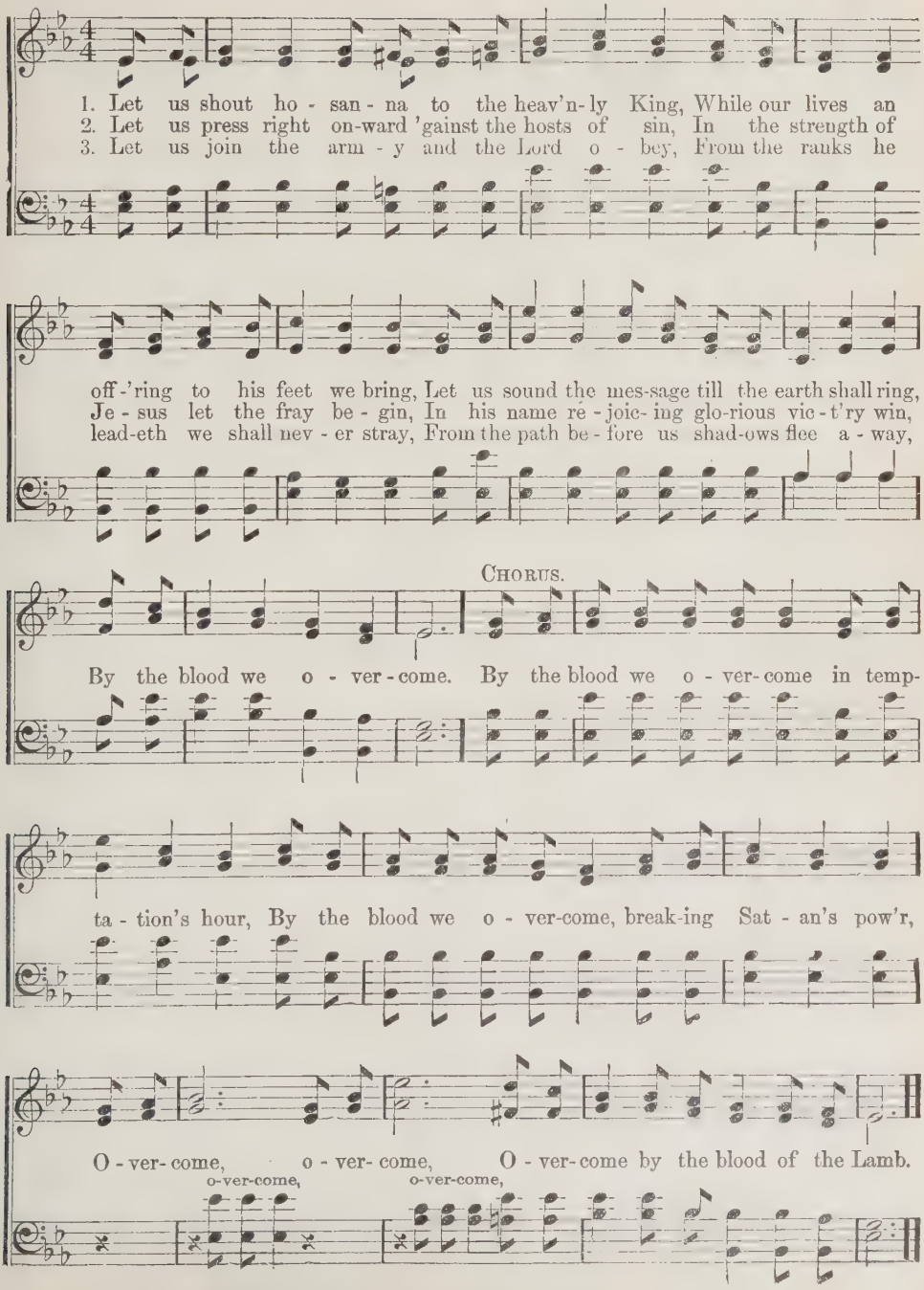
No. 21.

By the Blood We Overcome.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Let us shout ho - san - na to the heav'n-ly King, While our lives an
2. Let us press right on-ward 'gainst the hosts of sin, In the strength of
3. Let us join the arm - y and the Lord o - bey, From the ranks he
off-'ring to his feet we bring, Let us sound the mes-sage till the earth shall ring,
Je - sus let the fray be - gin, In his name re - joic- ing glo-rious vic - t'ry win,
lead-eth we shall nev - er stray, From the path be - fore us shad-ows flee a - way,
CHORUS.
By the blood we o - ver - come. By the blood we o - ver- come in temp-
ta - tion's hour, By the blood we o - ver-come, break-ing Sat - an's pow'r,
O - ver- come, o - ver- come, O - ver-come by the blood of the Lamb.
o-ver-come, o-ver-come,

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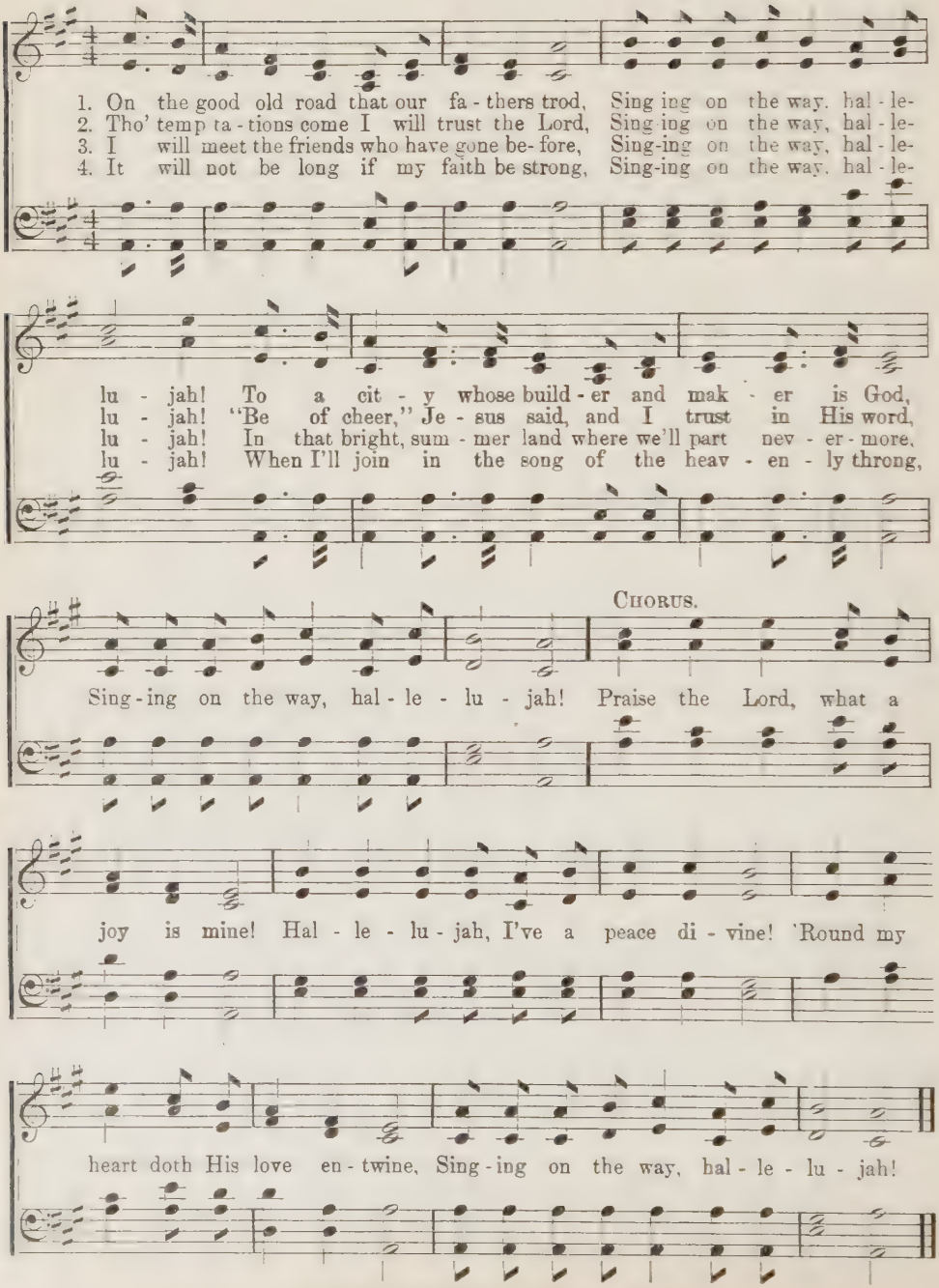
No. 22.

Singing on the Way.

W. H. B. W. H. Brown.

1. On the good old road that our fa - thers trod, Sing ing on the way, hal - le-
2. Tho' temp ta - tions come I will trust the Lord, Sing ing on the way, hal - le-
3. I will meet the friends who have gone be - fore, Sing-ing on the way, hal - le-
4. It will not be long if my faith be strong, Sing-ing on the way, hal - le-
lu - jah! To a cit - y whose build - er and mak - er is God,
lu - jah! "Be of cheer," Je - sus said, and I trust in His word,
lu - jah! In that bright, sum - mer land where we'll part nev - er - more,
lu - jah! When I'll join in the song of the heav - en - ly throng,
Chorus.
Sing - ing on the way, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord, what a
joy is mine! Hal - le - lu - jah, I've a peace di - vine! 'Round my
heart doth His love en - twine, Sing - ing on the way, hal - le - lu - jah!

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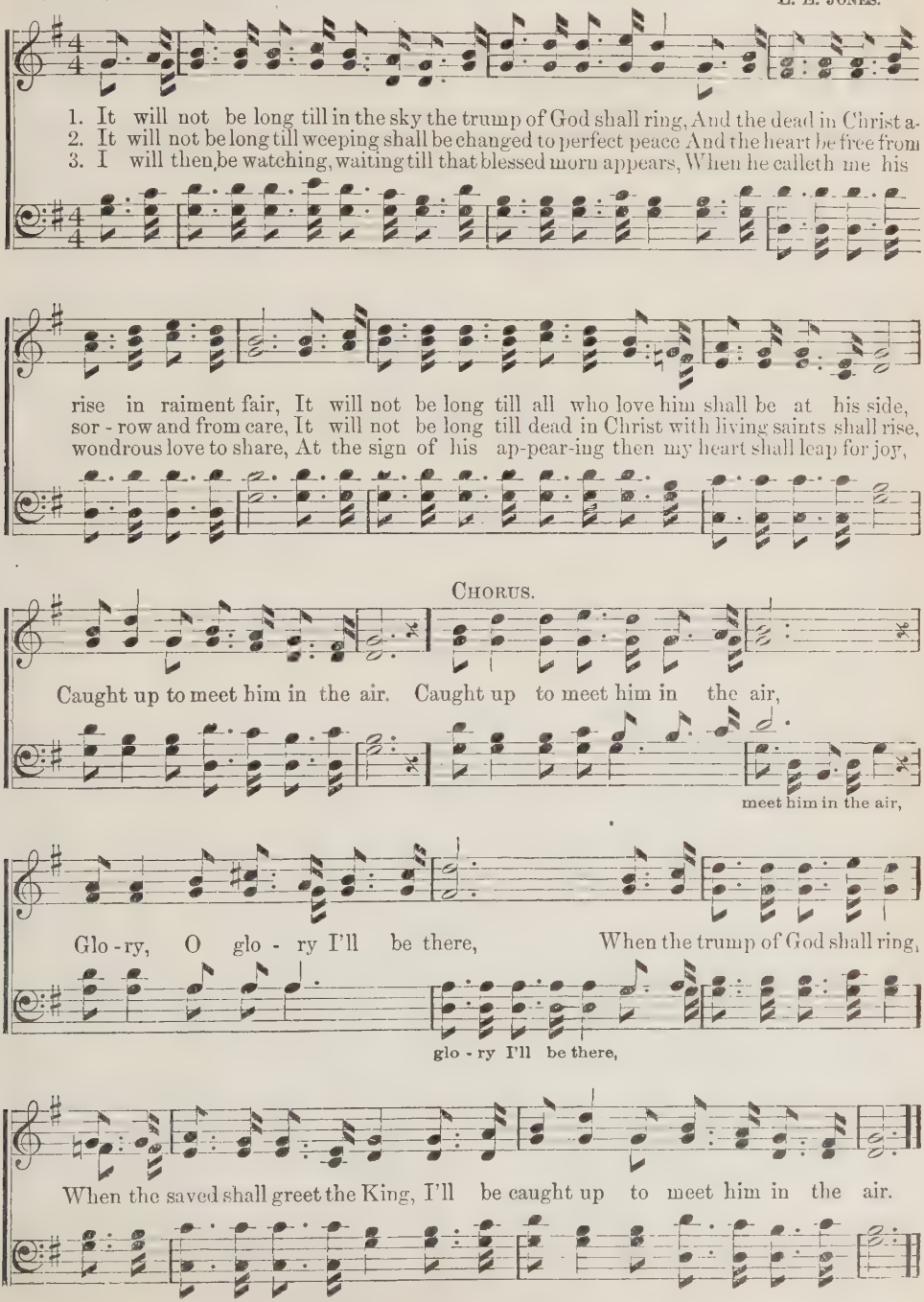
No. 23.

I'll Be Caught Up to Meet Him.

MARY SLATER. L. E. JONES.


1. It will not be long till in the sky the trump of God shall ring, And the dead in Christ a-
2. It will not be long till weeping shall be changed to perfect peace And the heart be free from
3. I will then be watching, waiting till that blessed morn appears, When he calleth me his
rise in raiment fair, It will not be long till all who love him shall be at his side,
sor - row and from care, It will not be long till dead in Christ with living saints shall rise,
wondrous love to share, At the sign of his ap-pear-ing then my heart shall leap for joy,
CHORUS.
Caught up to meet him in the air. Caught up to meet him in the air,
meet him in the air,
Glo - ry, O glo - ry I'll be there, When the trump of God shall ring,
glo - ry I'll be there,
When the saved shall greet the King, I'll be caught up to meet him in the air.

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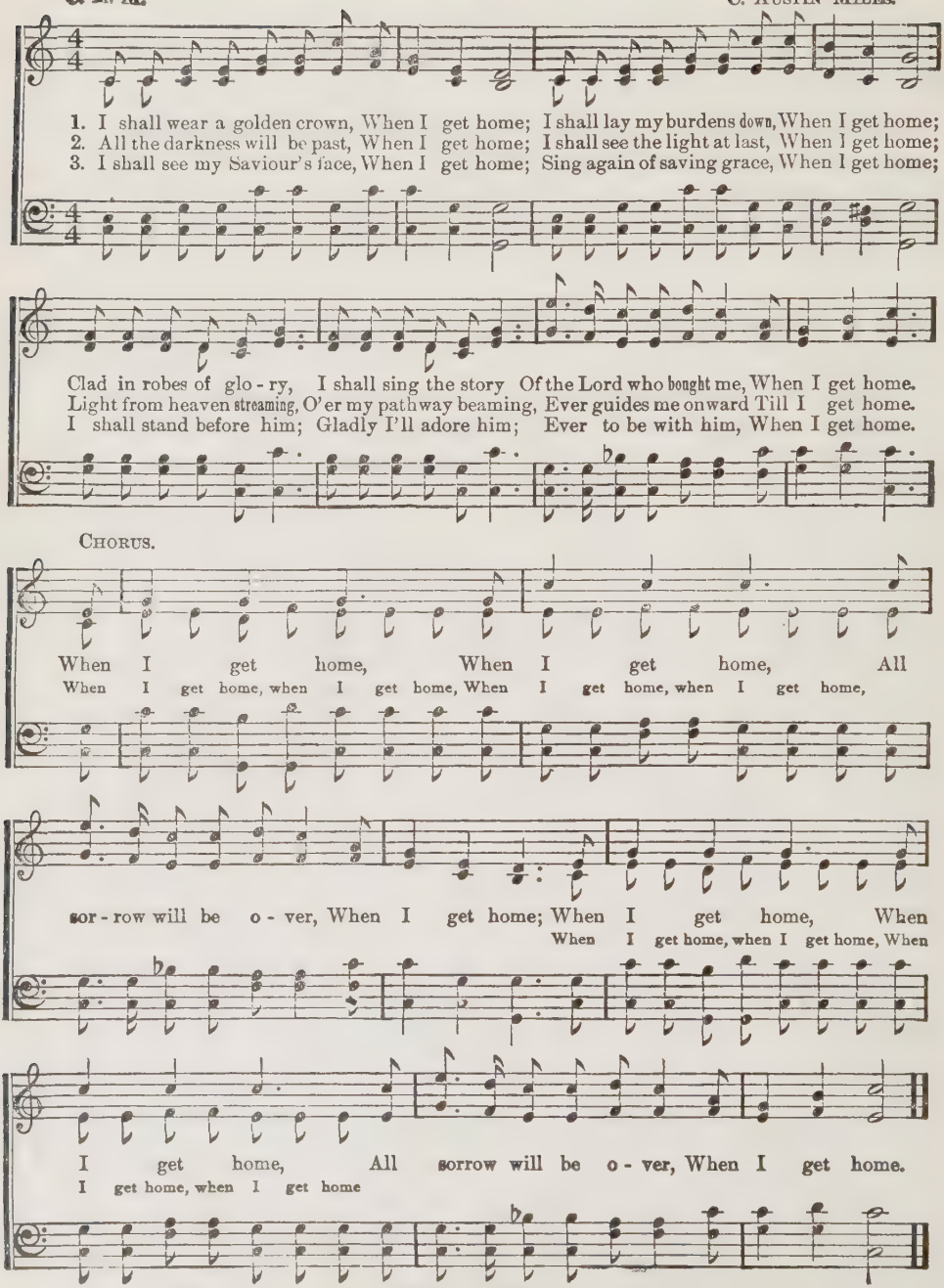
No. 24

When I Get Home.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.


1. I shall wear a golden crown, When I get home; I shall lay my burdens down, When I get home;
2. All the darkness will be past, When I get home; I shall see the light at last, When I get home;
3. I shall see my Saviour's face, When I get home; Sing again of saving grace, When I get home;
Clad in robes of glo - ry, I shall sing the story Of the Lord who bought me, When I get home.
Light from heaven streaming, O'er my pathway beaming, Ever guides me onward Till I get home.
I shall stand before him; Gladly I'll adore him; Ever to be with him, When I get home.
Chorus.
When I get home, When I get home, All
When I get home, when I get home, When I get home, when I get home,
sor - row will be o - ver, When I get home; When I get home, When
When I get home, when I get home, When
I get home, All sorrow will be o - ver, When I get home.
I get home, when I get home

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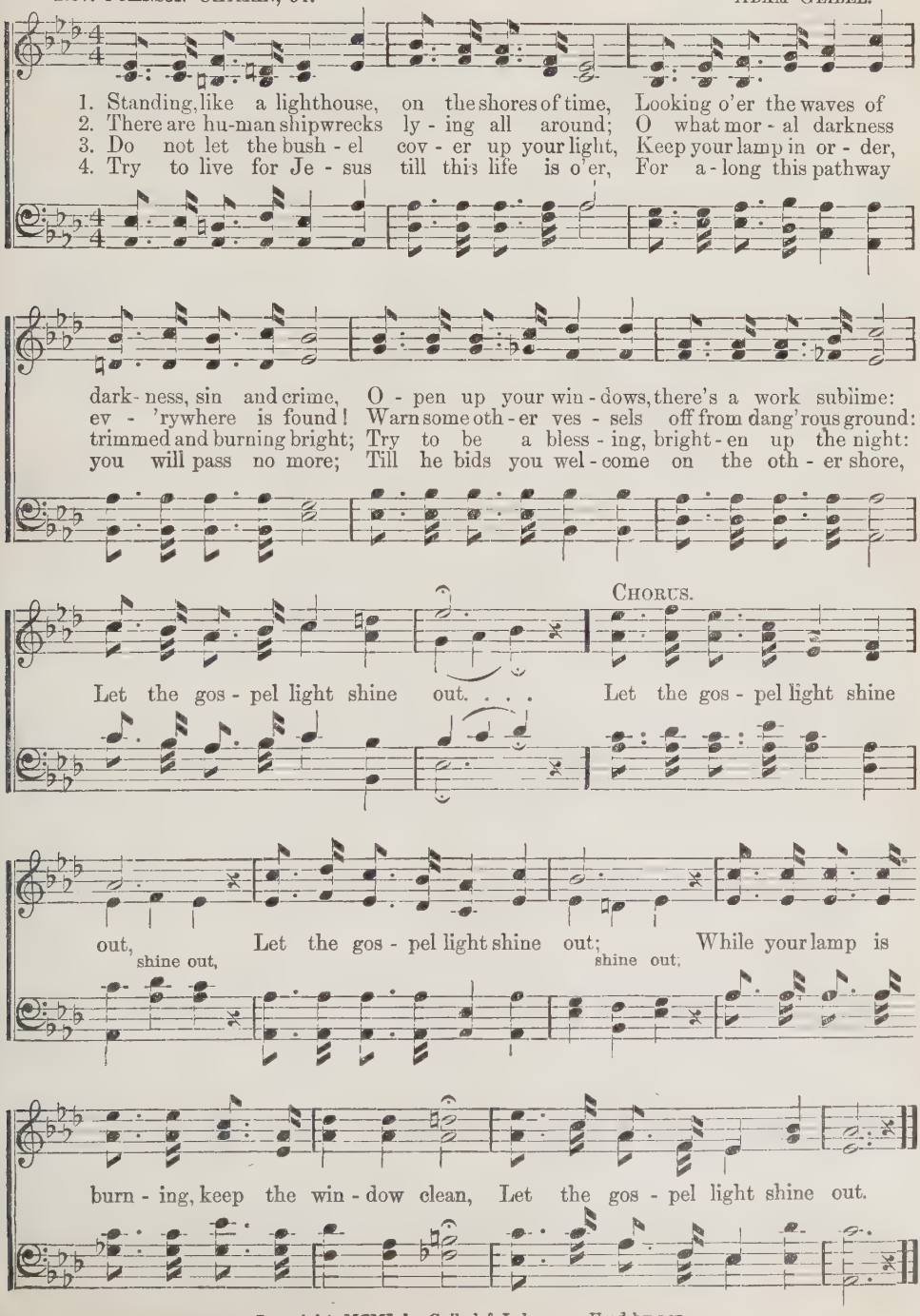
No. 25. Let the Gospel Light Shine Out.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. Standing, like a lighthouse, on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of
2. There are hu-man shipwrecks ly - ing all around; O what mor - al darkness
3. Do not let the bush - el cov - er up your light, Keep your lamp in or - der,
4. Try to live for Je - sus till this life is o'er, For a - long this pathway
dark - ness, sin and crime, O - pen up your win - dows, there's a work sublime:
ev - 'rywhere is found! Warn some oth - er ves - sels off from dang'rous ground:
trimmed and burning bright; Try to be a bless - ing, bright - en up the night:
you will pass no more; Till he bids you wel - come on the oth - er shore,
CHORUS.
Let the gos - pel light shine out. . . . Let the gos - pel light shine
out, shine out, Let the gos - pel light shine out; shine out, While your lamp is
burn - ing, keep the win - dow clean, Let the gos - pel light shine out.

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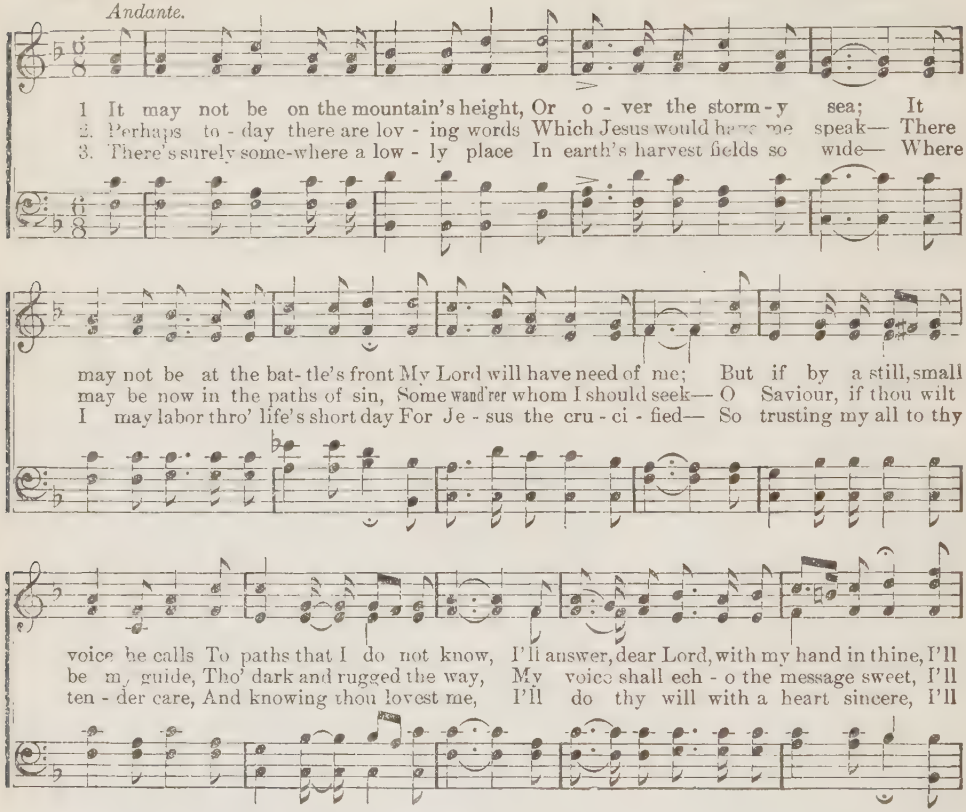
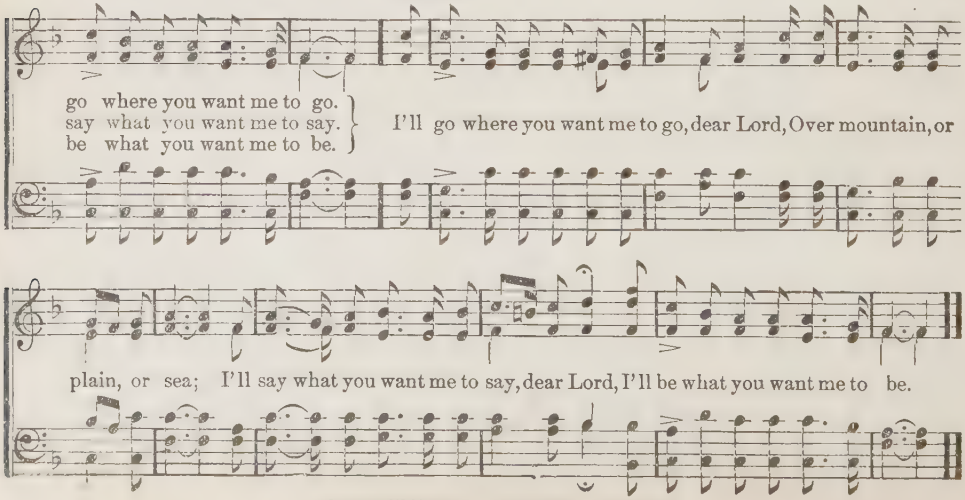
No. 26 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.


1 It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea; It
2. Perhaps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak— There
3. There's surely some-where a low - ly place In earth's harvest fields so wide— Where
may not be at the bat- tle's front My Lord will have need of me; But if by a still, small
may be now in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek— O Saviour, if thou wilt
I may labor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied— So trusting my all to thy
voice he calls To paths that I do not know, I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll
be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way, My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll
ten - der care, And knowing thou lovest me, I'll do thy will with a heart sincere, I'll

REFRAIN.


go where you want me to go.
say what you want me to say.
be what you want me to be.
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or
plain, or sea; I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

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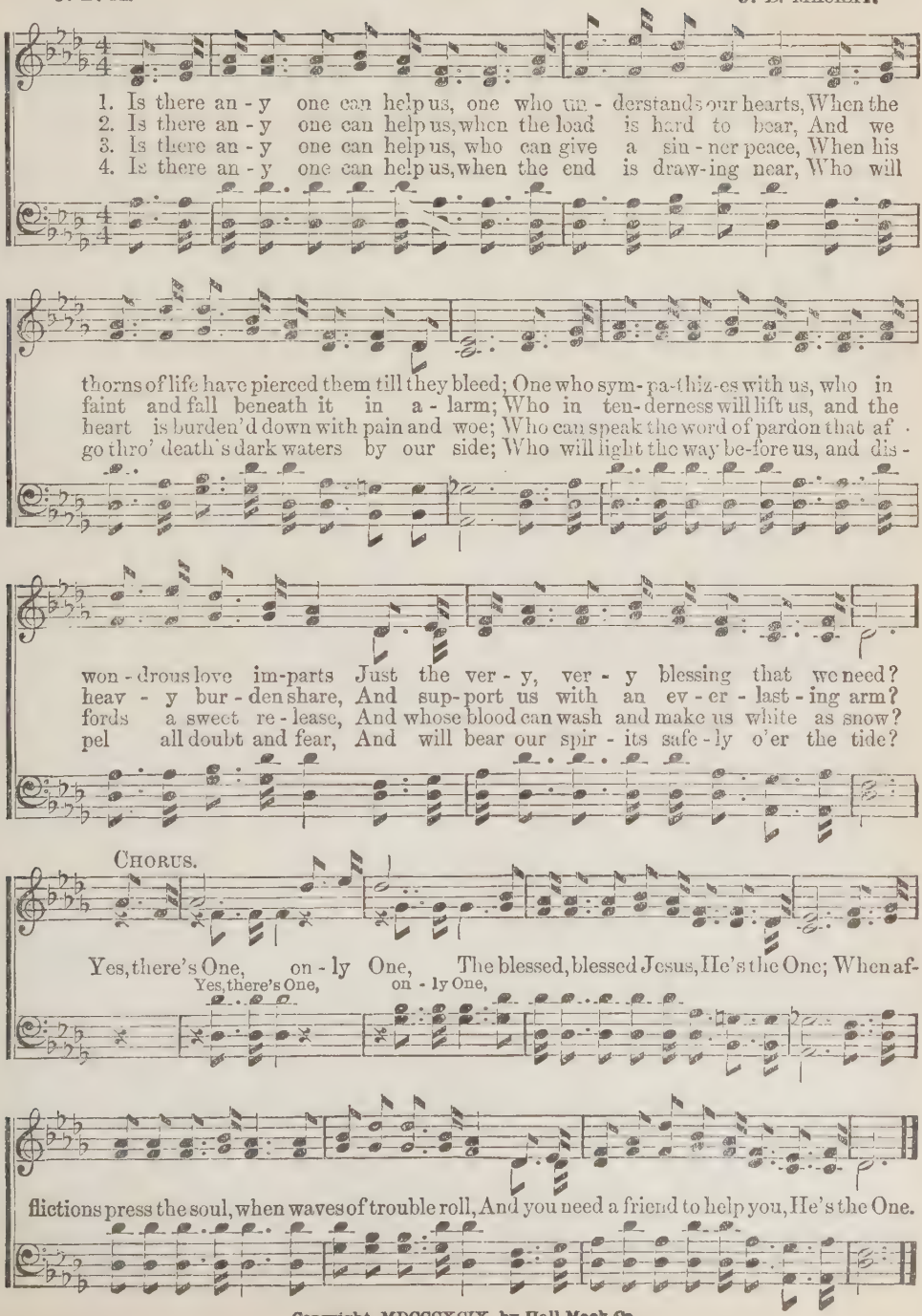
No. 27. He's the One.

J. B. M. J. B. MACKAY.


1. Is there an - y one can help us, one who un - derstands our hearts, When the
2. Is there an - y one can help us, when the load is hard to bear, And we
3. Is there an - y one can help us, who can give a sin - ner peace, When his
4. Is there an - y one can help us, when the end is draw-ing near, Who will
thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym-pa-thiz-es with us, who in
faint and fall beneath it in a - larm; Who in ten-derness will lift us, and the
heart is burden'd down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon that af -
go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way be-fore us, and dis -
won - drous love im-parts Just the ver - y, ver - y blessing that we need?
heav - y bur - den share, And sup-port us with an ev - er - last - ing arm?
fords a sweet re - lease, And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?
pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir - its safe - ly o'er the tide?
CHORUS.
Yes, there's One, on - ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, He's the One; When af -
Yes, there's One, on - ly One,
flictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, He's the One.

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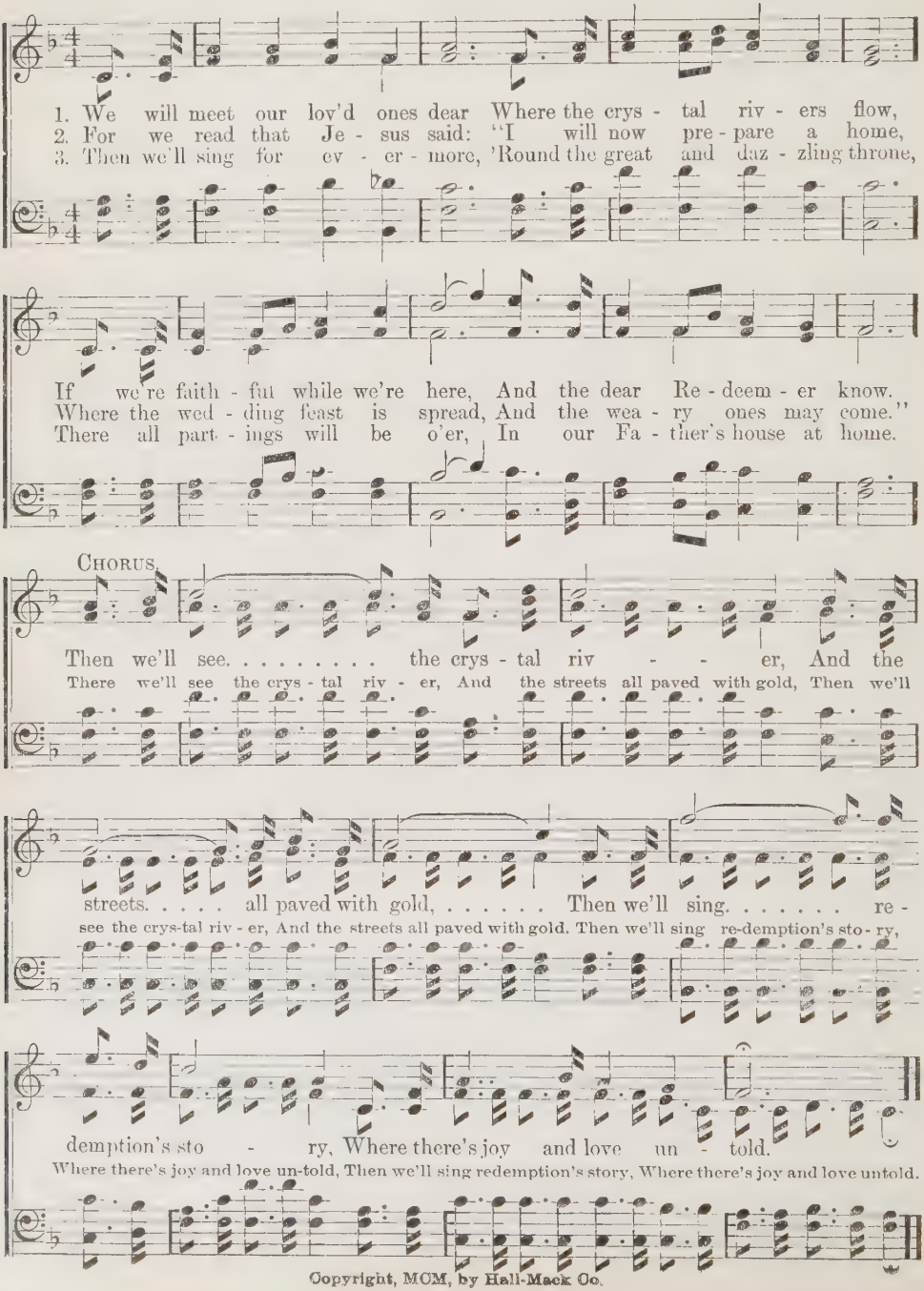
No. 28.

The Meeting Over There.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14: 2.

SARAH C. GOUGHNOUR. R. C. WARD.


1. We will meet our lov'd ones dear Where the crys - tal riv - ers flow,
2. For we read that Je - sus said: "I will now pre - pare a home,
3. Then we'll sing for ev - er - more, 'Round the great and daz - zling throne,
If we're faith - ful while we're here, And the dear Re - deem - er know.
Where the wed - ding feast is spread, And the wea - ry ones may come."
There all part - ings will be o'er, In our Fa - ther's house at home.
CHORUS.
Then we'll see. . . . . the crys - tal riv - - - er, And the
There we'll see the crys - tal riv - er, And the streets all paved with gold, Then we'll
streets. . . . . all paved with gold, ... Then we'll sing. . . . . re -
see the crys-tal riv - er, And the streets all paved with gold. Then we'll sing re-demption's sto - ry,
demption's sto - ry, Where there's joy and love un - told.
Where there's joy and love un-told, Then we'll sing redemption's story, Where there's joy and love untold.

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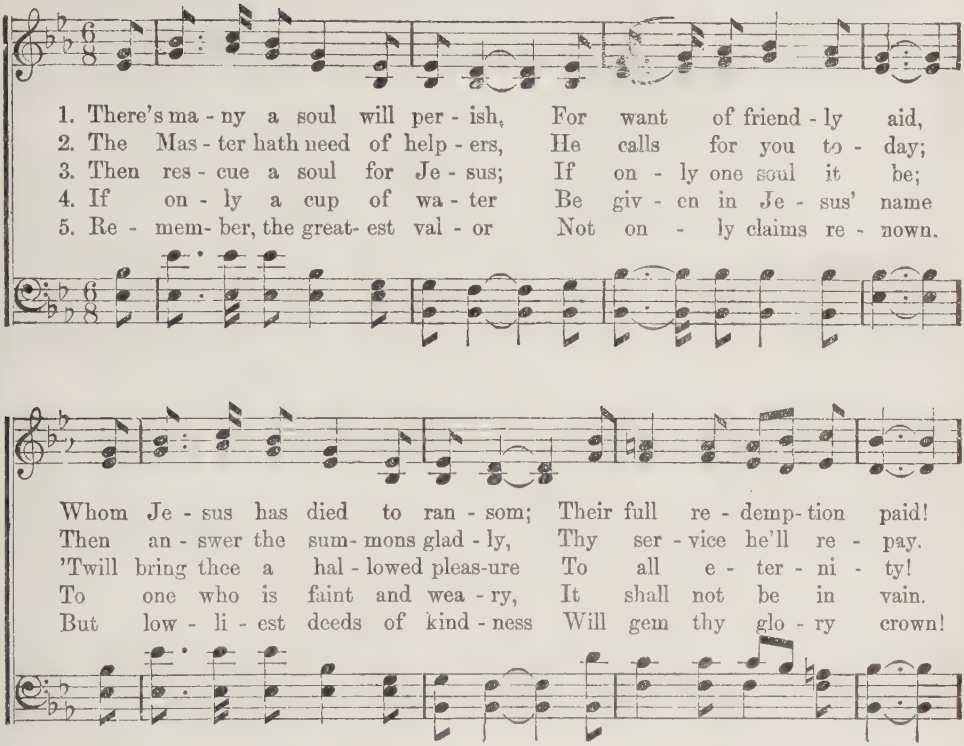
No. 29.

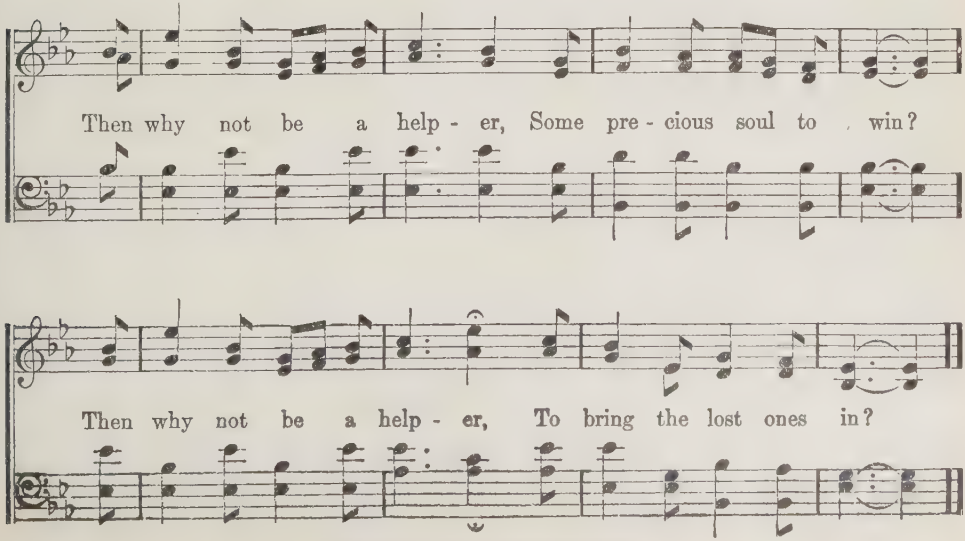
Why Not Be a Helper?

J. W. H.

J. Wesley Hughes.


1. There's ma - ny a soul will per - ish, For want of friend - ly aid,
2. The Mas - ter hath need of help - ers, He calls for you to - day;
3. Then res - cue a soul for Je - sus; If on - ly one soul it be;
4. If on - ly a cup of wa - ter Be giv - en in Je - sus' name
5. Re - mem - ber, the great - est val - or Not on - ly claims re - nown.
Whom Je - sus has died to ran - som; Their full re - demp - tion paid!
Then an - swer the sum - mons glad - ly, Thy ser - vice he'll re - pay.
'Twill bring thee a hal - lowed pleas-ure To all e - ter - ni - ty!
To one who is faint and wea - ry, It shall not be in vain.
But low - li - est deeds of kind - ness Will gem thy glo - ry crown!

Chorus.



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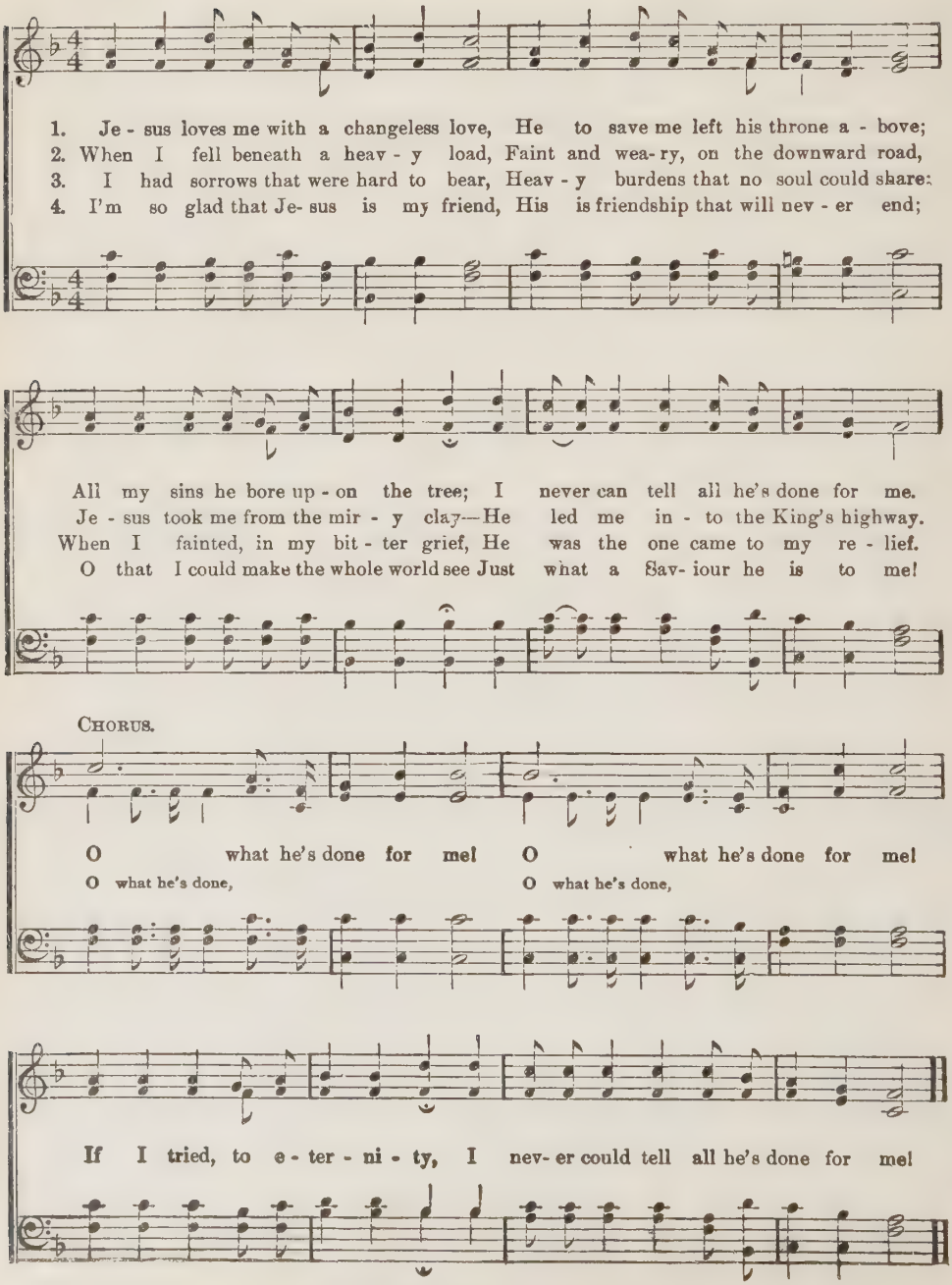
No. 30.

O What He's Done for Me!

J. B. M. REV. J. B. MACKAY.


1. Je - sus loves me with a changeless love, He to save me left his throne a - bove;
2. When I fell beneath a heav - y load, Faint and wea - ry, on the downward road,
3. I had sorrows that were hard to bear, Heav - y burdens that no soul could share:
4. I'm so glad that Je - sus is my friend, His is friendship that will nev - er end;
All my sins he bore up - on the tree; I never can tell all he's done for me.
Je - sus took me from the mir - y clay—He led me in - to the King's highway.
When I fainted, in my bit - ter grief, He was the one came to my re - lief.
O that I could make the whole world see Just what a Sav - iour he is to me!
CHORUS.
O what he's done for me! O what he's done for me!
O what he's done, O what he's done,
If I tried, to e - ter - ni - ty, I nev - er could tell all he's done for me!

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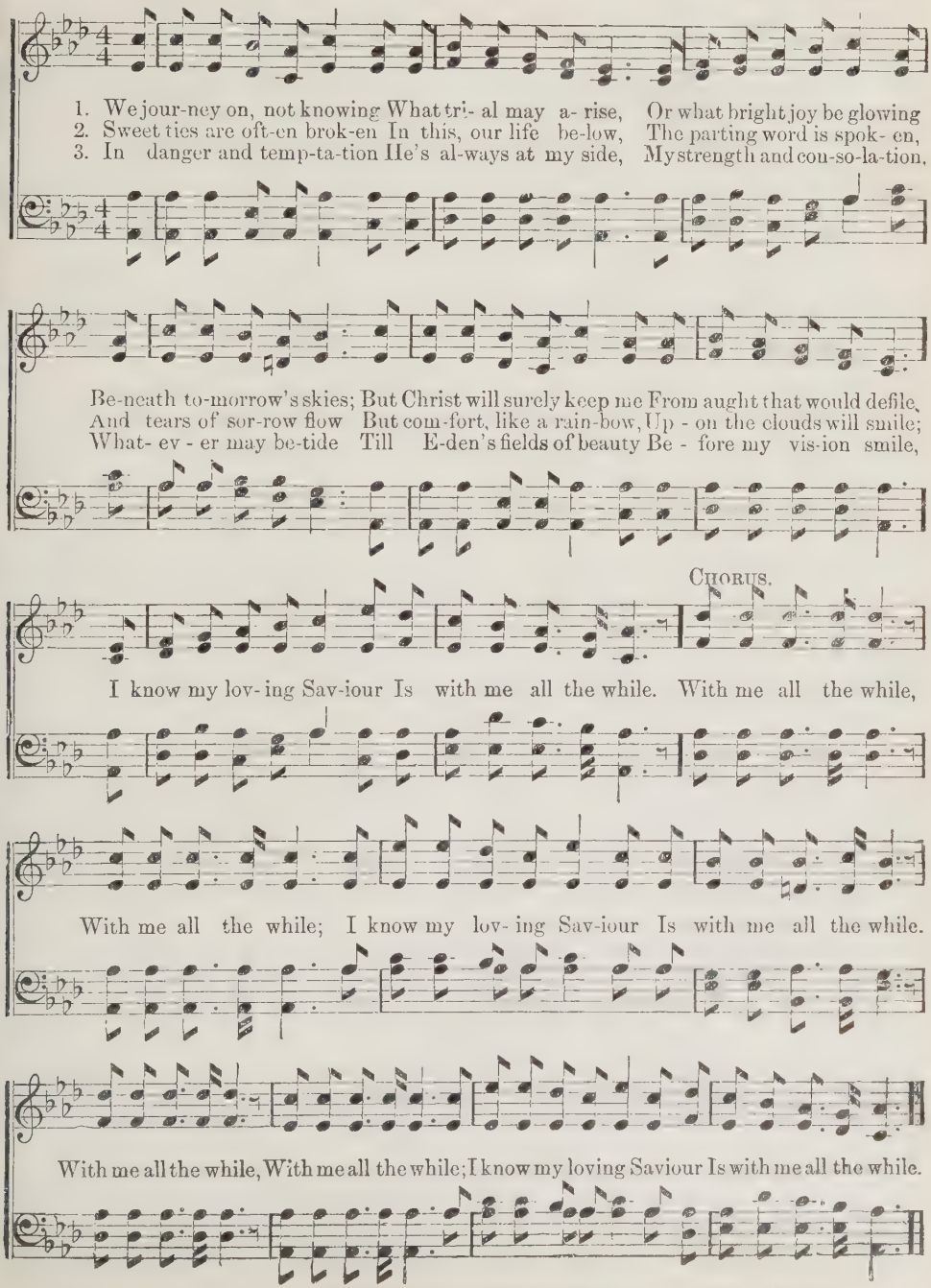
No. 31.

With Me All the While.

E. E. HEWITT. HOWARD E. SMITH.


1. We jour-ney on, not knowing What tri- al may a- rise, Or what bright joy be glowing
2. Sweet ties are oft-en brok-en In this, our life be-low, The parting word is spok- en,
3. In danger and temp-ta-tion He's al-ways at my side, My strength and con-so-la-tion,
Be-neath to-morrow's skies; But Christ will surely keep me From aught that would defile,
And tears of sor-row flow But com-fort, like a rain-bow, Up - on the clouds will smile;
What- ev - er may be-tide Till E-den's fields of beauty Be - fore my vis-ion smile,
CHORUS.
I know my lov- ing Sav-iour Is with me all the while. With me all the while,
With me all the while; I know my lov- ing Sav-iour Is with me all the while.
With me all the while, With me all the while; I know my loving Saviour Is with me all the while.

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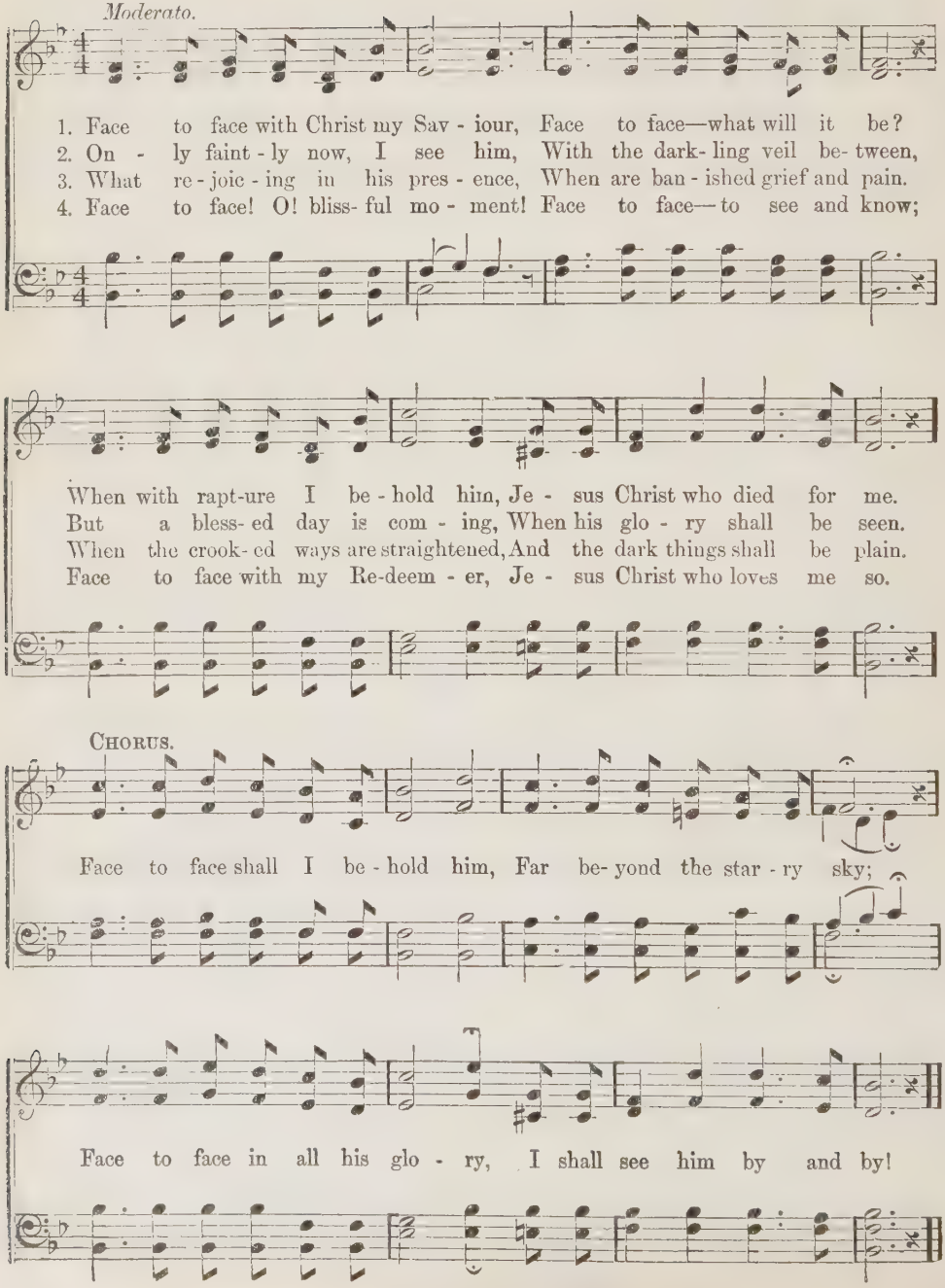
No. 32. Face to Face.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Grant Colfax Tullar.

Moderato.

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - iour, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint - ly now, I see him, With the dark- ling veil be- tween,
3. What re - joic - ing in his pres - ence, When are ban - ished grief and pain.
4. Face to face! O! bliss- ful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;
When with rapt-ure I be - hold him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
But a bless- ed day is com - ing, When his glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crook- ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
Face to face with my Re-deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.
Chorus.
Face to face shall I be - hold him, Far be- yond the star - ry sky;
Face to face in all his glo - ry, I shall see him by and by!

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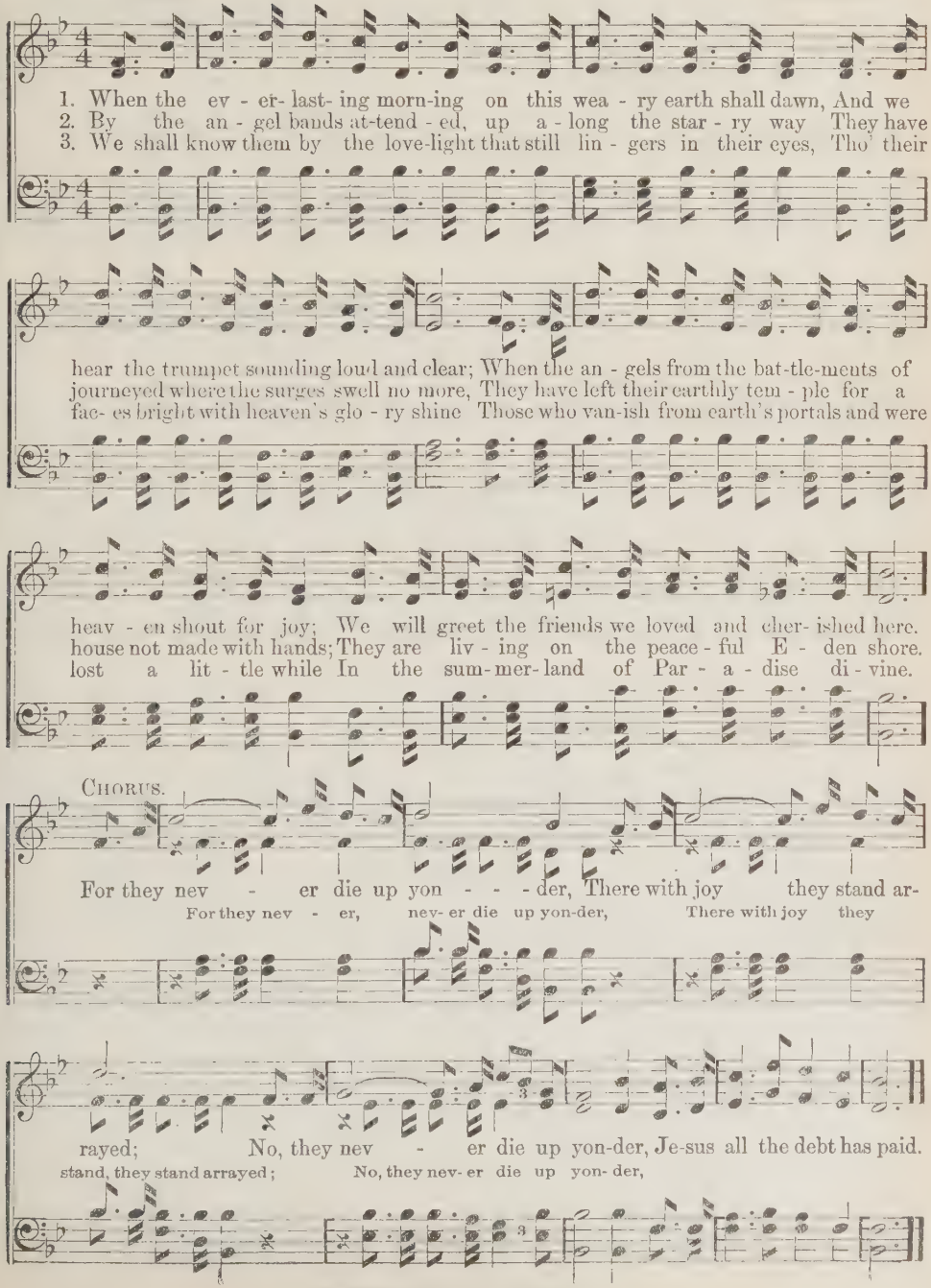
No. 33. They Never Die Up Yonder.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. When the ev - er- last- ing morn-ing on this wea - ry earth shall dawn, And we
2. By the an - gel bands at-tend - ed, up a - long the star - ry way They have
3. We shall know them by the love-light that still lin - gers in their eyes, Tho' their
hear the trumpet sounding loud and clear; When the an - gels from the bat-tle-ments of
journeyed where the surges swell no more, They have left their earthly tem - ple for a
fac- es bright with heaven's glo - ry shine Those who van-ish from earth's portals and were
heav - en shout for joy; We will greet the friends we loved and cher- ished here.
house not made with hands; They are liv - ing on the peace - ful E - den shore.
lost a lit - tle while In the sum-mer-land of Par - a - dise di - vine.
CHORUS.
For they nev - er die up yon - - - der, There with joy they stand ar-
For they nev - er, nev- er die up yon-der, There with joy they
rayed; No, they nev - er die up yon-der, Je-sus all the debt has paid.
stand, they stand arrayed; No, they nev- er die up yon- der,

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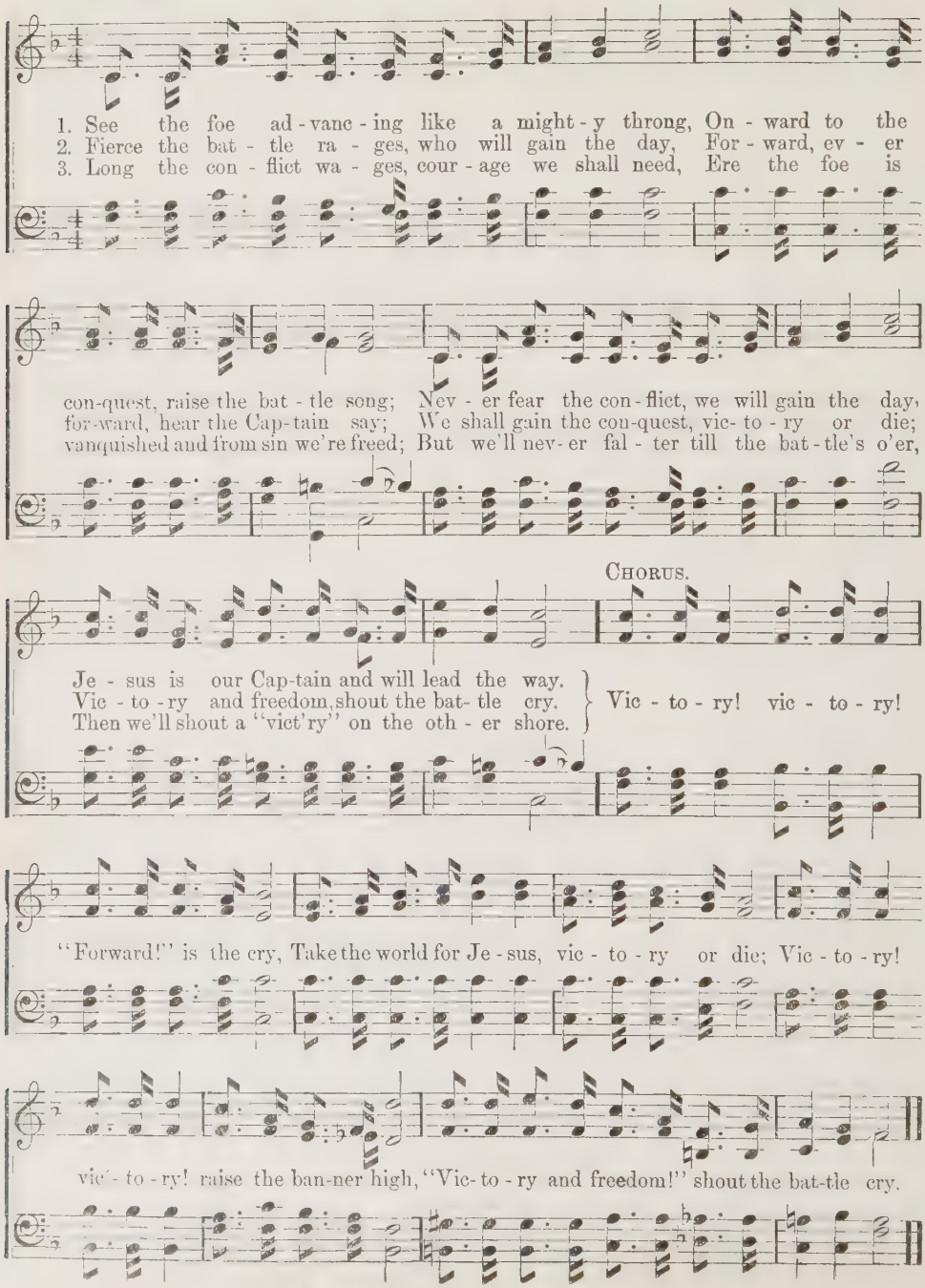
No. 34.

Victory! Forward!

Rev. Wm. Stone. C. Austin Miles.


1. See the foe ad - vanc - ing like a might - y throng, On - ward to the
2. Fierce the bat - tle ra - ges, who will gain the day, For - ward, ev - er
3. Long the con - flict wa - ges, cour - age we shall need, Ere the foe is
con-quest, raise the bat - tle song; Nev - er fear the con - flict, we will gain the day,
for-ward, hear the Cap-tain say; We shall gain the con-quest, vic- to - ry or die;
vanquished and from sin we're freed; But we'll nev- er fal - ter till the bat - tle's o'er,
Chorus.
Je - sus is our Cap-tain and will lead the way.
Vic - to - ry and freedom, shout the bat- tle cry.
Then we'll shout a "vict'ry" on the oth - er shore.
Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!
"Forward!" is the cry, Take the world for Je - sus, vic - to - ry or die; Vic - to - ry!
vic - to - ry! raise the ban-ner high, "Vic- to - ry and freedom!" shout the bat-tle cry.

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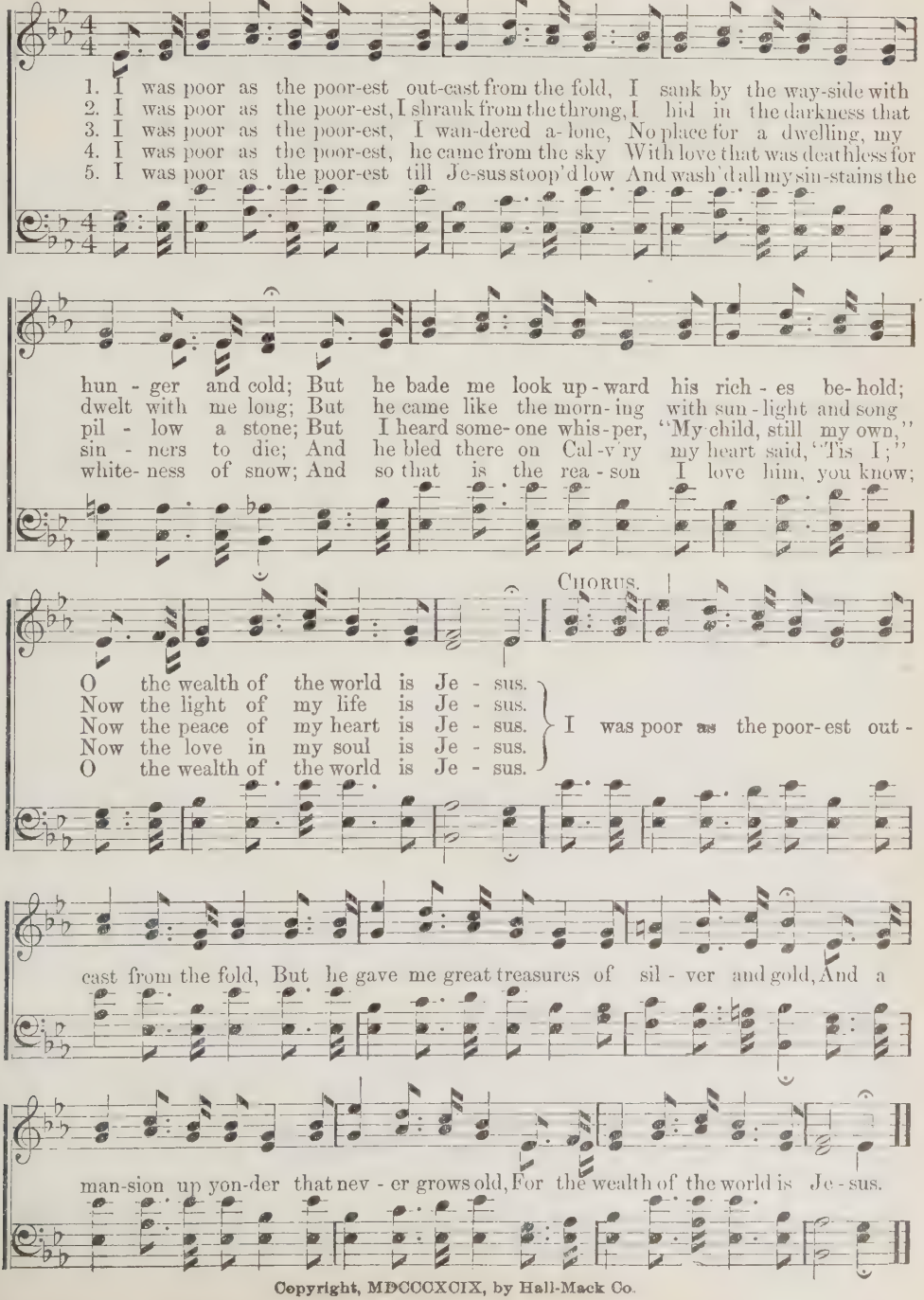
No. 35.

I Was Poor as the Poorest.

FRANK H. MASHAW. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I was poor as the poor-est out-cast from the fold, I sank by the way-side with hun - ger and cold; But he bade me look up - ward his rich - es be-hold;
2. I was poor as the poor-est, I shrank from the throng, I hid in the darkness that dwelt with me long; But he came like the morn-ing with sun - light and song
3. I was poor as the poor-est, I wan-dered a-lone, No place for a dwelling, my pil - low a stone; But I heard some-one whis-per, "My child, still my own,"
4. I was poor as the poor-est, he came from the sky With love that was deathless for sin - ners to die; And he bled there on Cal-v'ry my heart said, "Tis I;"
5. I was poor as the poor-est till Je-sus stoop'd low And wash'd all my sin-stains the white-ness of snow; And so that is the rea - son I love him, you know;
CHORUS.
O the wealth of the world is Je - sus.
Now the light of my life is Je - sus.
Now the peace of my heart is Je - sus.
Now the love in my soul is Je - sus.
O the wealth of the world is Je - sus.
I was poor as the poor-est out - cast from the fold, But he gave me great treasures of sil - ver and gold, And a man-sion up yon-der that nev - er grows old, For the wealth of the world is Je - sus.

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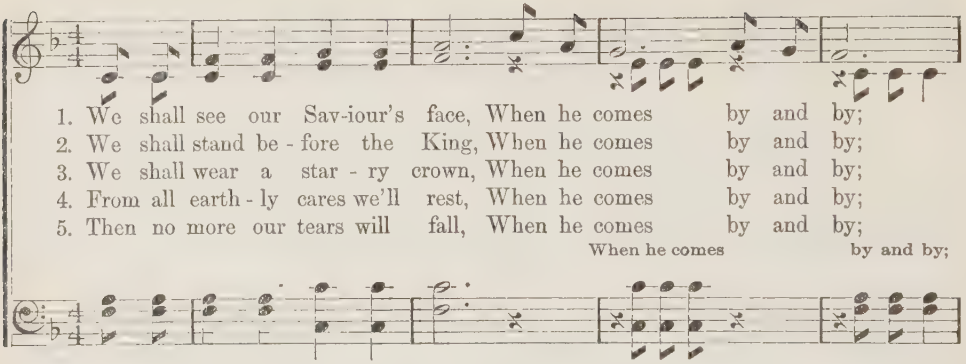
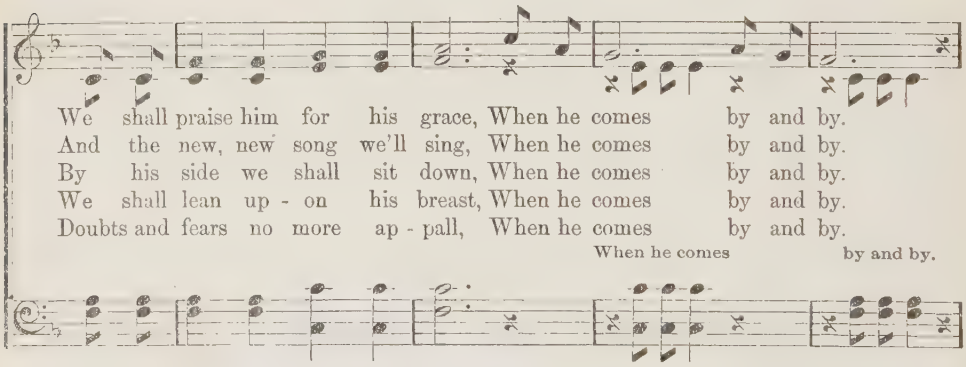
No. 36.

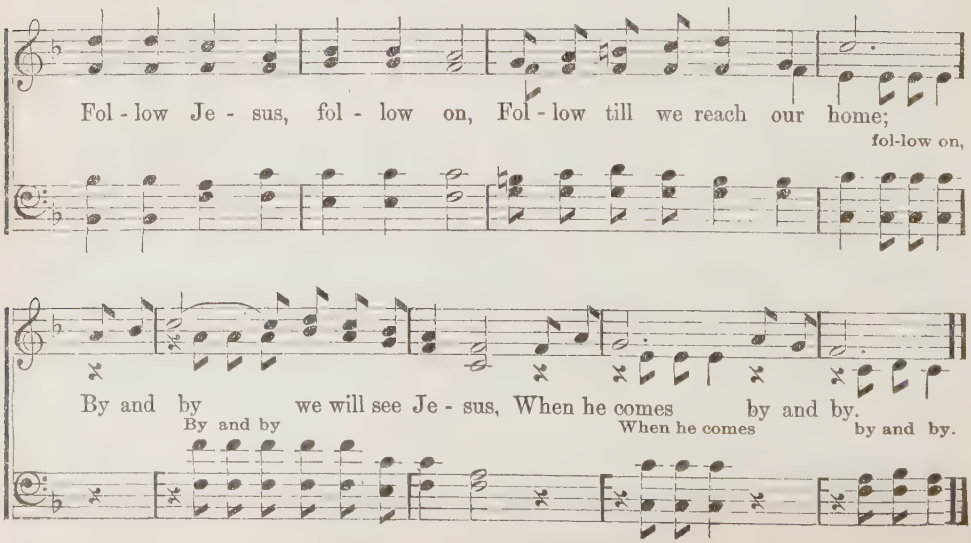
When He Comes.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. FRANK BUTTS.


1. We shall see our Sav-iour's face, When he comes by and by;
2. We shall stand be - fore the King, When he comes by and by;
3. We shall wear a star - ry crown, When he comes by and by;
4. From all earth - ly cares we'll rest, When he comes by and by;
5. Then no more our tears will fall, When he comes by and by;
When he comes by and by;


We shall praise him for his grace, When he comes by and by.
And the new, new song we'll sing, When he comes by and by.
By his side we shall sit down, When he comes by and by.
We shall lean up - on his breast, When he comes by and by.
Doubts and fears no more ap - pall, When he comes by and by.
When he comes by and by.

CHORUS.


Fol - low Je - sus, fol - low on, Fol - low till we reach our home;
fol-low on,
By and by we will see Je - sus, When he comes by and by.
By and by
When he comes by and by.

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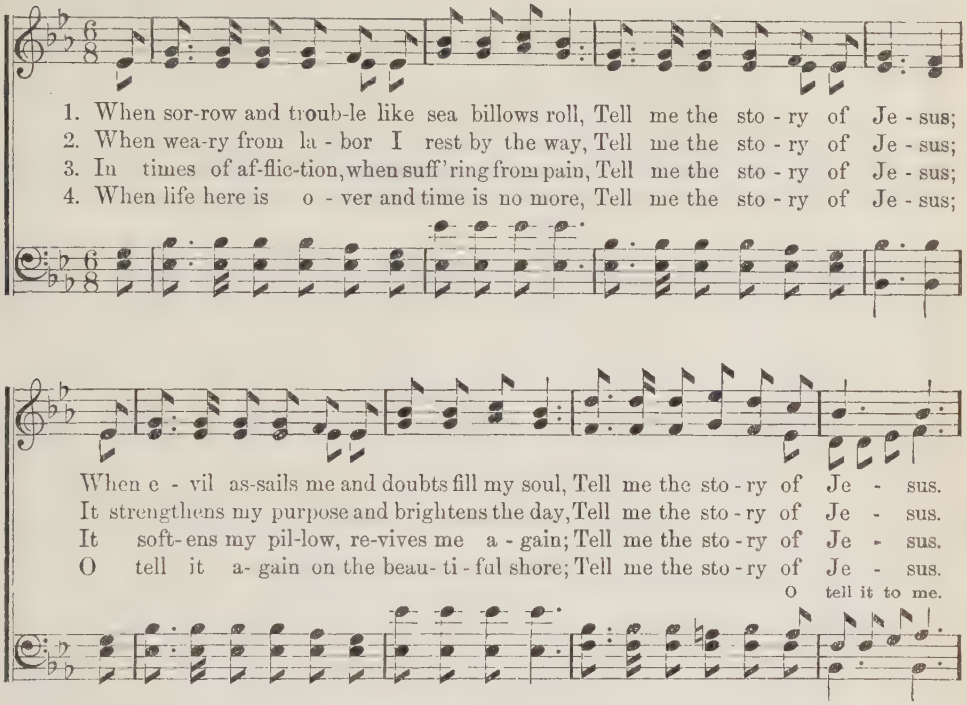
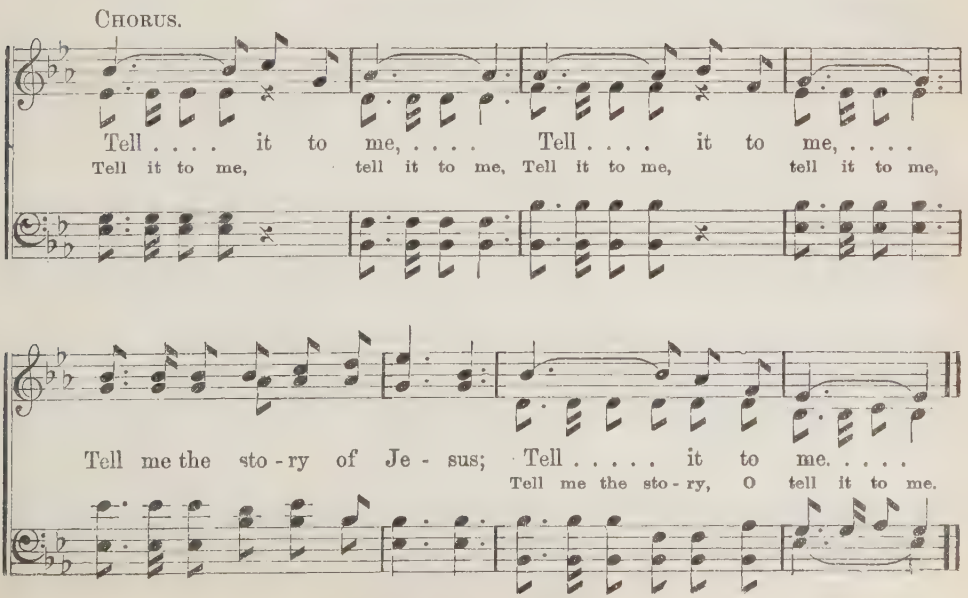
No. 37.

Tell Me the Story.

J. W. VanDeVenter. C. Austin Miles.


1. When sor-row and troub-le like sea billows roll, Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus;
2. When wea-ry from la - bor I rest by the way, Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus;
3. In times of af-flic-tion, when suff'ring from pain, Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus;
4. When life here is o - ver and time is no more, Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus;
When e - vil as-sails me and doubts fill my soul, Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus.
It strengthens my purpose and brightens the day, Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus.
It soft-ens my pil-low, re-vives me a - gain; Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus.
O tell it a- gain on the beau- ti - ful shore; Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus.
O tell it to me.

Chorus.
Tell . . . . it to me, ... Tell . . . . it to me, ...
Tell it to me, tell it to me, Tell it to me, tell it to me,
Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus; Tell . . . . . it to me. . . . .
Tell me the sto - ry, O tell it to me.

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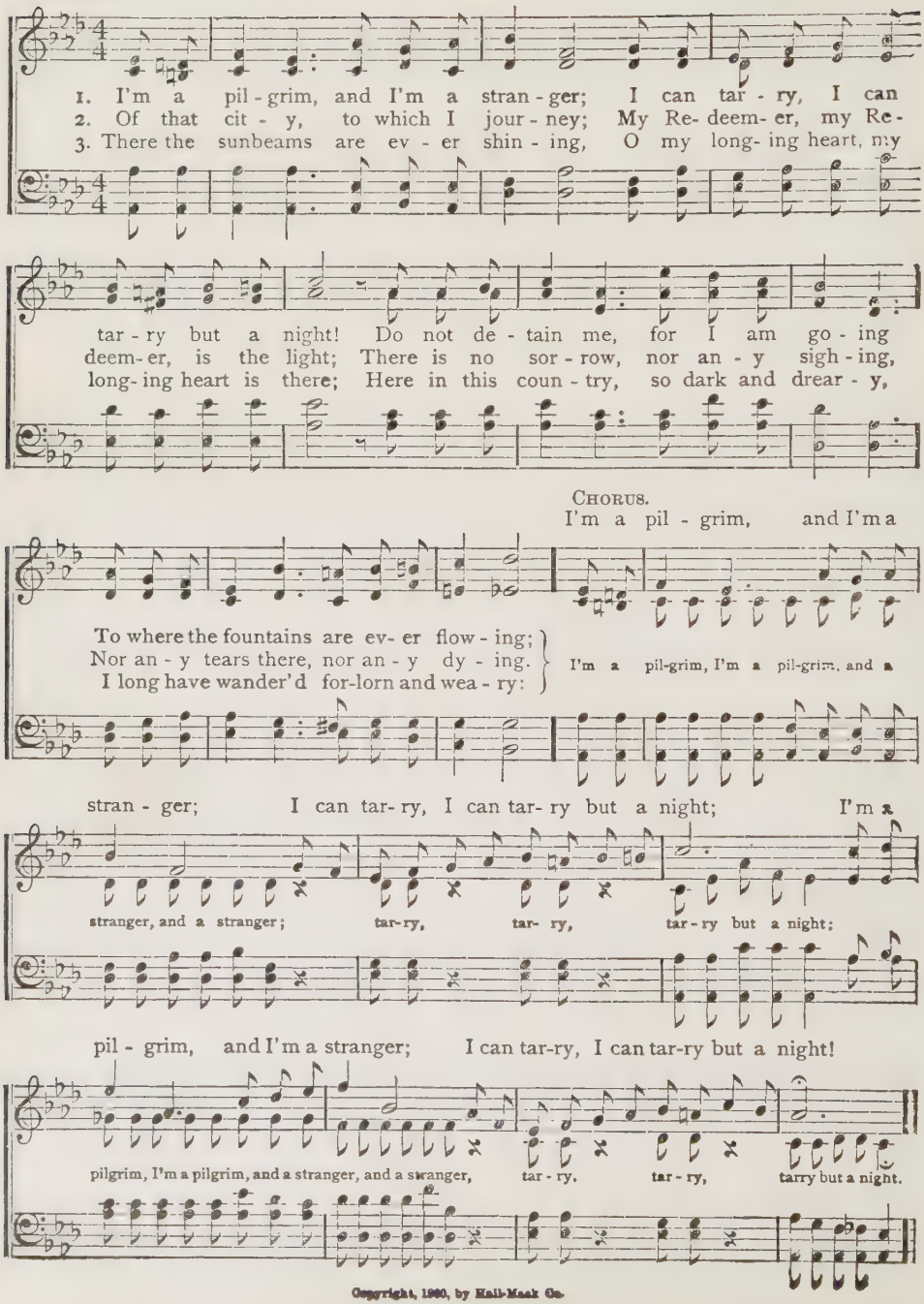
No. 38

I'm a Pilgrim.

MARY S. B. DANA. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can
2. Of that cit - y, to which I jour - ney; My Re- deem- er, my Re-
3. There the sunbeams are ev - er shin - ing, O my long- ing heart, my
tar - ry but a night! Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing
deem- er, is the light; There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing,
long- ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try, so dark and drear - y,
CHORUS.
I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a
To where the fountains are ev- er flow - ing;
Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing.
I long have wander'd for-lorn and wea - ry:
I'm a pil-grim, I'm a pil-grim, and a
stran - ger; I can tar- ry, I can tar- ry but a night; I'm a
stranger, and a stranger; tar-ry, tar- ry, tar - ry but a night;
pil - grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night!
pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim, and a stranger, and a stranger, tar - ry, tar - ry, tarry but a night.

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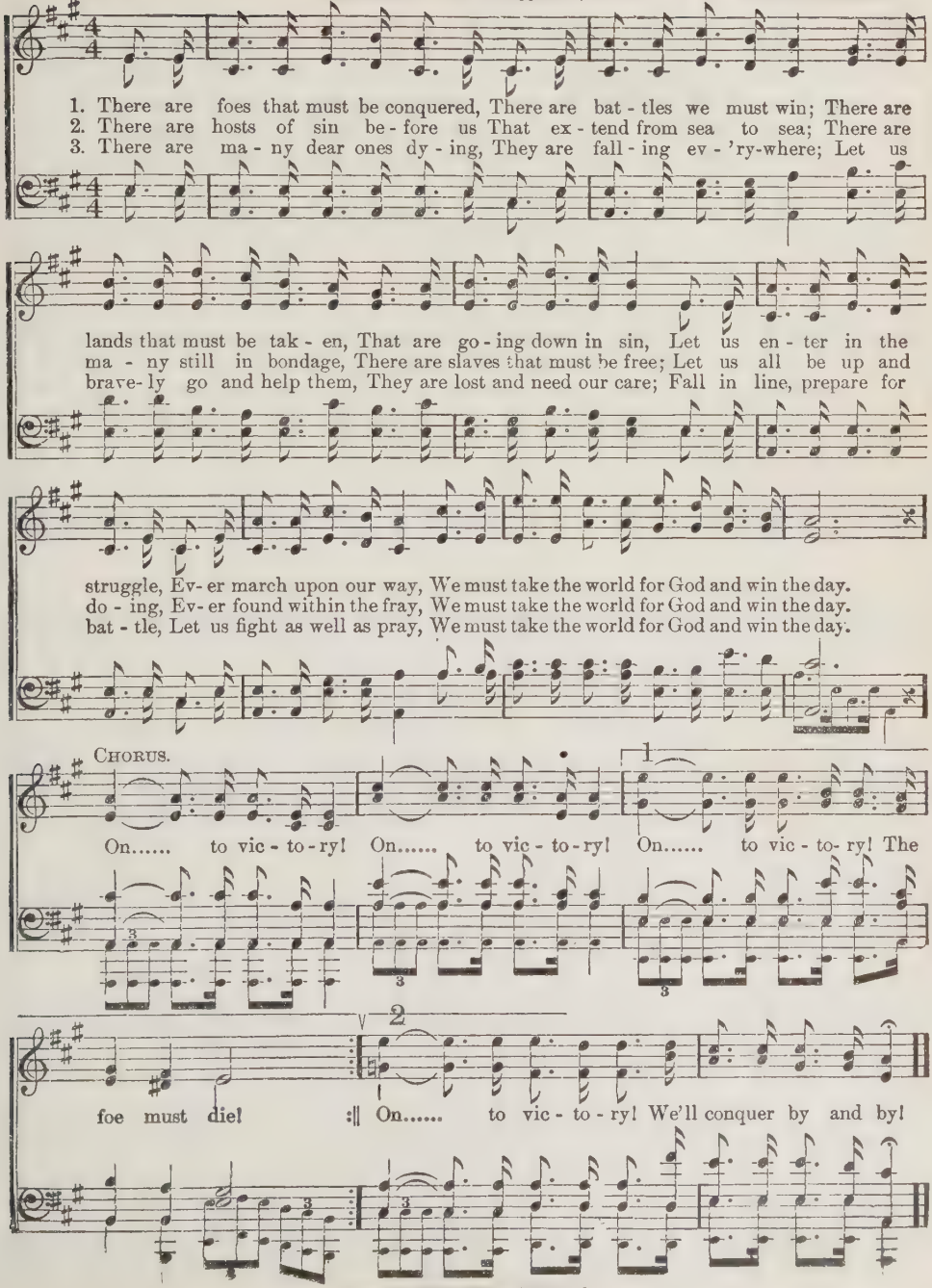
No. 39.

On to Victory!

J. W. V.

Dedicated to Rev. B. C. Lippincott, D. D. J. W. VanDeVenter.

1. There are foes that must be conquered, There are bat - tles we must win; There are
2. There are hosts of sin be - fore us That ex - tend from sea to sea; There are
3. There are ma - ny dear ones dy - ing, They are fall - ing ev - 'ry-where; Let us
lands that must be tak - en, That are go - ing down in sin, Let us en - ter in the
ma - ny still in bondage, There are slaves that must be free; Let us all be up and
brave-ly go and help them, They are lost and need our care; Fall in line, prepare for
struggle, Ev - er march upon our way, We must take the world for God and win the day.
do - ing, Ev - er found within the fray, We must take the world for God and win the day.
bat - tle, Let us fight as well as pray, We must take the world for God and win the day.
Chorus.
On..... to vic - to - ry! On..... to vic - to - ry! On..... to vic - to - ry! The
foe must die! :|| On..... to vic - to - ry! We'll conquer by and by!

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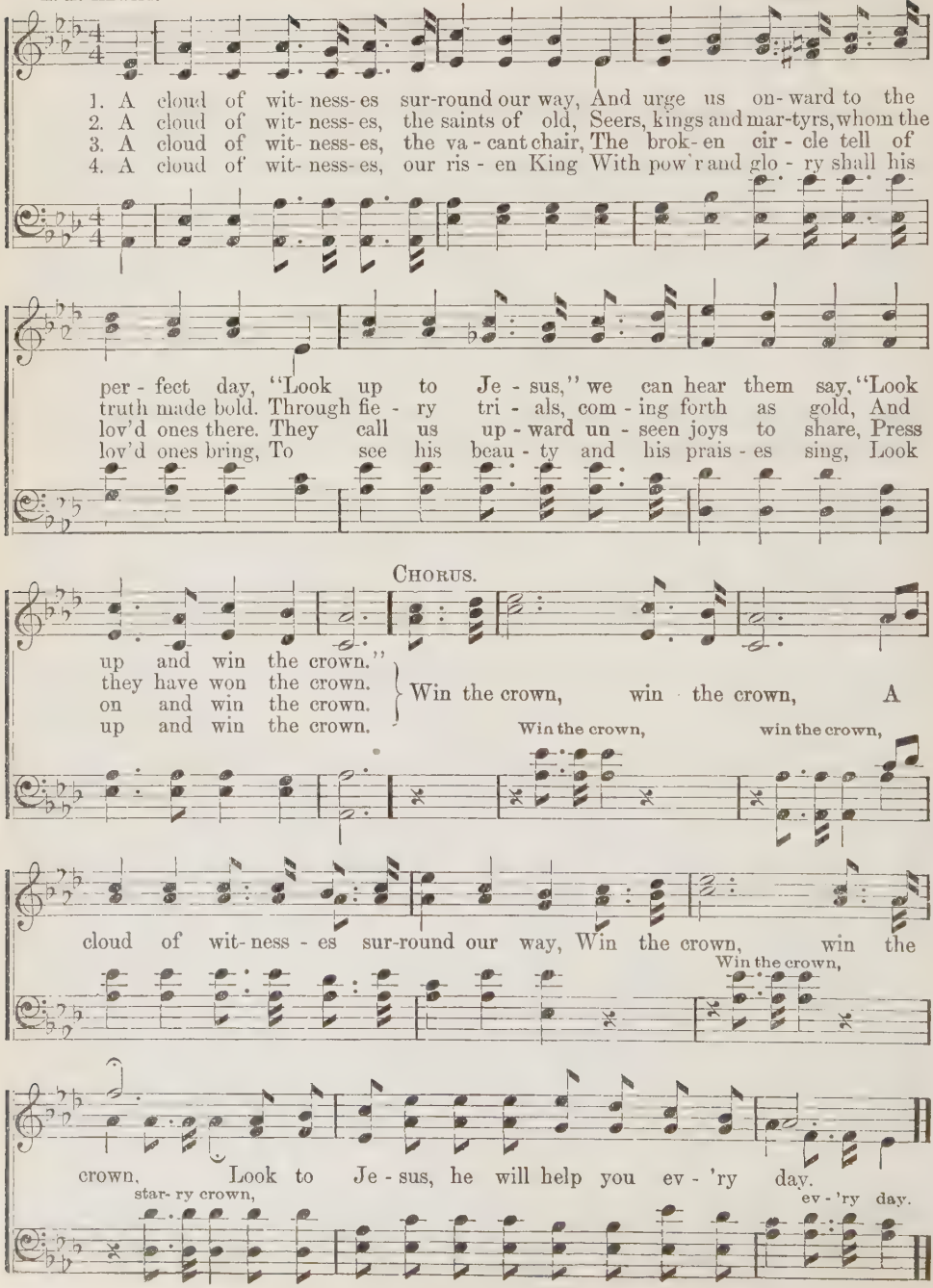
No. 40.

A Cloud of Witnesses.

E. E. HEWITT. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. A cloud of wit- ness- es sur-round our way, And urge us on- ward to the
2. A cloud of wit- ness- es, the saints of old, Seers, kings and mar-tyrs, whom the
3. A cloud of wit- ness- es, the va - cant chair, The brok- en cir - cle tell of
4. A cloud of wit- ness- es, our ris - en King With pow'r and glo - ry shall his
per - fect day, "Look up to Je - sus," we can hear them say, "Look
truth made bold. Through fie - ry tri - als, com - ing forth as gold, And
lov'd ones there. They call us up - ward un - seen joys to share, Press
lov'd ones bring, To see his beau - ty and his prais - es sing, Look
CHORUS.
up and win the crown."
they have won the crown.
on and win the crown.
up and win the crown.
Win the crown, win the crown, A
Win the crown,
win the crown,
cloud of wit- ness - es sur-round our way, Win the crown, win the
Win the crown,
crown. Look to Je - sus, he will help you ev - 'ry day.
star- ry crown,
ev - 'ry day.

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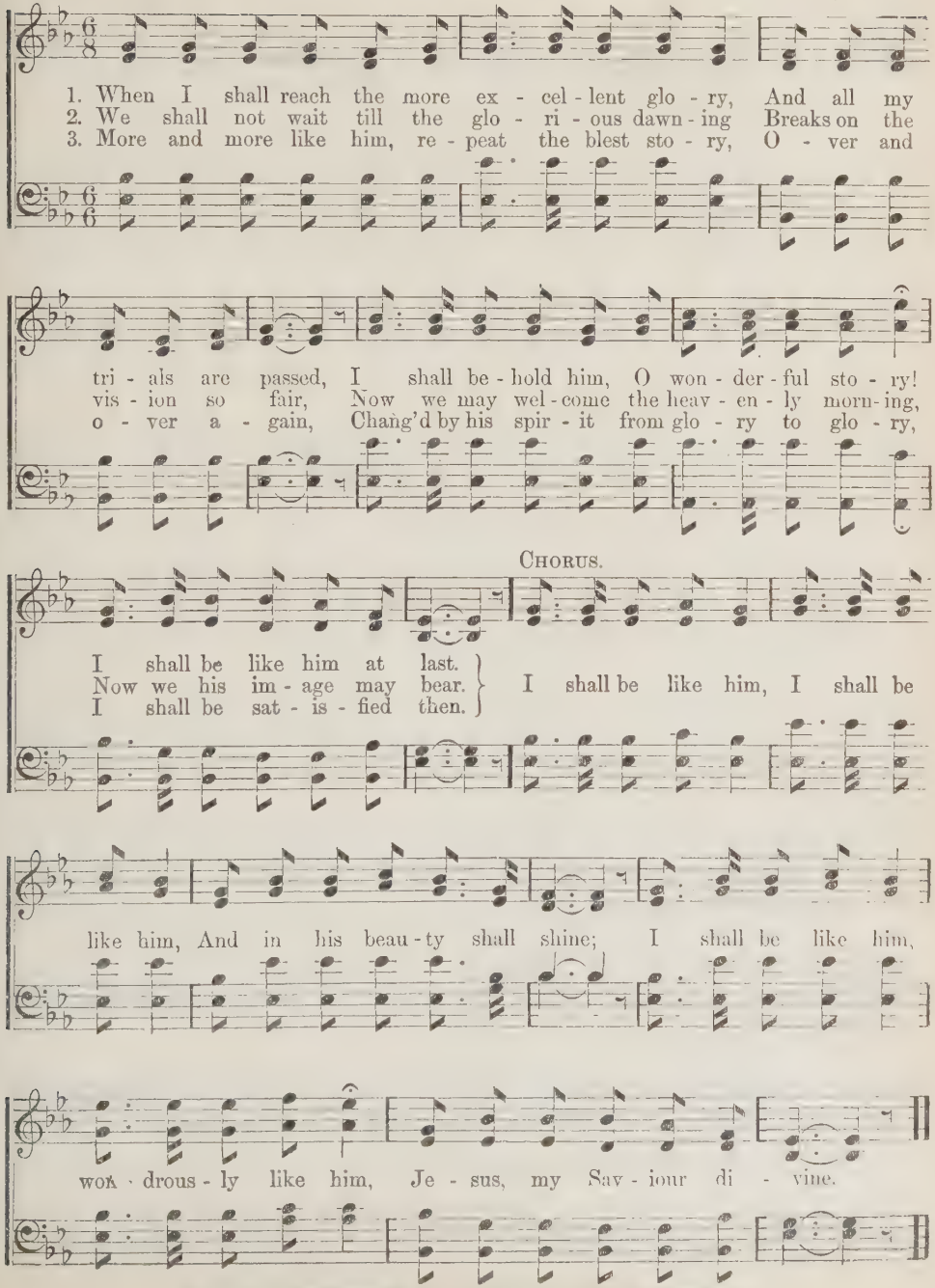
No. 41.

I Shall Be Like Him.

W. A. S. Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.

1. When I shall reach the more ex - cel - lent glo - ry, And all my
2. We shall not wait till the glo - ri - ous dawn - ing Breaks on the
3. More and more like him, re - peat the blest sto - ry, O - ver and
tri - als are passed, I shall be - hold him, O won - der - ful sto - ry!
vis - ion so fair, Now we may wel - come the heav - en - ly morn - ing,
o - ver a - gain, Chang'd by his spir - it from glo - ry to glo - ry,
CHORUS.
I shall be like him at last.
Now we his im - age may bear.
I shall be sat - is - fied then.
I shall be like him, I shall be
like him, And in his beau - ty shall shine; I shall be like him,
won - drous - ly like him, Je - sus, my Sav - iour di - vine.

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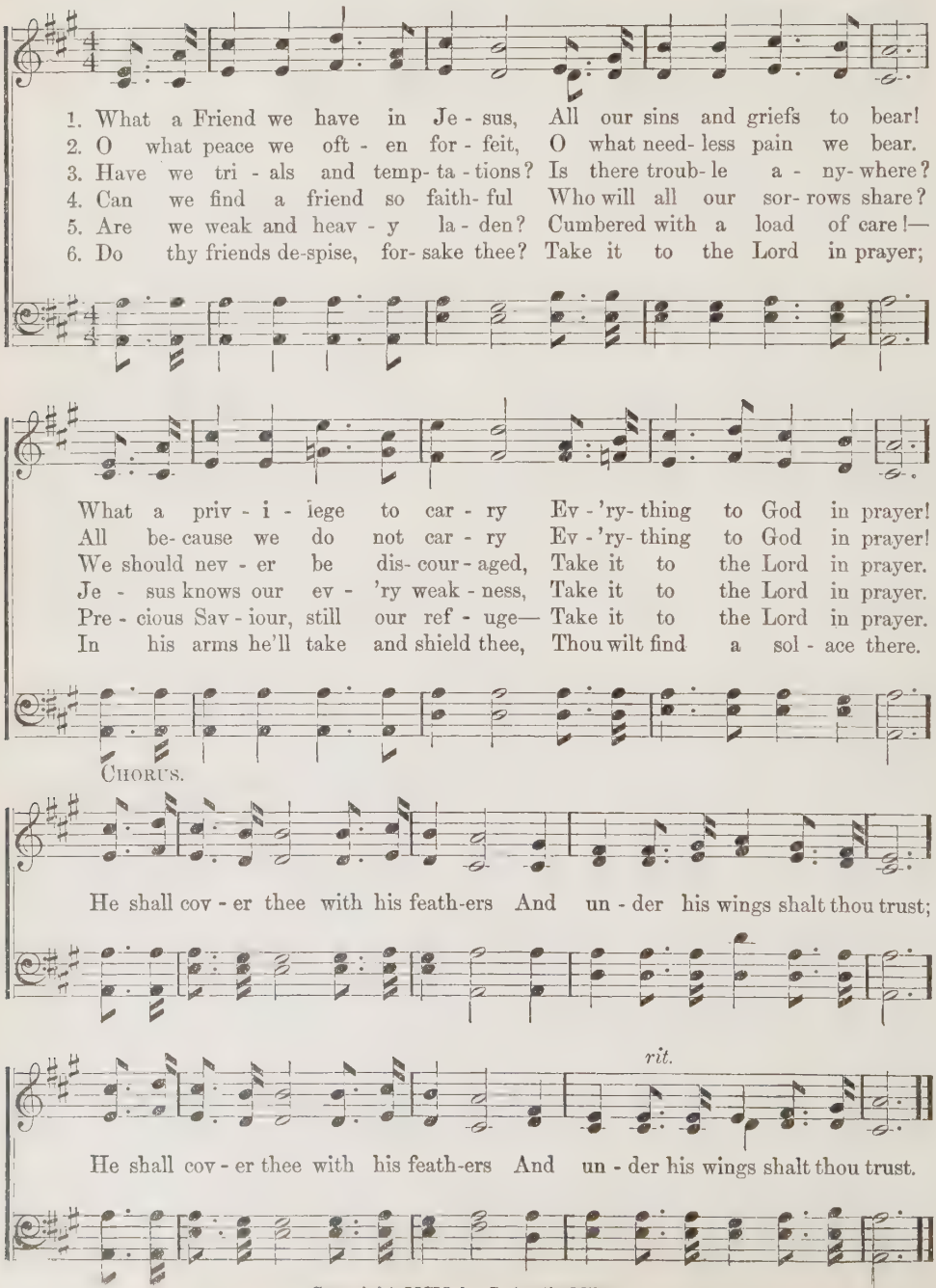
No. 42.

He Shall Cover Thee.

C. Austin Miles.


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need- less pain we bear.
3. Have we tri - als and temp- ta - tions? Is there troub- le a - ny- where?
4. Can we find a friend so faith- ful Who will all our sor- rows share?
5. Are we weak and heav - y la - den? Cumbered with a load of care!—
6. Do thy friends de-spise, for- sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry- thing to God in prayer!
All be- cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry- thing to God in prayer!
We should nev - er be dis- cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our ref - uge— Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.
Chorus.
He shall cov - er thee with his feath-ers And un - der his wings shalt thou trust;
rit.
He shall cov - er thee with his feath-ers And un - der his wings shalt thou trust.

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No. 43.

Just One Touch.

BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

1. Just one touch as he moves a - long, Push'd and press'd by the jost - ling throng,
2. Just one touch and he makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin - sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless - ed Son,
4. Just one touch! and he turns to me, O the love in his eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by his might-y pow'r, He can heal thee this ver - y hour,

Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine.
At his feet all my bur - dens roll,—Cured by the Heal - er di - vine.
I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine.
I am his for he hears my plea, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine.
Thou canst hear tho' the tem - pests low'r, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine.

CHORUS.

Just one touch as he pass - es by, He will list to the faint - est cry,

Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal - er di - vine.

di - vine.

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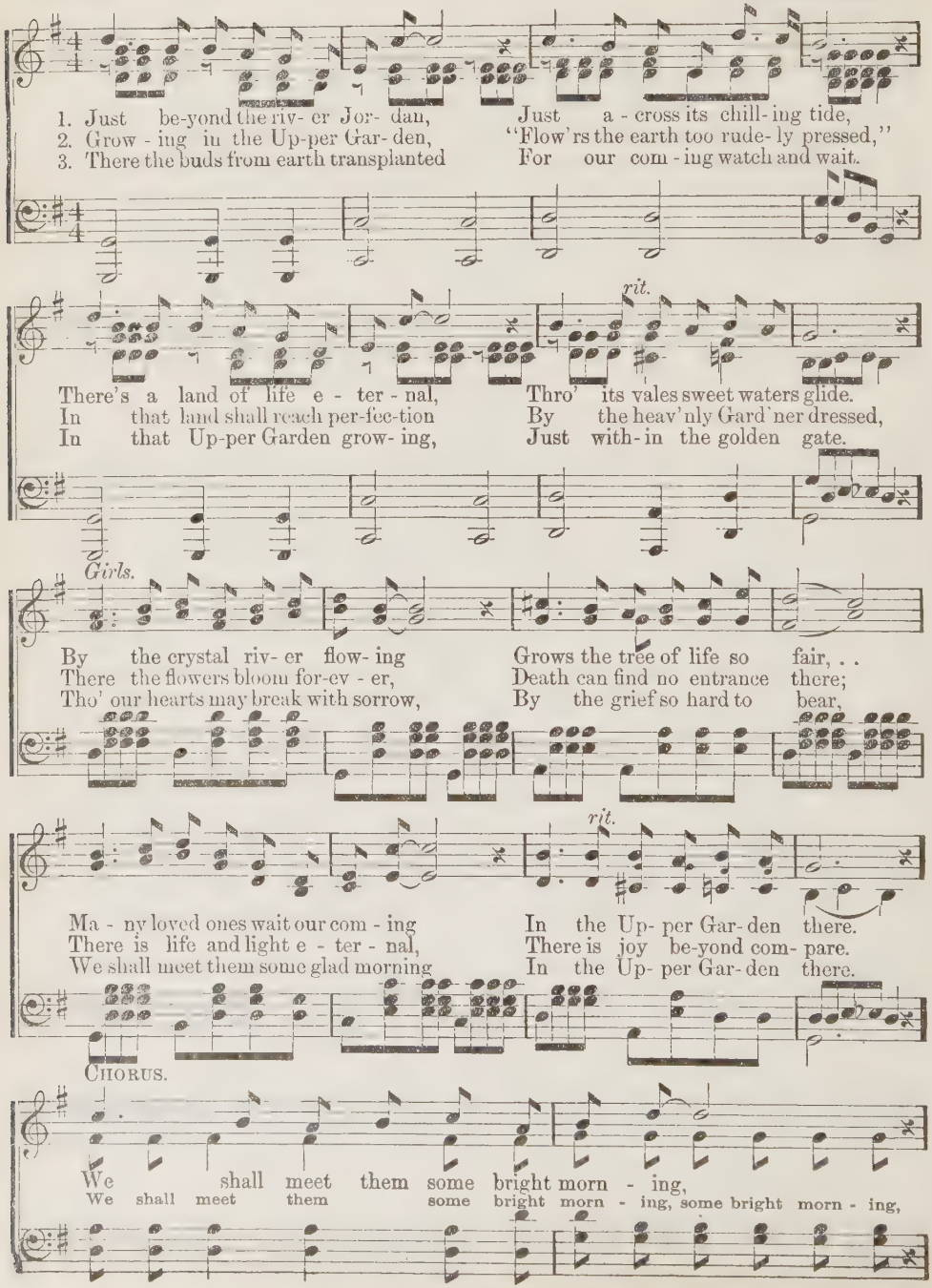
No. 44.

In the Upper Garden.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Just be-yond the riv- er Jor- dan, Just a - cross its chill- ing tide,
2. Grow - ing in the Up-per Gar- den, "Flow'rs the earth too rude- ly pressed,"
3. There the buds from earth transplanted For our com - ing watch and wait.
rit.
There's a land of life e - ter - nal, Thro' its vales sweet waters glide.
In that land shall reach per-fec-tion By the heav'nly Gard'ner dressed,
In that Up-per Garden grow- ing, Just with-in the golden gate.
Girls.
By the crystal riv- er flow- ing Grows the tree of life so fair, . .
There the flowers bloom for-ev - er, Death can find no entrance there;
Tho' our hearts may break with sorrow, By the grief so hard to bear,
rit.
Ma - ny loved ones wait our com - ing In the Up- per Gar- den there.
There is life and light e - ter - nal, There is joy be-yond com- pare.
We shall meet them some glad morning In the Up- per Gar- den there.
Chorus.
We shall meet them some bright morn - ing,
We shall meet them some bright morn - ing, some bright morn - ing,

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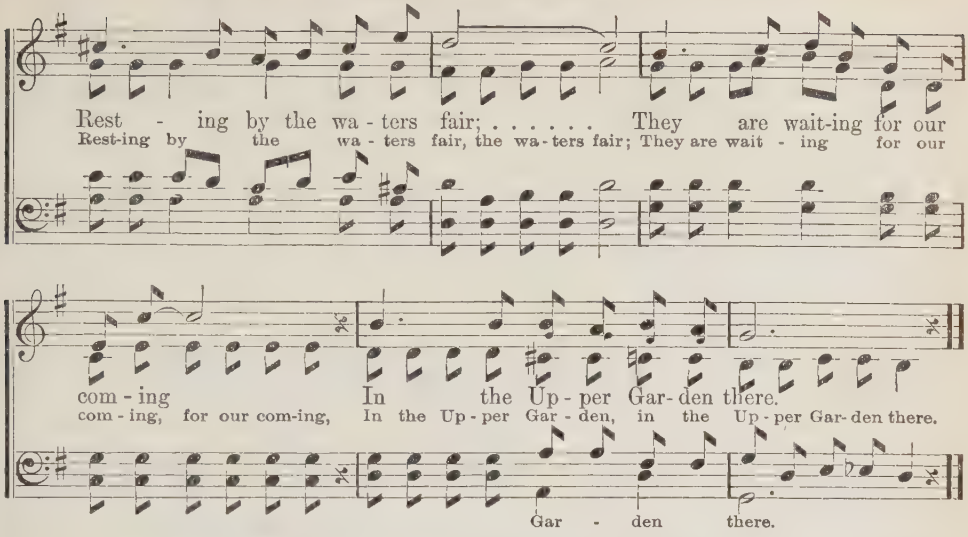
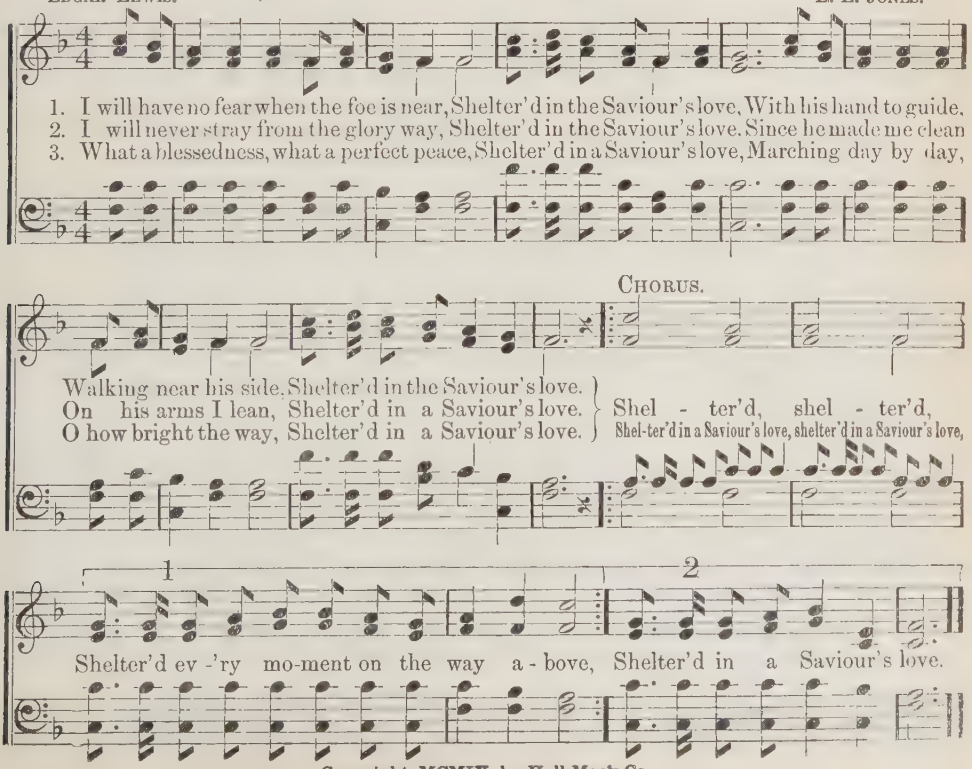
In the Upper Garden.—Concluded.


Rest - ing by the wa - ters fair; . . . . . They are wait-ing for our
Rest-ing by the wa - ters fair, the wa-ters fair; They are wait - ing for our
com - ing In the Up - per Gar- den there.
com - ing, for our com-ing, In the Up - per Gar - den, in the Up - per Gar- den there.
Gar - den there.

No. 45. Sheltered in a Saviour's Love.

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.


1. I will have no fear when the foe is near, Shelter'd in the Saviour's love, With his hand to guide.
2. I will never stray from the glory way, Shelter'd in the Saviour's love. Since he made me clean
3. What a blessedness, what a perfect peace, Shelter'd in a Saviour's love, Marching day by day,
CHORUS.
Walking near his side, Shelter'd in the Saviour's love.
On his arms I lean, Shelter'd in a Saviour's love.
O how bright the way, Shelter'd in a Saviour's love.
Shel - ter'd, shel - ter'd,
Shel-ter'd in a Saviour's love, shelter'd in a Saviour's love,
1
2
Shelter'd ev -'ry mo-ment on the way a - bove, Shelter'd in a Saviour's love.

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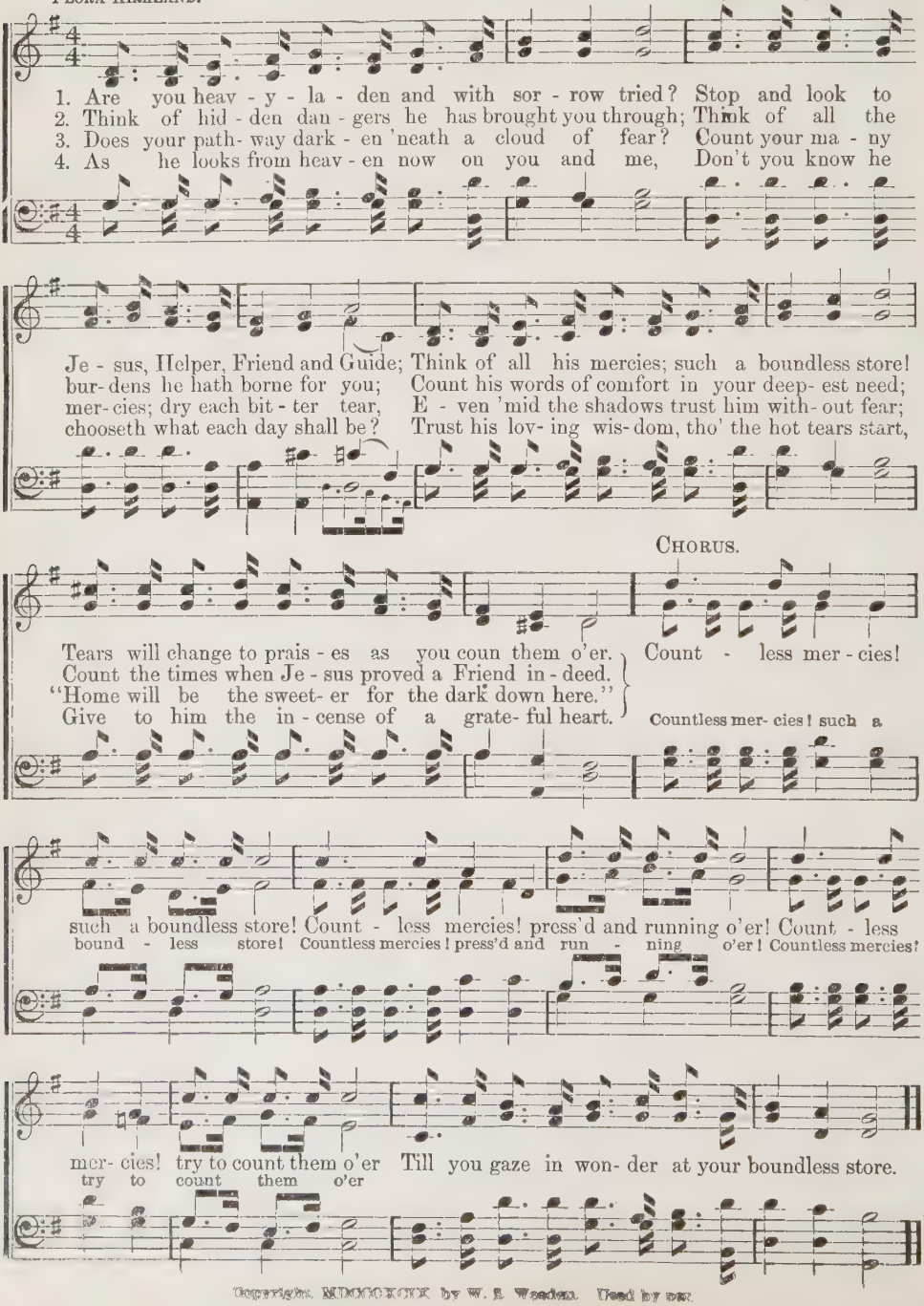
No. 46.

Countless Mercies.

"According to the multitude of his mercies."—Lam. 3:32.

FLORA KIRKLAND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Are you heav - y - la - den and with sor - row tried? Stop and look to
2. Think of hid - den dan - gers he has brought you through; Think of all the
3. Does your path- way dark - en 'neath a cloud of fear? Count your ma - ny
4. As he looks from heav - en now on you and me, Don't you know he
Je - sus, Helper, Friend and Guide; Think of all his mercies; such a boundless store!
bur- dens he hath borne for you; Count his words of comfort in your deep- est need;
mer- cies; dry each bit - ter tear, E - ven 'mid the shadows trust him with- out fear;
chooseth what each day shall be? Trust his lov- ing wis- dom, tho' the hot tears start,
CHORUS.
Tears will change to prais - es as you coun them o'er.
Count the times when Je - sus proved a Friend in - deed.
"Home will be the sweet- er for the dark down here."
Give to him the in - cense of a grate- ful heart.
Count - less mer - cies!
Countless mer- cies! such a
such a boundless store! Count - less mercies! press'd and running o'er! Count - less
bound - less store! Countless mercies! press'd and run - ning o'er! Countless mercies!
mer- cies! try to count them o'er Till you gaze in won- der at your boundless store.
try to count them o'er

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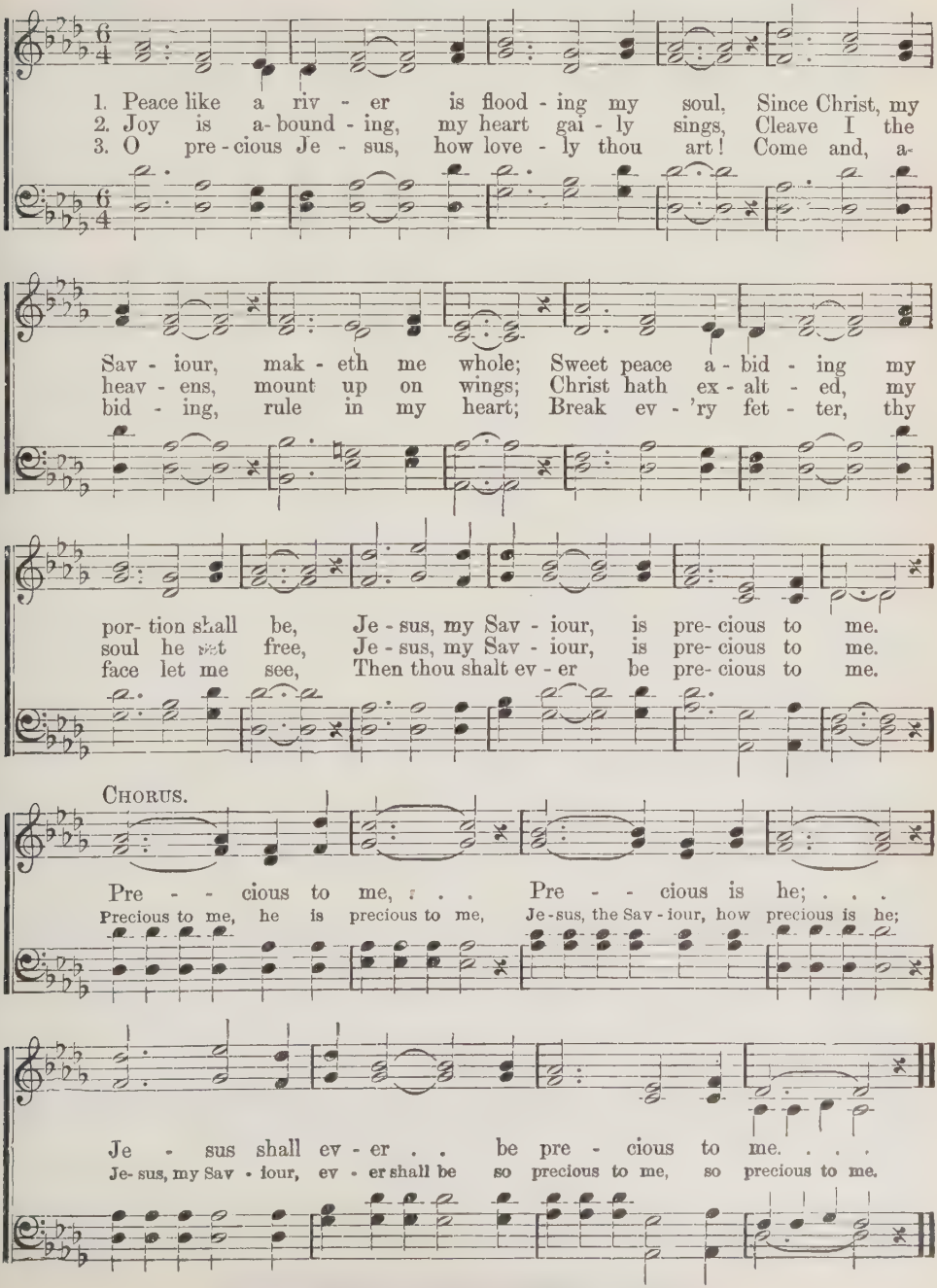
No. 47.

Jesus is Precious.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR. I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Peace like a riv - er is flood - ing my soul, Since Christ, my
2. Joy is a-bound - ing, my heart gai - ly sings, Cleave I the
3. O pre - cious Je - sus, how love - ly thou art! Come and, a-
Sav - iour, mak - eth me whole; Sweet peace a - bid - ing my
heav - ens, mount up on wings; Christ hath ex - alt - ed, my
bid - ing, rule in my heart; Break ev - 'ry fet - ter, thy
por- tion shall be, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, is pre- cious to me.
soul he set free, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, is pre- cious to me.
face let me see, Then thou shalt ev - er be pre- cious to me.
CHORUS.
Pre - - cious to me, . . . Pre - - cious is he; . . .
Precious to me, he is precious to me, Je-sus, the Sav - iour, how precious is he;
Je - sus shall ev - er . . be pre - cious to me. . . .
Je- sus, my Sav - iour, ev - er shall be so precious to me, so precious to me.

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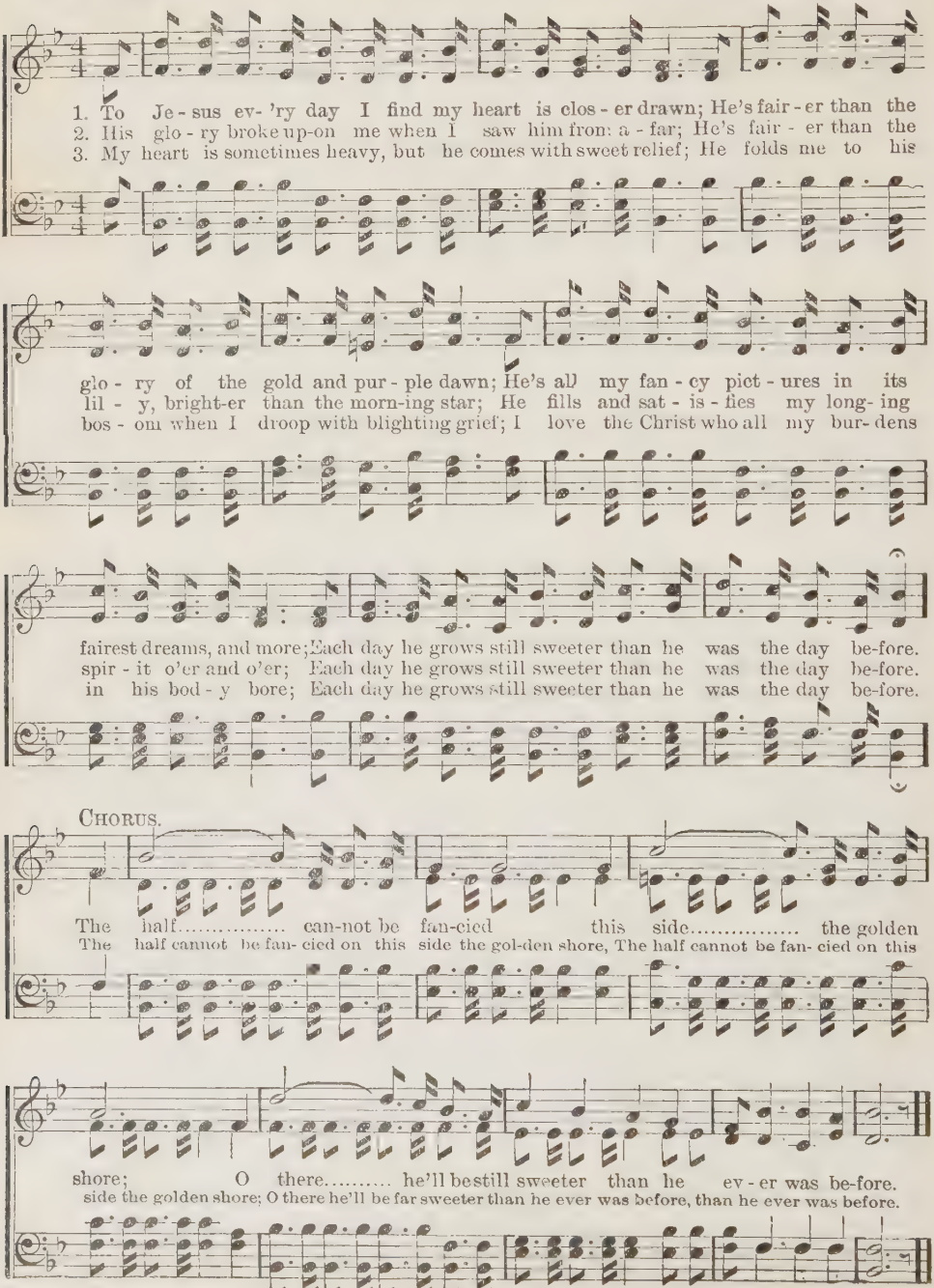
No. 48.

Still Sweeter Every Day.

W. C. MARTIN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. To Je - sus ev- 'ry day I find my heart is clos - er drawn; He's fair - er than the
2. His glo - ry broke up-on me when I saw him from a - far; He's fair - er than the
3. My heart is sometimes heavy, but he comes with sweet relief; He folds me to his
glo - ry of the gold and pur - ple dawn; He's all my fan - cy pict - ures in its
lil - y, bright-er than the morn-ing star; He fills and sat - is - fies my long- ing
bos - om when I droop with blighting grief; I love the Christ who all my bur- dens
fairest dreams, and more; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day be-fore.
spir - it o'er and o'er; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day be-fore.
in his bod - y bore; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day be-fore.
CHORUS.
The half..... can-not be fan-cied this side..... the golden
The half cannot be fan- cied on this side the gol-den shore, The half cannot be fan- cied on this
shore; O there..... he'll be still sweeter than he ev - er was be-fore.
side the golden shore; O there he'll be far sweeter than he ever was before, than he ever was before.

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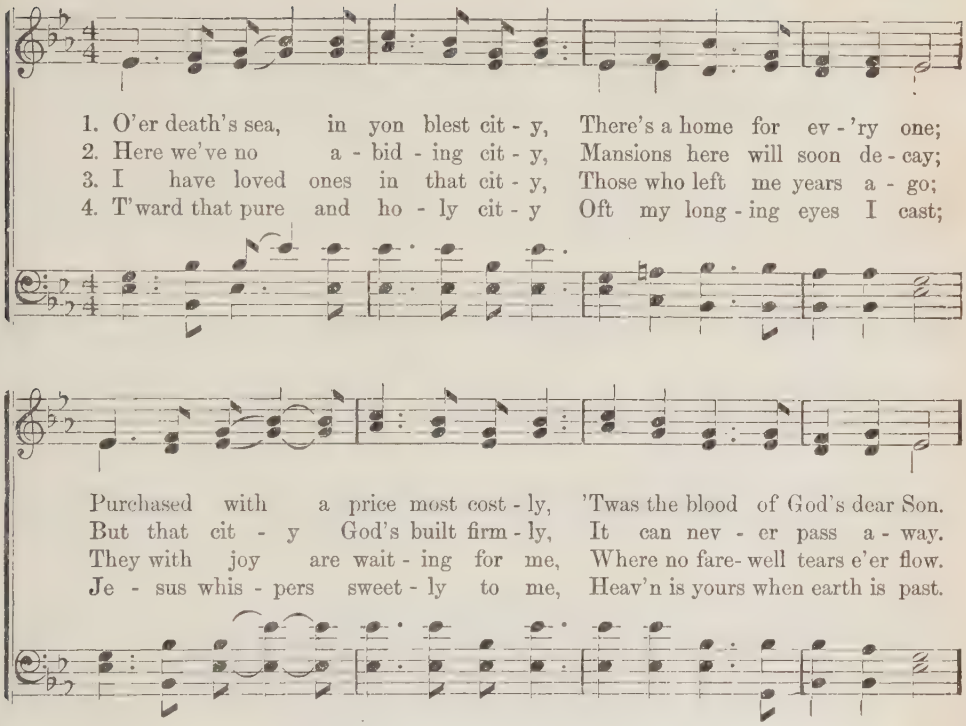
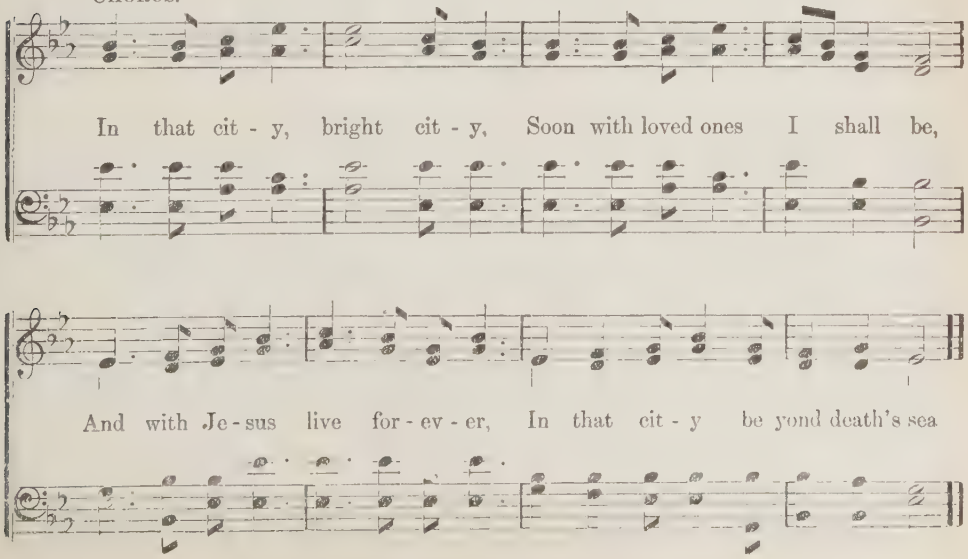
No. 49.

In that City.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.


1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest cit - y, There's a home for ev - 'ry one;
2. Here we've no a - bid - ing cit - y, Mansions here will soon de - cay;
3. I have loved ones in that cit - y, Those who left me years a - go;
4. T'ward that pure and ho - ly cit - y Oft my long - ing eyes I cast;
Purchased with a price most cost - ly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.
But that cit - y God's built firm - ly, It can nev - er pass a - way.
They with joy are wait - ing for me, Where no fare - well tears e'er flow.
Je - sus whis - pers sweet - ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

CHORUS.



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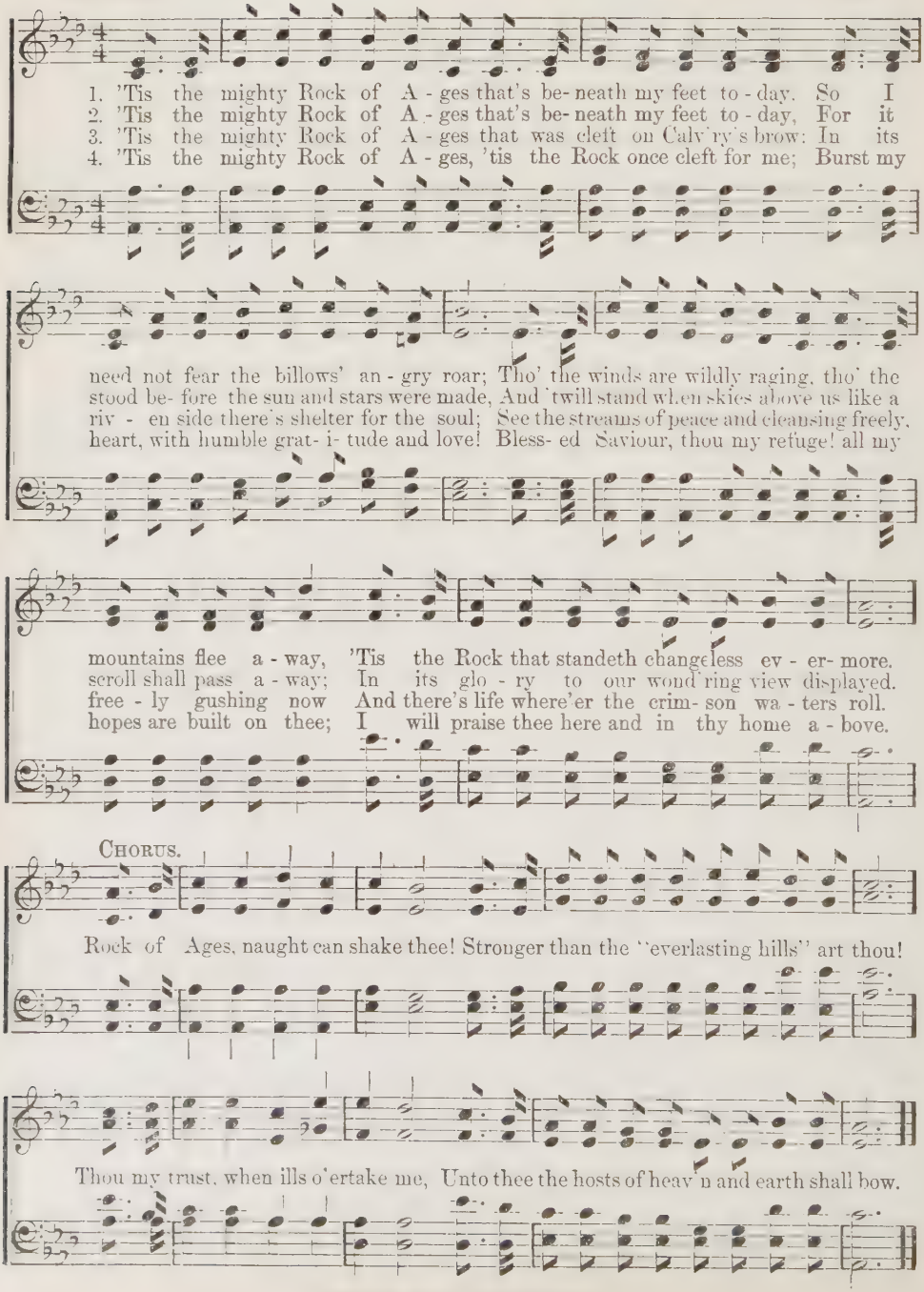
No. 50.

The Mighty Rock of Ages.

E. E. Hewitt. Howard E. Smith.

1. 'Tis the mighty Rock of A - ges that's be-neath my feet to - day. So I
2. 'Tis the mighty Rock of A - ges that's be-neath my feet to - day, For it
3. 'Tis the mighty Rock of A - ges that was cleft on Calv'ry's brow: In its
4. 'Tis the mighty Rock of A - ges, 'tis the Rock once cleft for me; Burst my
need not fear the billows' an - gry roar; Tho' the winds are wildly raging, tho' the
stood be- fore the sun and stars were made, And 'twill stand when skies above us like a
riv - en side there's shelter for the soul; See the streams of peace and cleansing freely,
heart, with humble grat- i- tude and love! Bless- ed Saviour, thou my refuge! all my
mountains flee a - way, 'Tis the Rock that standeth changeless ev - er- more.
scroll shall pass a - way; In its glo - ry to our wond'ring view displayed.
free - ly gushing now And there's life where'er the crim- son wa - ters roll.
hopes are built on thee; I will praise thee here and in thy home a - bove.
Chorus.
Rock of Ages, naught can shake thee! Stronger than the "everlasting hills" art thou!
Thou my trust, when ills o'ertake me, Unto thee the hosts of heav'n and earth shall bow.

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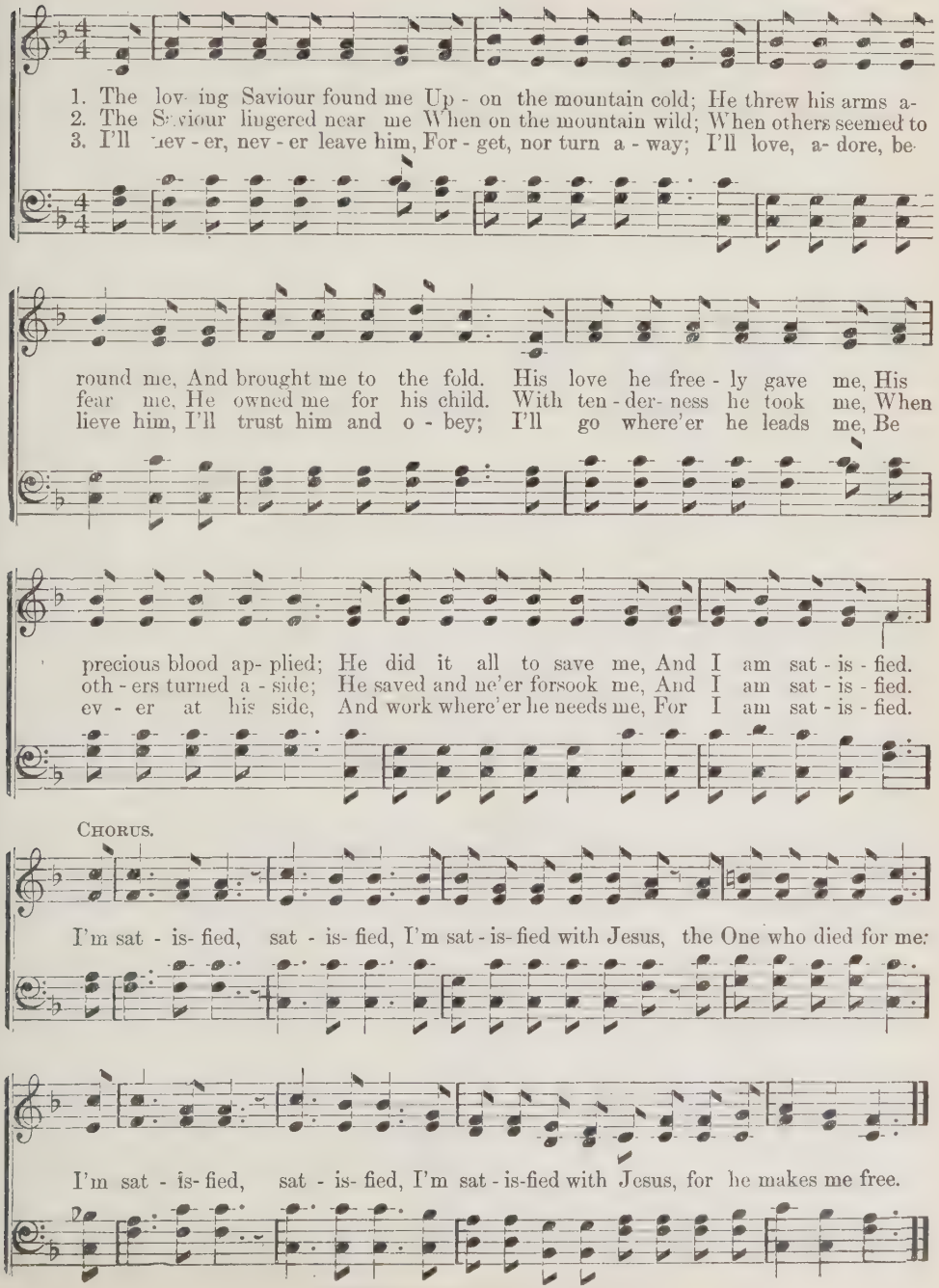
No. 51.

Satisfied.

J. W. V.

J. W. VanDeVenter.

1. The lov- ing Saviour found me Up - on the mountain cold; He threw his arms a-
round me, And brought me to the fold. His love he free - ly gave me, His
precious blood ap- plied; He did it all to save me, And I am sat - is - fied.
2. The Saviour lingered near me When on the mountain wild; When others seemed to
fear me, He owned me for his child. With ten - der- ness he took me, When
oth - ers turned a - side; He saved and ne'er forsook me, And I am sat - is - fied.
3. I'll nev - er, nev - er leave him, For - get, nor turn a - way; I'll love, a- dore, be
lieve him, I'll trust him and o - bey; I'll go where'er he leads me, Be
ev - er at his side, And work where'er he needs me, For I am sat - is - fied.
Chorus.
I'm sat - is- fied, sat - is- fied, I'm sat - is-fied with Jesus, the One who died for me:
I'm sat - is- fied, sat - is- fied, I'm sat - is-fied with Jesus, for he makes me free.

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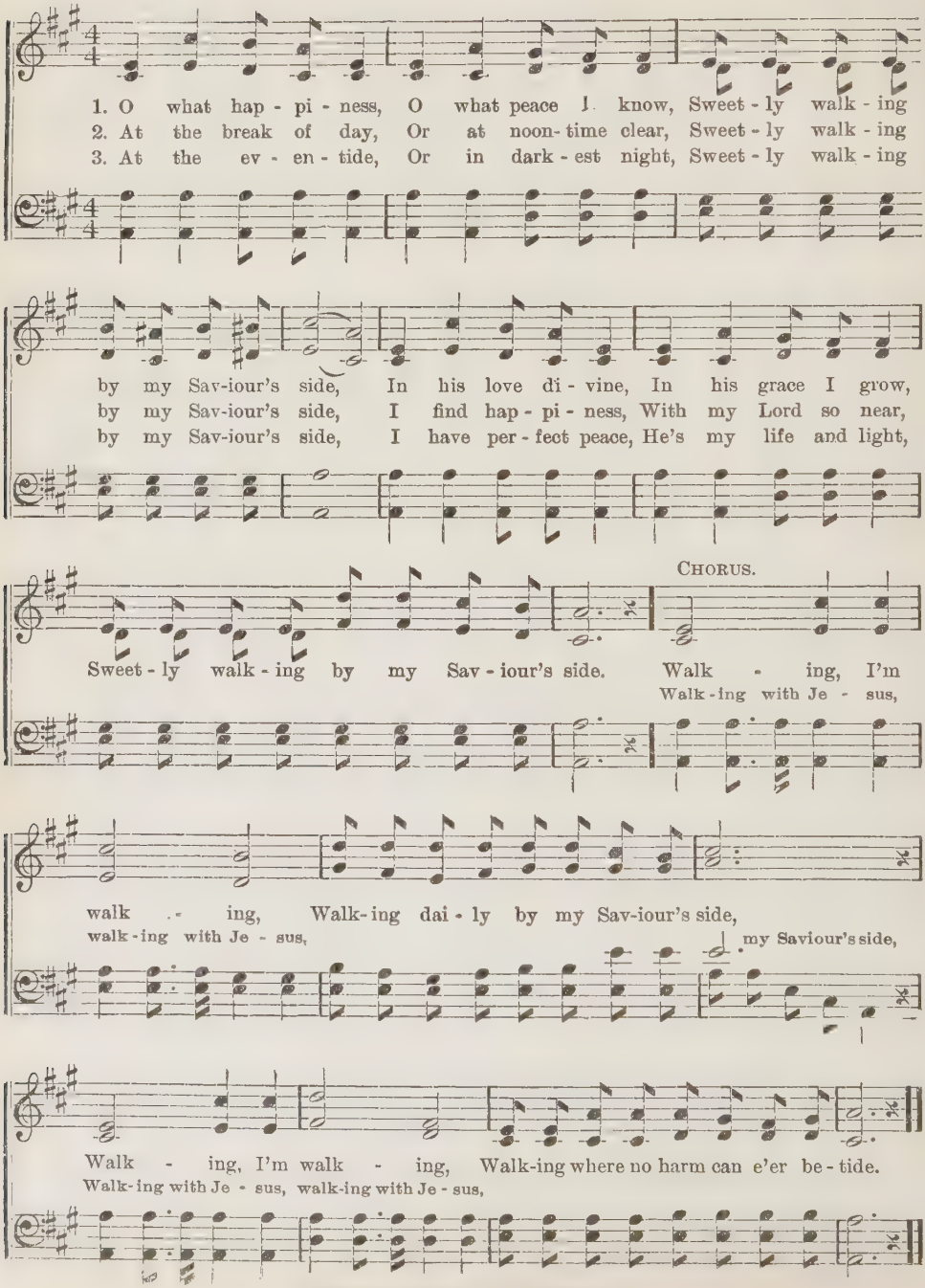
No. 52.

Walking By the Saviour's Side.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O what hap - pi - ness, O what peace I know, Sweet - ly walk - ing
by my Sav-iour's side, In his love di - vine, In his grace I grow,
2. At the break of day, Or at noon-time clear, Sweet - ly walk - ing
by my Sav-iour's side, I find hap - pi - ness, With my Lord so near,
3. At the ev - en - tide, Or in dark - est night, Sweet - ly walk - ing
by my Sav-iour's side, I have per - fect peace, He's my life and light,
CHORUS.
Sweet - ly walk - ing by my Sav - iour's side. Walk - ing, I'm
Walk - ing with Je - sus,
walk - ing, Walk-ing dai - ly by my Sav-iour's side,
walk - ing with Je - sus, my Saviour's side,
Walk - ing, I'm walk - ing, Walk-ing where no harm can e'er be - tide.
Walk - ing with Je - sus, walk-ing with Je - sus,

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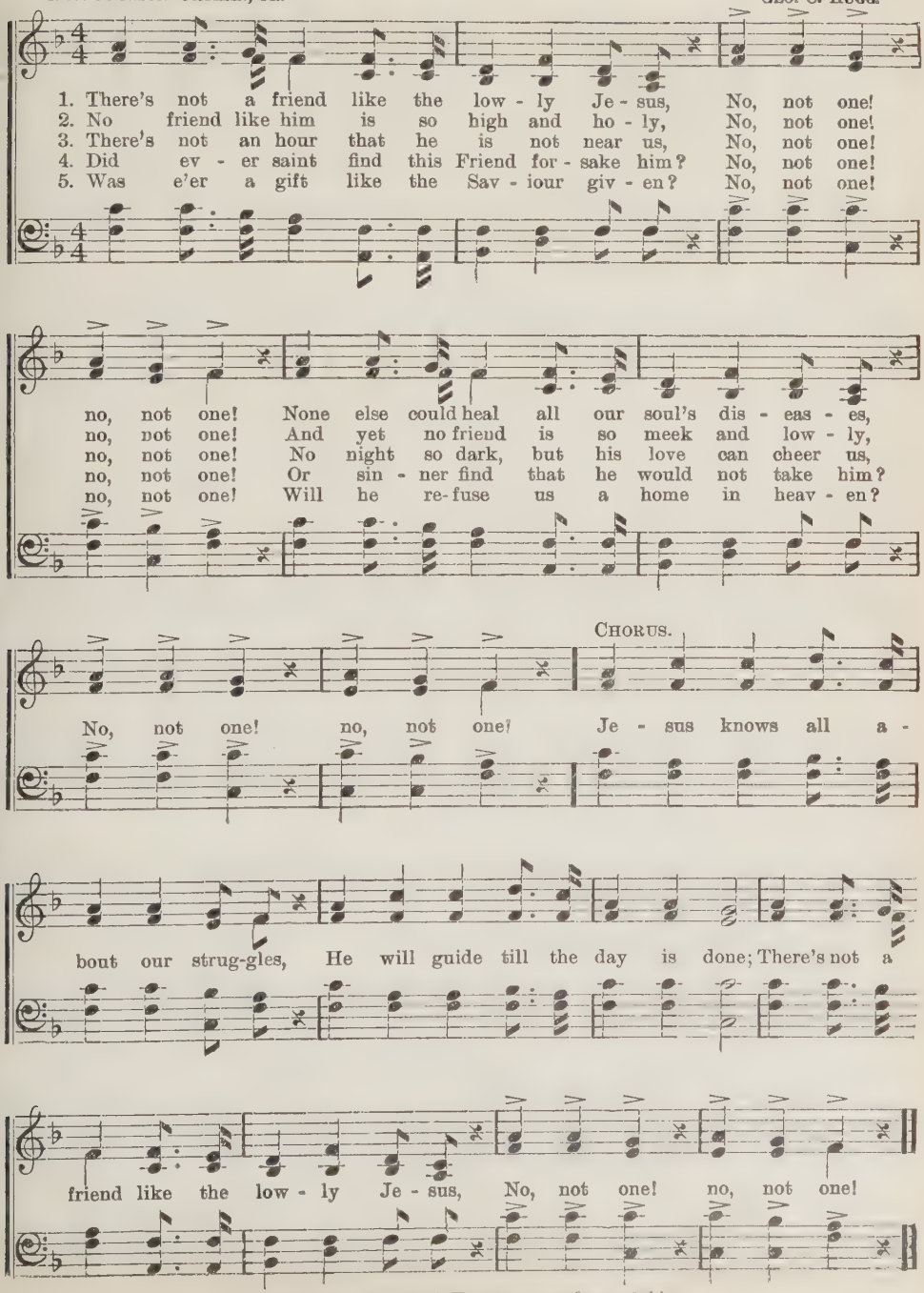
No. 53.

No, Not One!

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend for - sake him? No, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - iour giv - en? No, not one!
no, not one! None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es,
no, not one! And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly,
no, not one! No night so dark, but his love can cheer us,
no, not one! Or sin - ner find that he would not take him?
no, not one! Will he re-fuse us a home in heav - en?
Chorus.
No, not one! no, not one! Je - sus knows all a -
bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done; There's not a
friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

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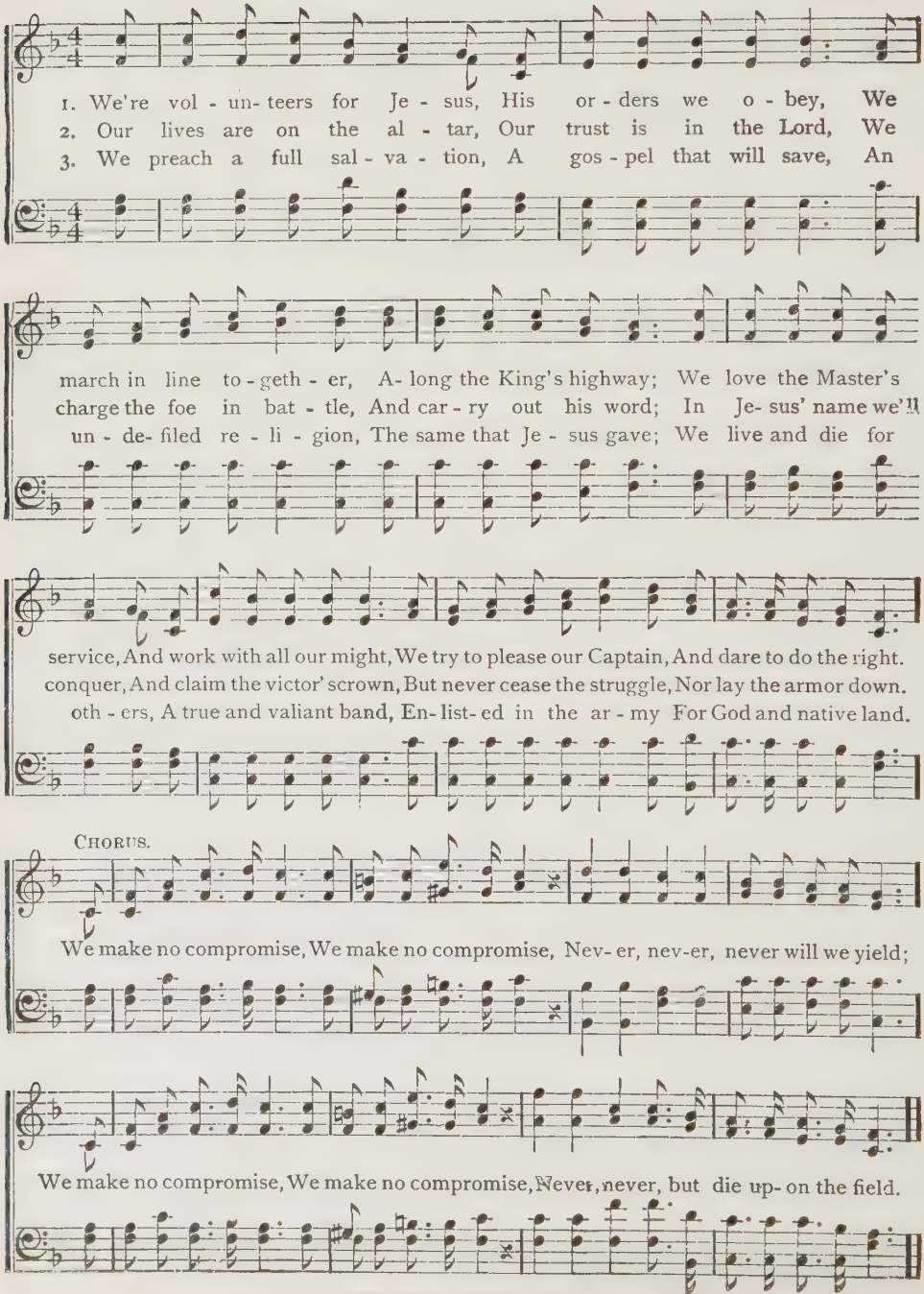
No. 54.

We Make No Compromise.

J. W. V. J. W. Van De Venter.

1. We're vol - un- teers for Je - sus, His or - ders we o - bey, We
2. Our lives are on the al - tar, Our trust is in the Lord, We
3. We preach a full sal - va - tion, A gos - pel that will save, An
march in line to - geth - er, A- long the King's highway; We love the Master's
charge the foe in bat - tle, And car - ry out his word; In Je- sus' name we'll
un - de- filed re - li - gion, The same that Je - sus gave; We live and die for
service, And work with all our might, We try to please our Captain, And dare to do the right.
conquer, And claim the victor' scrown, But never cease the struggle, Nor lay the armor down.
oth - ers, A true and valiant band, En- list- ed in the ar - my For God and native land.
Chorus.
We make no compromise, We make no compromise, Nev- er, nev-er, never will we yield;
We make no compromise, We make no compromise, Never, never, but die up- on the field.

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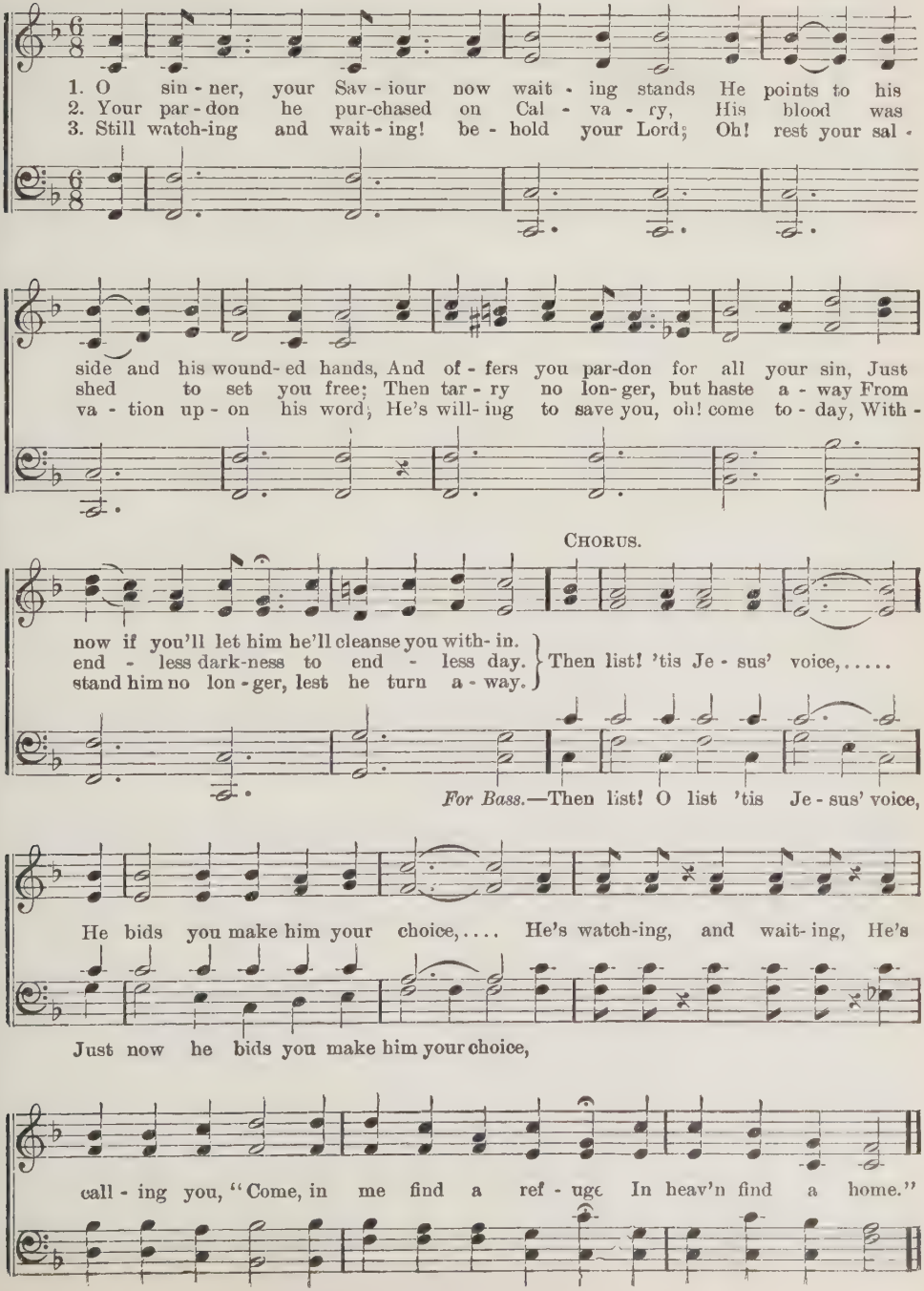
No. 55.

List! 'Tis Jesus' Voice.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. O sin - ner, your Sav - iour now wait - ing stands He points to his
2. Your par - don he pur-chased on Cal - va - ry, His blood was
3. Still watch-ing and wait - ing! be - hold your Lord; Oh! rest your sal -
side and his wound- ed hands, And of - fers you par-don for all your sin, Just
shed to set you free; Then tar - ry no lon- ger, but haste a - way From
va - tion up - on his word; He's will- ing to save you, oh! come to - day, With -
Chorus.
now if you'll let him he'll cleanse you with- in.
end - less dark-ness to end - less day.
stand him no lon - ger, lest he turn a - way.
Then list! 'tis Je - sus' voice, ...
For Bass.—Then list! O list 'tis Je - sus' voice,
He bids you make him your choice, ... He's watch-ing, and wait- ing, He's
Just now he bids you make him your choice,
call - ing you, "Come, in me find a ref - uge In heav'n find a home."

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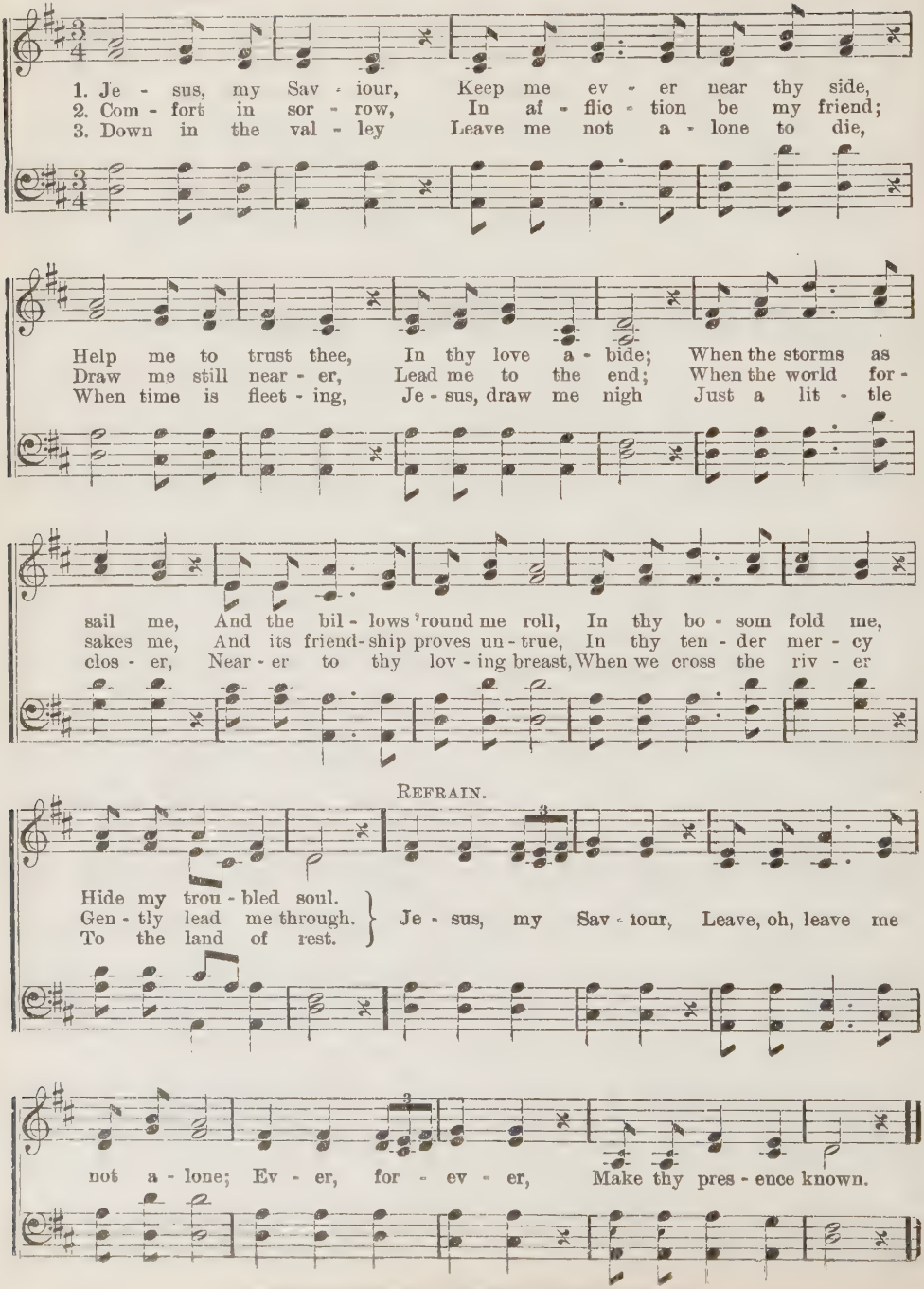
No. 56.

Jesus, My Saviour.

J. W. Van DeVenter

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Keep me ev - er near thy side,
2. Com - fort in sor - row, In af - flic - tion be my friend;
3. Down in the val - ley Leave me not a - lone to die,
Help me to trust thee, In thy love a - bide; When the storms as
Draw me still near - er, Lead me to the end; When the world for -
When time is fleet - ing, Je - sus, draw me nigh Just a lit - tle
sail me, And the bil - lows 'round me roll, In thy bo - som fold me,
sakes me, And its friend-ship proves un - true, In thy ten - der mer - cy
clos - er, Near - er to thy lov - ing breast, When we cross the riv - er
Refrain.
Hide my trou - bled soul.
Gen - tly lead me through.
To the land of rest.
Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Leave, oh, leave me
not a - lone; Ev - er, for - ev - er, Make thy pres - ence known.

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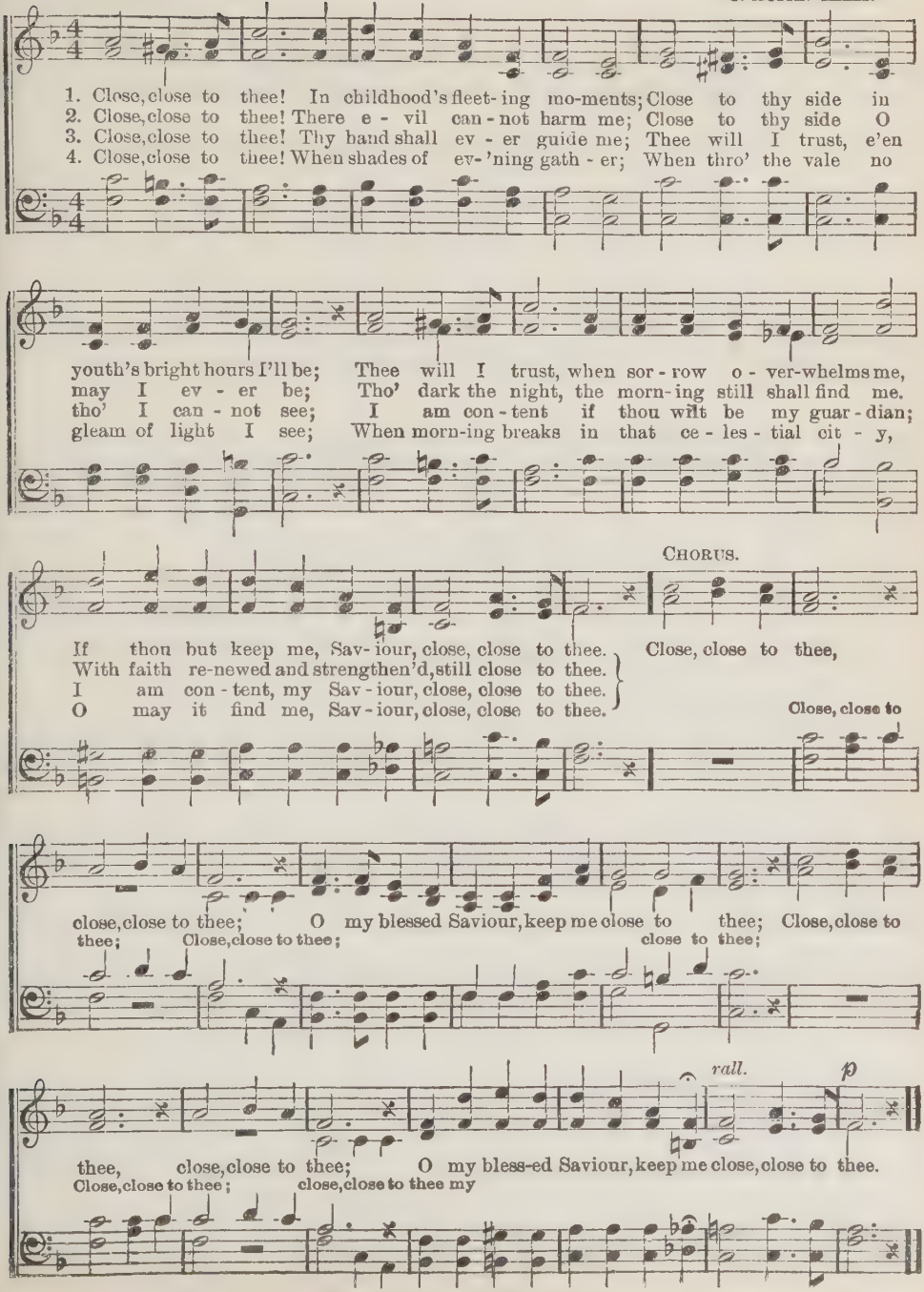
No. 57.

Close, Close to Thee!

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Close, close to thee! In childhood's fleet-ing mo-ments; Close to thy side in youth's bright hours I'll be; Thee will I trust, when sor-row o-ver-whelms me,
2. Close, close to thee! There e-vil can-not harm me; Close to thy side O may I ev-er be; Tho' dark the night, the morn-ing still shall find me.
3. Close, close to thee! Thy hand shall ev-er guide me; Thee will I trust, e'en tho' I can-not see; I am con-tent if thou wilt be my guar-dian;
4. Close, close to thee! When shades of ev-'ning gath-er; When thro' the vale no gleam of light I see; When morn-ing breaks in that ce-les-tial cit-y,
Chorus.
If thou but keep me, Sav-iour, close, close to thee.
With faith re-newed and strengthen'd, still close to thee.
I am con-tent, my Sav-iour, close, close to thee.
O may it find me, Sav-iour, close, close to thee.
Close, close to thee,
Close, close to
close, close to thee; O my blessed Saviour, keep me close to thee; Close, close to
thee; Close, close to thee;
close to thee;
rall.
p
thee, close, close to thee; O my bless-ed Saviour, keep me close, close to thee.
Close, close to thee; close, close to thee my

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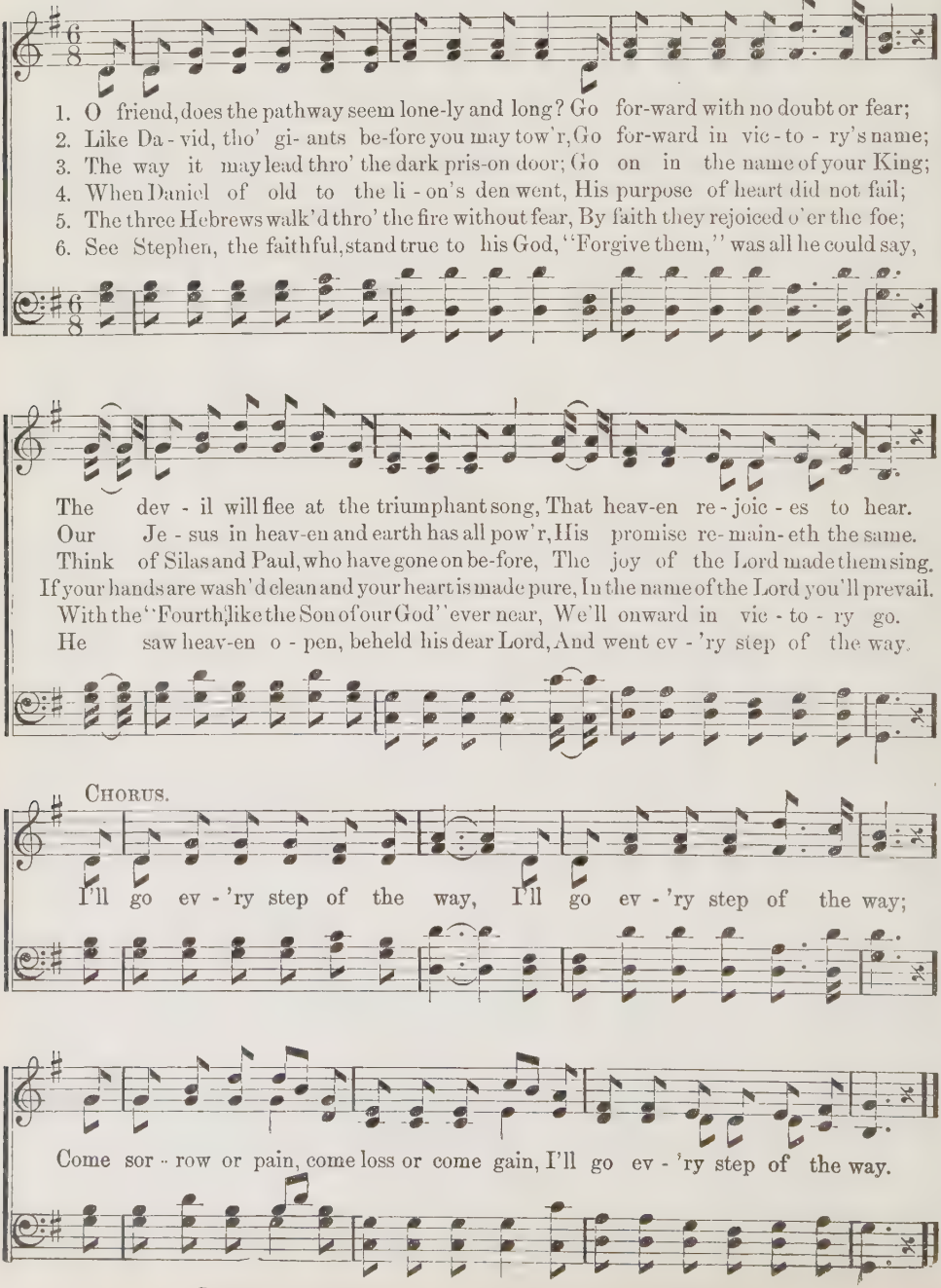
No. 58. I'll Go Every Step of the Way.

Words, except Chorus, Arr. by W. A. Scott.

Music Arr. by Jennie Stromberg.


1. O friend, does the pathway seem lone-ly and long? Go for-ward with no doubt or fear;
2. Like Da - vid, tho' gi- ants be-fore you may tow'r, Go for-ward in vic - to - ry's name;
3. The way it may lead thro' the dark pris-on door; Go on in the name of your King;
4. When Daniel of old to the li - on's den went, His purpose of heart did not fail;
5. The three Hebrews walk'd thro' the fire without fear, By faith they rejoiced o'er the foe;
6. See Stephen, the faithful, stand true to his God, "Forgive them," was all he could say,
The dev - il will flee at the triumphant song, That heav-en re - joic - es to hear.
Our Je - sus in heav-en and earth has all pow'r, His promise re-main-eth the same.
Think of Silas and Paul, who have gone on be-fore, The joy of the Lord made them sing.
If your hands are wash'd clean and your heart is made pure, In the name of the Lord you'll prevail.
With the "Fourth" like the Son of our God" ever near, We'll onward in vic - to - ry go.
He saw heav-en o - pen, beheld his dear Lord, And went ev - 'ry step of the way.
Chorus.
I'll go ev - 'ry step of the way, I'll go ev - 'ry step of the way;
Come sor - row or pain, come loss or come gain, I'll go ev - 'ry step of the way.

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No. 59.

Jesus Abides in My Heart.

M. Louise Smith. Howard E. Smith.

1. 'Twas when I was com- fort- less, lone - ly, and sad, My soul fill'd with
2. If on - ly I'd known what a bless - ing would come, By serv- ing this
3. No song of bright hope and of peace could I sing, When I was a
4. How sweet the as - sur - ance he'll e'er be my guest! He'll nev - er, no

yearn- ing for rest, That Je - sus took up his a - bode in my heart,
guest so di - vine, Years since I'd have o - pen'd the door of my heart,
strang- er to him; But now my whole life is one glad sweet re - frain,
nev - er leave me, And ev - er a - bove, I shall dwell in his love,

Chorus.

A joy - giv - ing, com- fort- ing guest.
And said "Lord, come in! I am thine."
For Je - sus has cleans'd me from sin.
And glo - ries of heav - en shall see.

O, yes! he a - bides in my heart. . . And nev - er-more will he de - part; . . . My life is all bright-ness and peace. . . . For Je - sus a - bides in my heart. . . . .

He a - bides in my heart, nev - er more will he de-part; all brightness and peace in my heart.

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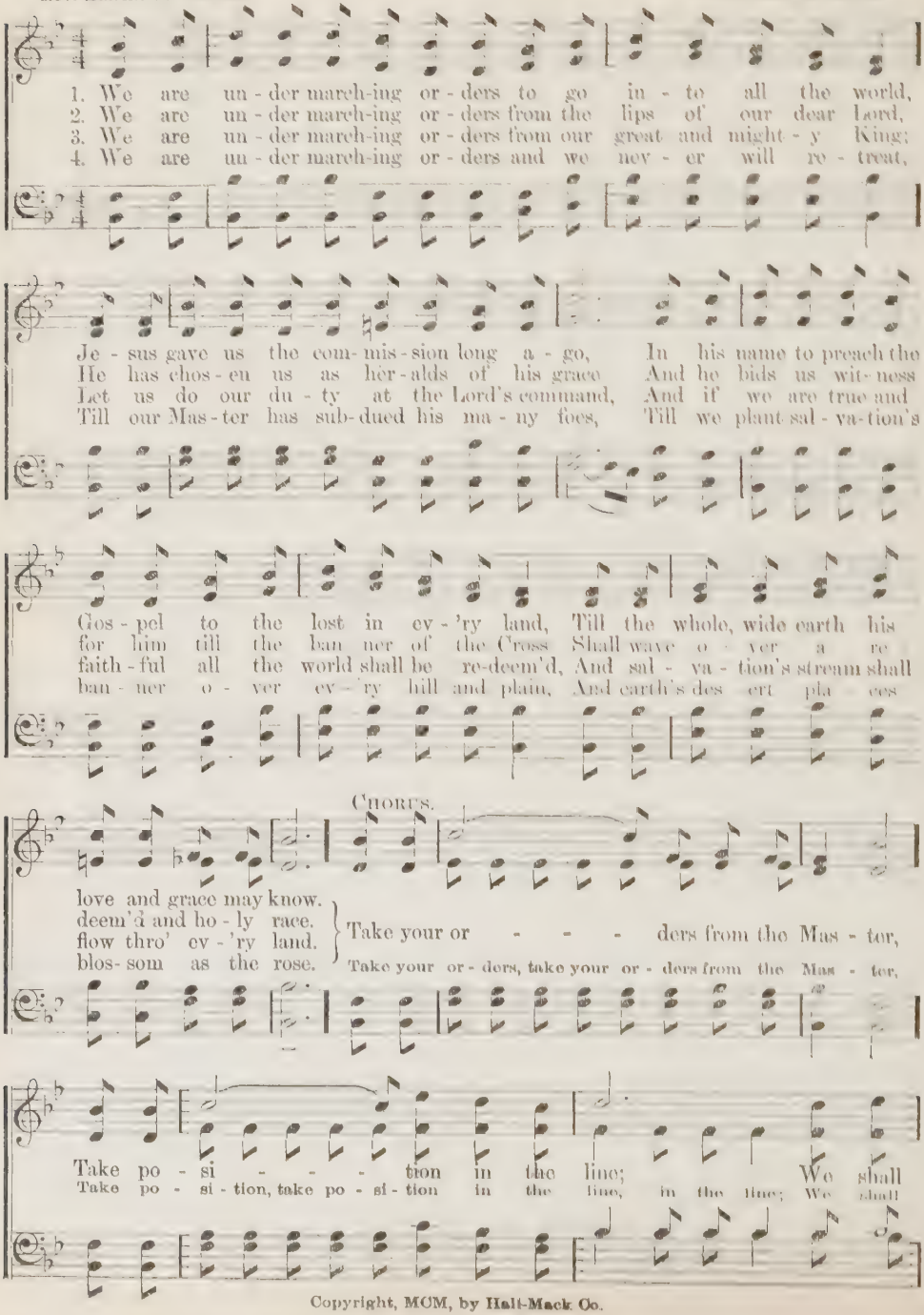
No. 60.

We Are Under Marching Orders.

Rev. ELISHA H. HOFFMAN. HOWARD E. SMITH.


1. We are un - der march-ing or - ders to go in - to all the world,
2. We are un - der march-ing or - ders from the lips of our dear Lord,
3. We are un - der march-ing or - ders from our great and might - y King;
4. We are un - der march-ing or - ders and we nev - er will re - treat,
Je - sus gave us the com- mis - sion long a - go, In his name to preach the
He has chos - en us as her - alds of his grace And he bids us wit - ness
Let us do our du - ty at the Lord's command, And if we are true and
Till our Mas - ter has sub - dued his ma - ny foes, Till we plant sal - va - tion's
Gos - pel to the lost in ev - 'ry land, Till the whole, wide earth his
for him till the ban ner of the Cross Shall wave o - ver a re
faith - ful all the world shall be re-deem'd, And sal - va - tion's stream shall
ban - ner o - ver ev - ry hill and plain, And earth's des ert pla ces
CHORUS.
love and grace may know.
deem'd and ho - ly race.
flow thro' ev - 'ry land.
blos- som as the rose.
Take your or - - - - ders from the Mas - ter,
Take your or - ders, take your or - ders from the Mas - ter,
Take po - si - - - - tion in the line; We shall
Take po - si - tion, take po - si - tion in the line, in the line; We shall

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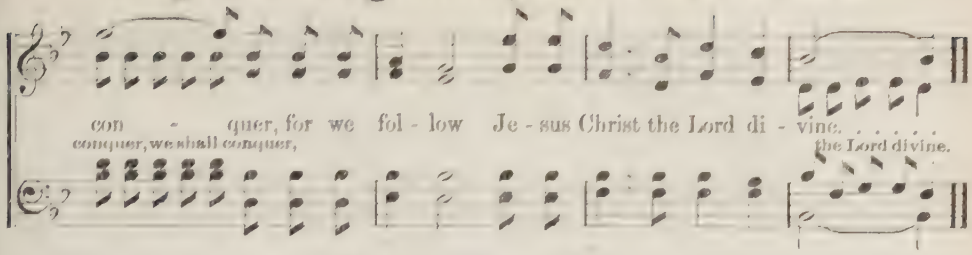
We Are Under Marching Orders.—Concluded.

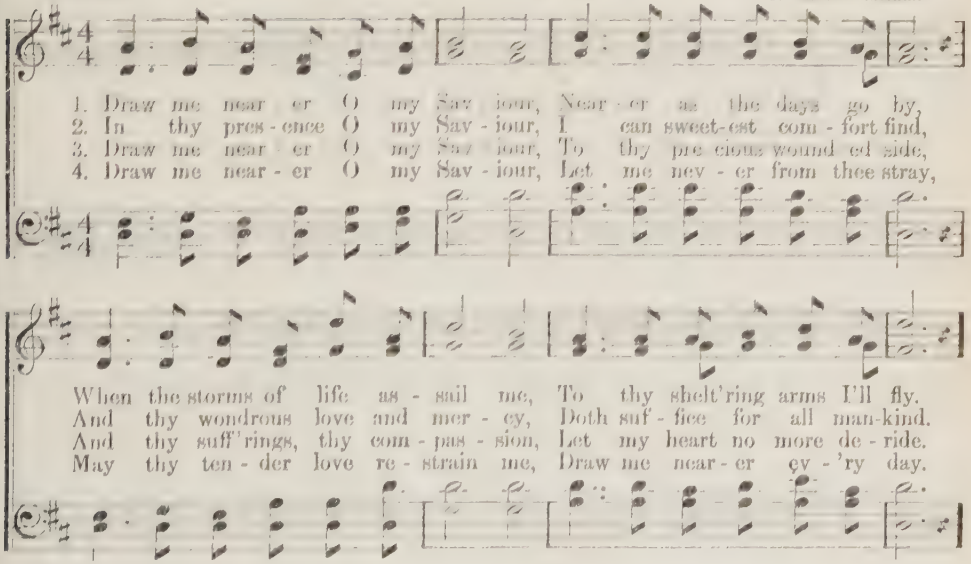


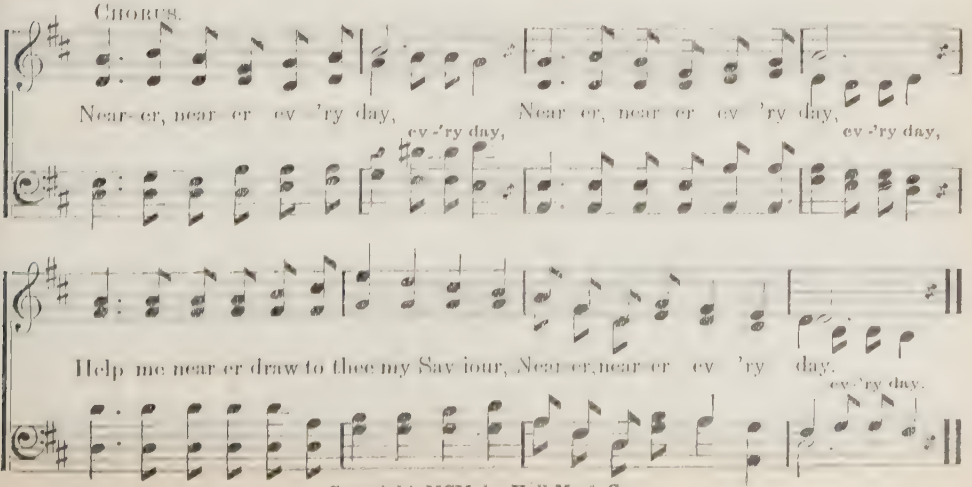
No. 61.

Nearer Every Day.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.


1. Draw me near er O my Sav iour, Near er as the days go by,
2. In thy pres - ence O my Sav - iour, I can sweet-est com - fort find,
3. Draw me near er O my Sav iour, To thy pre cious wound ed side,
4. Draw me near - er O my Sav - iour, Let me nev - er from thee stray,
When the storms of life as - sail me, To thy shelt'ring arms I'll fly.
And thy wondrous love and mer - cy, Doth suf - fice for all man-kind.
And thy suff'rings, thy com - pas - sion, Let my heart no more de - ride.
May thy ten - der love re - strain me, Draw me near - er ev - 'ry day.


Chorus.
Near - er, near er ev 'ry day, Near er, near er ev 'ry day,
ev - 'ry day,
ev - 'ry day,
Help me near er draw to thee my Sav iour, Near er, near er ev 'ry day.
ev - 'ry day.

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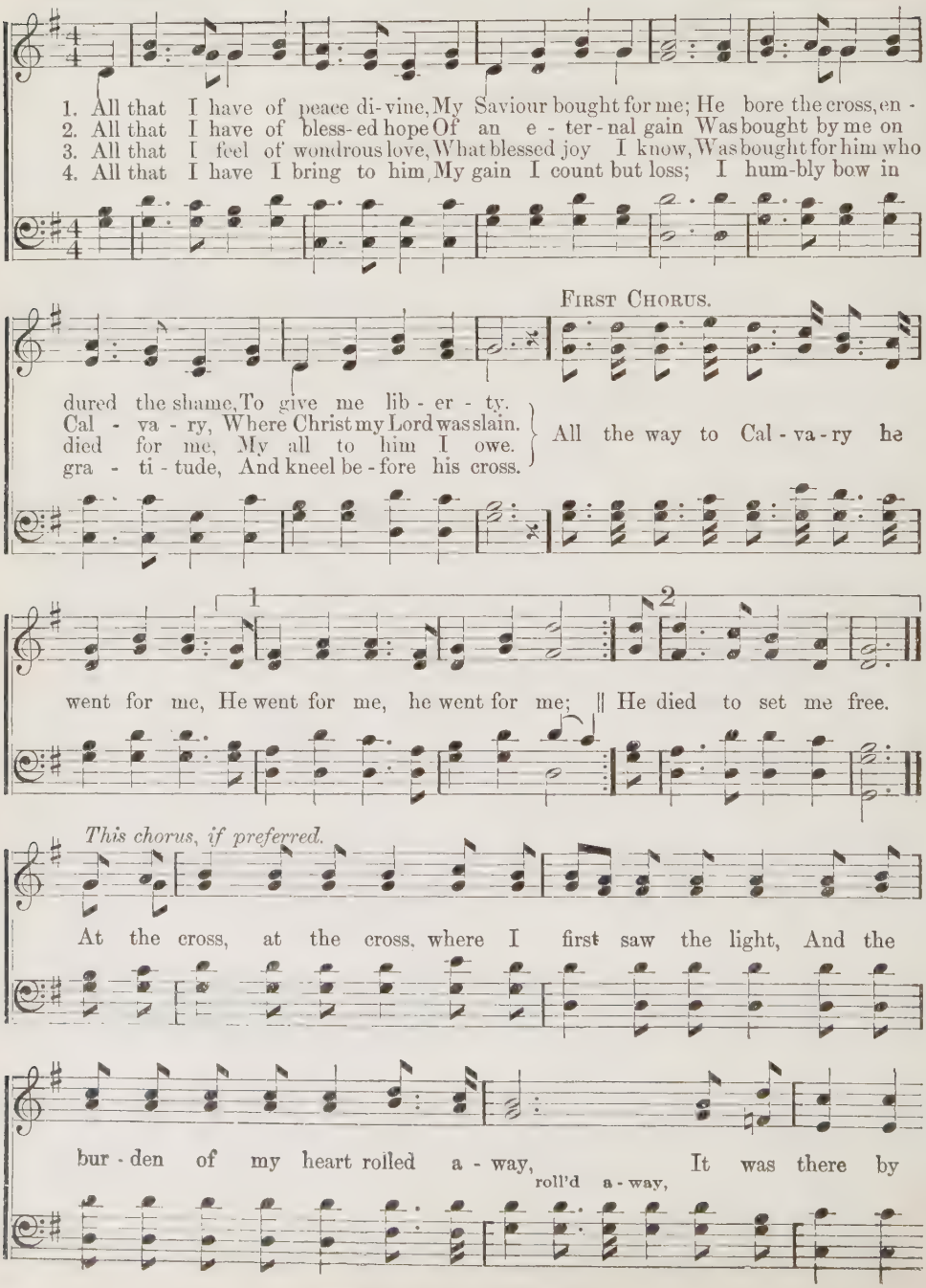
No. 62.

All That I Have.

IRVIN H. MACK. ARTHUR WILTON.


1. All that I have of peace di-vine, My Saviour bought for me; He bore the cross, en-
2. All that I have of bless-ed hope Of an e-ter-nal gain Was bought by me on
3. All that I feel of wondrous love, What blessed joy I know, Was bought for him who
4. All that I have I bring to him, My gain I count but loss; I hum-bly bow in
FIRST CHORUS.
dured the shame, To give me lib-er-ty.
Cal-va-ry, Where Christ my Lord was slain.
died for me, My all to him I owe.
gra-ti-tude, And kneel be-fore his cross.
All the way to Cal-va-ry he
1
went for me, He went for me, he went for me;
2
He died to set me free.
This chorus, if preferred.
At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the
bur-den of my heart rolled a-way,
roll'd a-way,
It was there by

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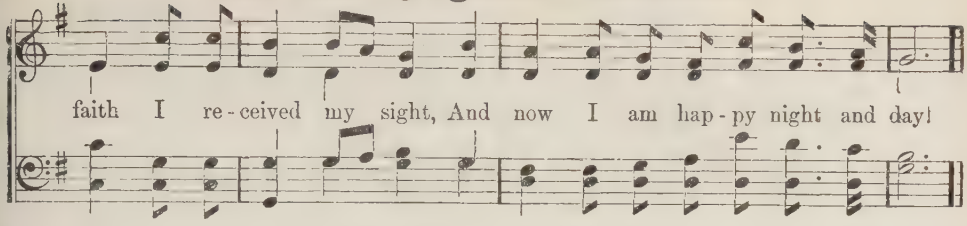
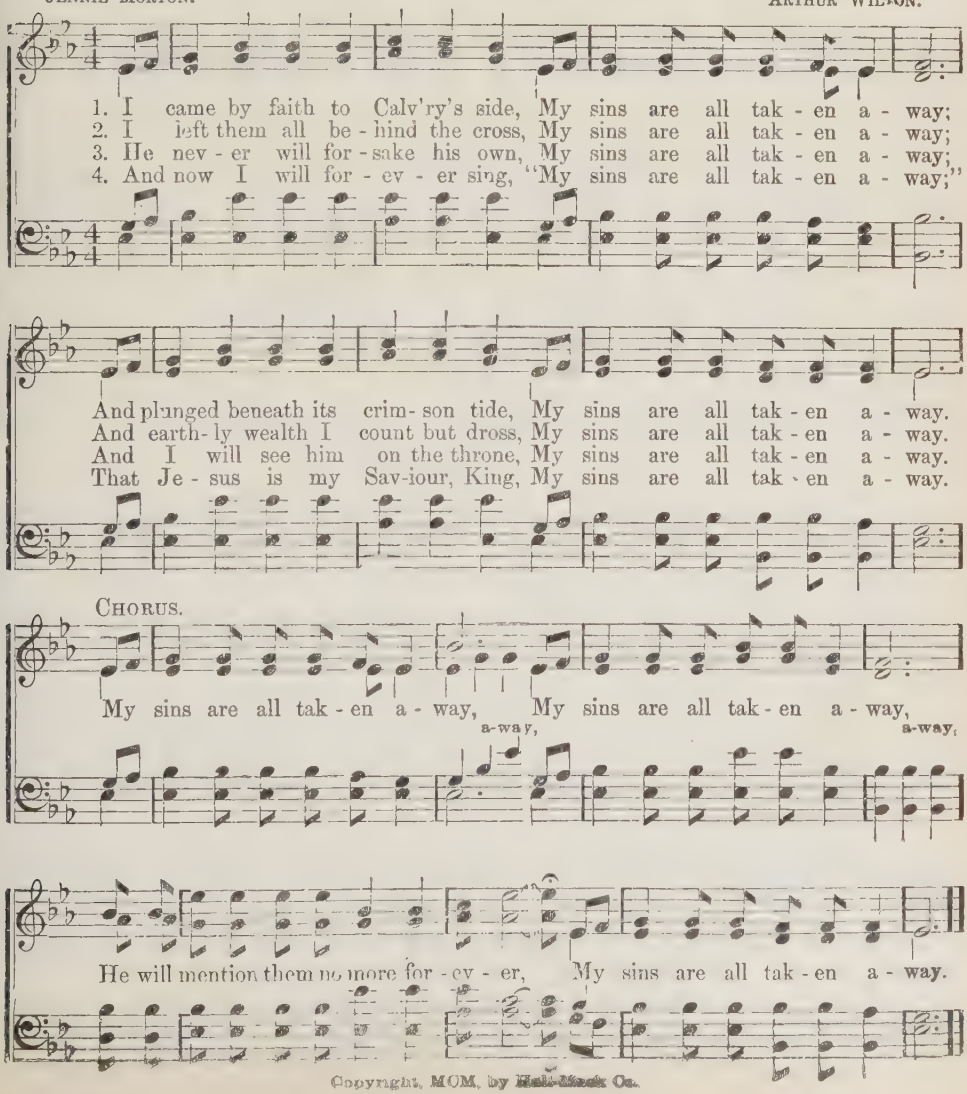
All That I Have.—Concluded.



No. 63. All Taken Away.

JENNIE MORTON. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. I came by faith to Calv'ry's side, My sins are all tak-en a-way;
2. I left them all be-hind the cross, My sins are all tak-en a-way;
3. He nev-er will for-sake his own, My sins are all tak-en a-way;
4. And now I will for-ev-er sing, "My sins are all tak-en a-way;"
And plunged beneath its crim-son tide, My sins are all tak-en a-way.
And earth-ly wealth I count but dross, My sins are all tak-en a-way.
And I will see him on the throne, My sins are all tak-en a-way.
That Je-sus is my Sav-iour, King, My sins are all tak-en a-way.
CHORUS.
My sins are all tak-en a-way, My sins are all tak-en a-way,
a-way, a-way,
He will mention them no more for-ev-er, My sins are all tak-en a-way.

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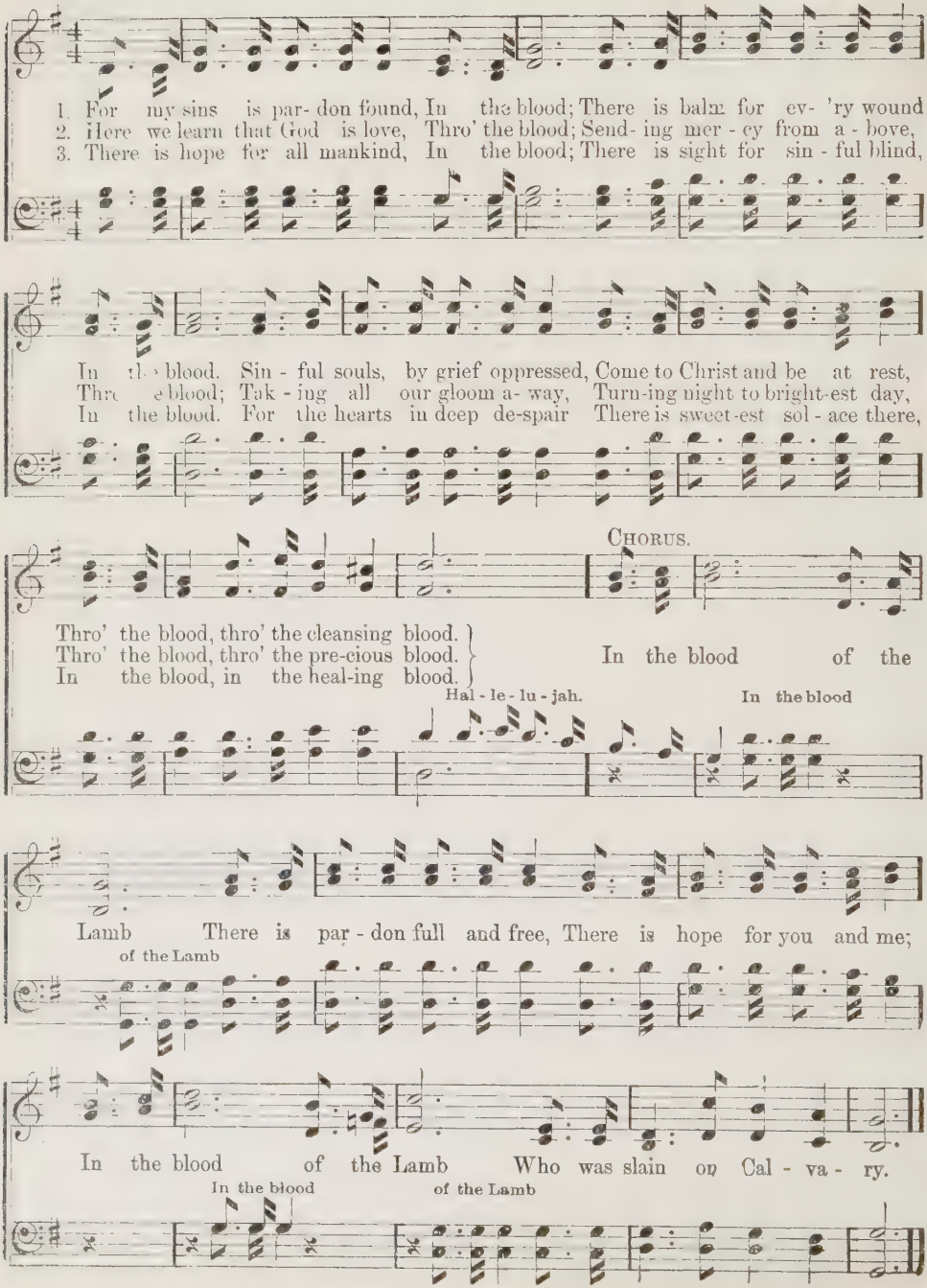
No. 64.

In the Blood.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. For my sins is par- don found, In the blood; There is balm for ev- 'ry wound
2. Here we learn that God is love, Thro' the blood; Send- ing mer - cy from a - bove,
3. There is hope for all mankind, In the blood; There is sight for sin - ful blind,
In the blood. Sin - ful souls, by grief oppressed, Come to Christ and be at rest,
Thro' the blood; Tak - ing all our gloom a- way, Turn-ing night to bright-est day,
In the blood. For the hearts in deep de-spair There is sweet-est sol - ace there,
CHORUS.
Thro' the blood, thro' the cleansing blood.
Thro' the blood, thro' the pre-cious blood.
In the blood, in the heal-ing blood.
In the blood of the
Hal - le - lu - jah.
In the blood
Lamb There is par - don full and free, There is hope for you and me;
of the Lamb
In the blood of the Lamb Who was slain on Cal - va - ry.
In the blood
of the Lamb

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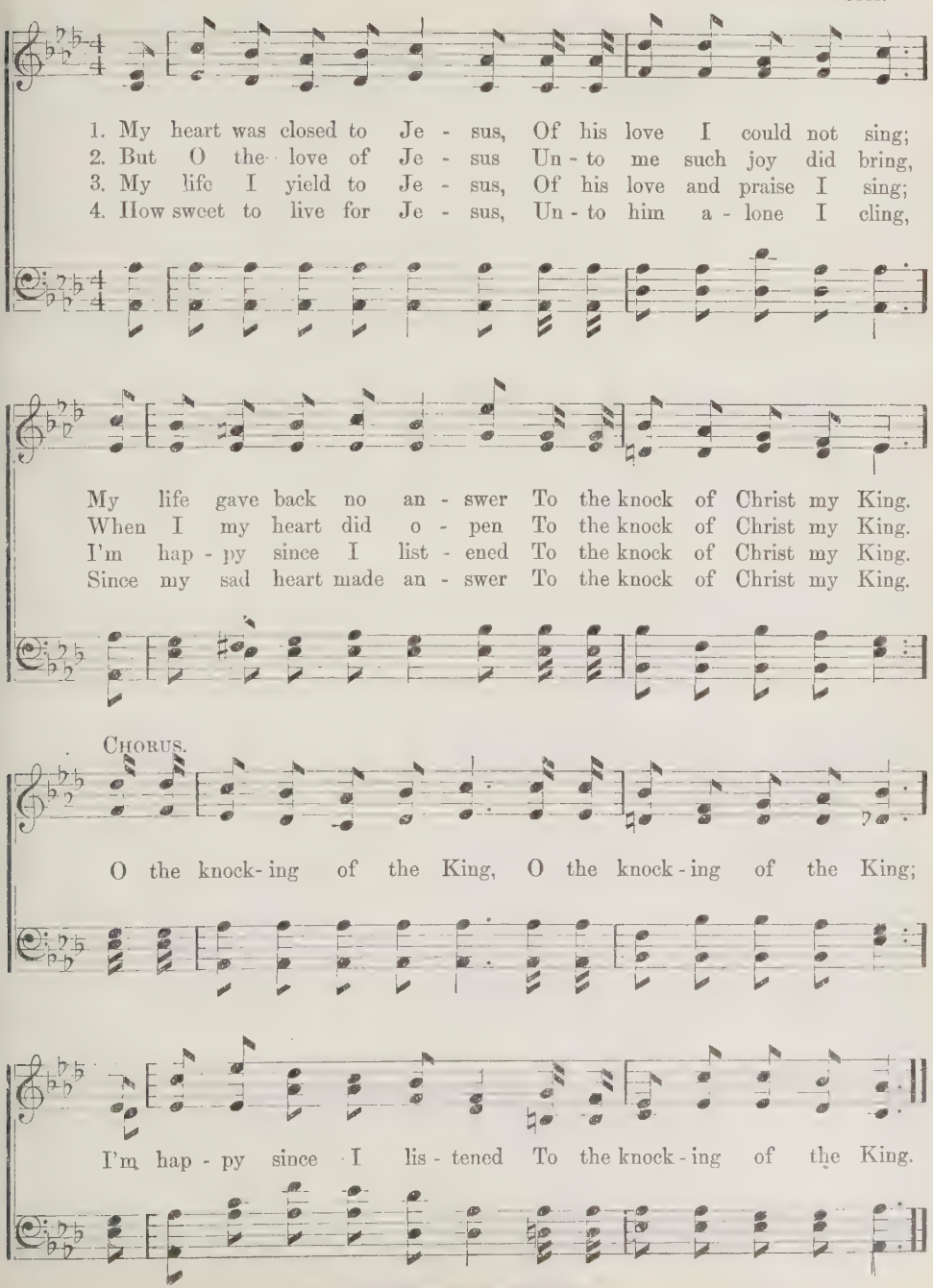
No. 65. The Knock of the King.

Wm. C. Stokes. B. Frank Butts.


1. My heart was closed to Je - sus, Of his love I could not sing;
2. But O the love of Je - sus Un - to me such joy did bring,
3. My life I yield to Je - sus, Of his love and praise I sing;
4. How sweet to live for Je - sus, Un - to him a - lone I cling,
My life gave back no an - swer To the knock of Christ my King.
When I my heart did o - pen To the knock of Christ my King.
I'm hap - py since I list - ened To the knock of Christ my King.
Since my sad heart made an - swer To the knock of Christ my King.
Chorus.
O the knock - ing of the King, O the knock - ing of the King;
I'm hap - py since I lis - tened To the knock - ing of the King.

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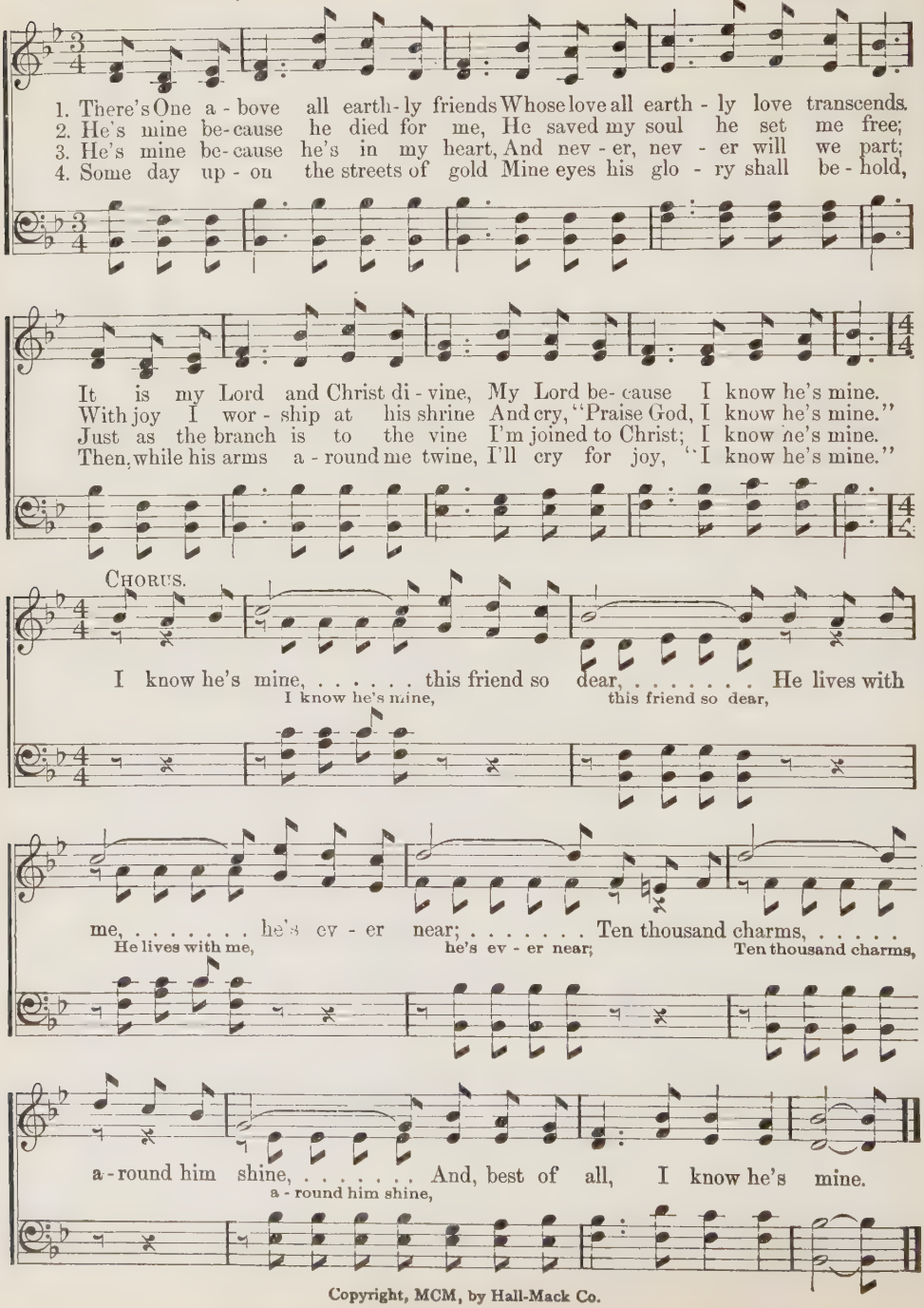
No. 66. I Know He's Mine.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. There's One a - bove all earth - ly friends Whose love all earth - ly love transcends.
2. He's mine be - cause he died for me, He saved my soul he set me free;
3. He's mine be - cause he's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;
4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo - ry shall be - hold,
It is my Lord and Christ di - vine, My Lord be - cause I know he's mine.
With joy I wor - ship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."
Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.
Then, while his arms a - round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."
CHORUS.
I know he's mine, ... this friend so dear, ... He lives with
I know he's mine, this friend so dear,
me, ... he's ev - er near; . . . . . Ten thousand charms, ...
He lives with me, he's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms,
a - round him shine, ... And, best of all, I know he's mine.
a - round him shine,

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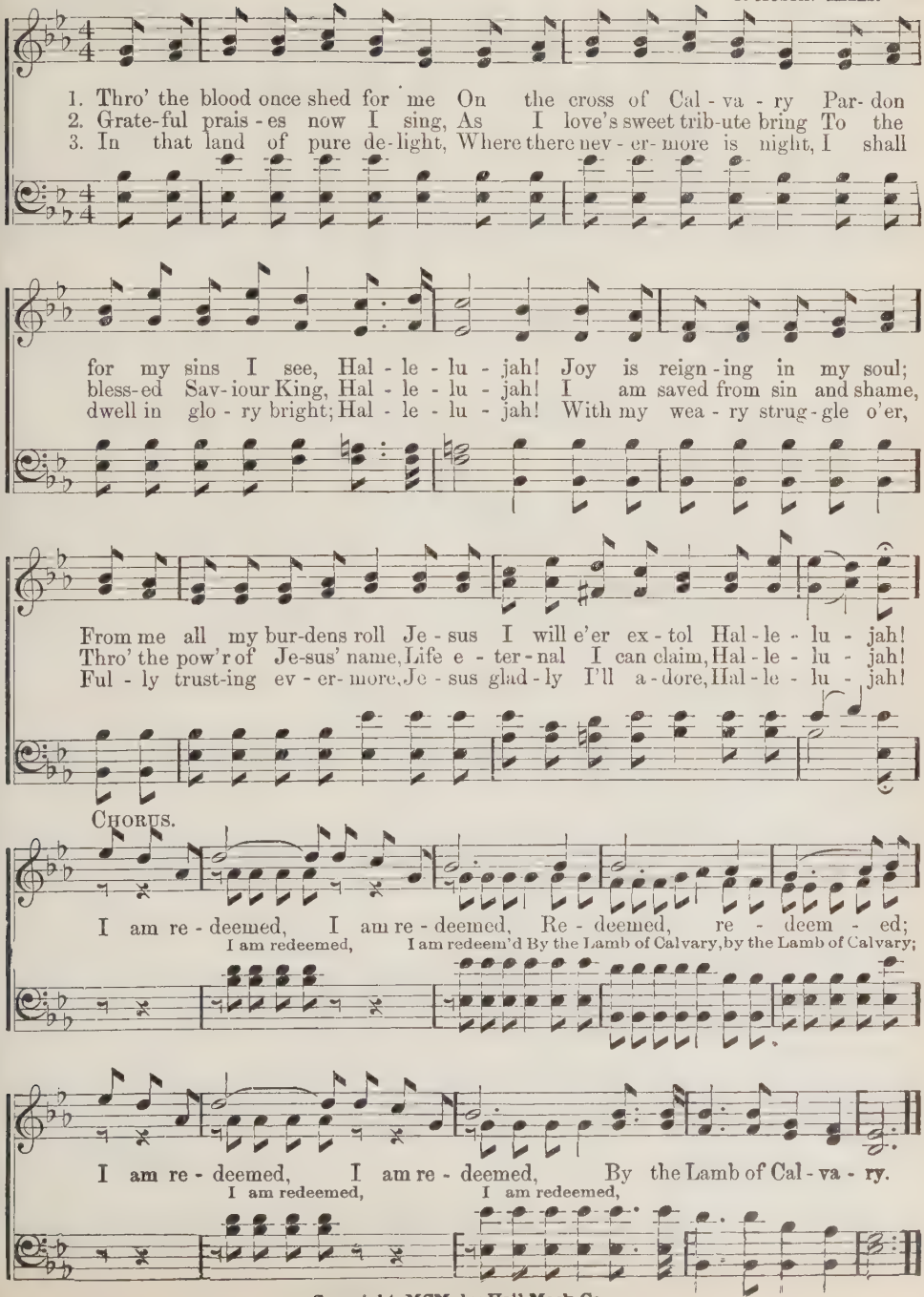
No. 67. I Am Redeemed.

JENNIE WILSON. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Thro' the blood once shed for me On the cross of Cal - va - ry Par- don
2. Grate-ful prais - es now I sing, As I love's sweet trib-ute bring To the
3. In that land of pure de-light, Where there nev - er- more is night, I shall
for my sins I see, Hal - le - lu - jah! Joy is reign - ing in my soul;
bless-ed Sav-iour King, Hal - le - lu - jah! I am saved from sin and shame,
dwell in glo - ry bright; Hal - le - lu - jah! With my wea - ry strug - gle o'er,
From me all my bur-dens roll Je - sus I will e'er ex - tol Hal - le - lu - jah!
Thro' the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Life e - ter - nal I can claim, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Ful - ly trust-ing ev - er- more, Je - sus glad - ly I'll a - dore, Hal - le - lu - jah!
CHORUS.
I am re - deemed, I am re - deemed, Re - deemed, re - deem - ed;
I am redeemed, I am redeem'd By the Lamb of Calvary, by the Lamb of Calvary;
I am re - deemed, I am re - deemed, By the Lamb of Cal - va - ry.
I am redeemed, I am redeemed,

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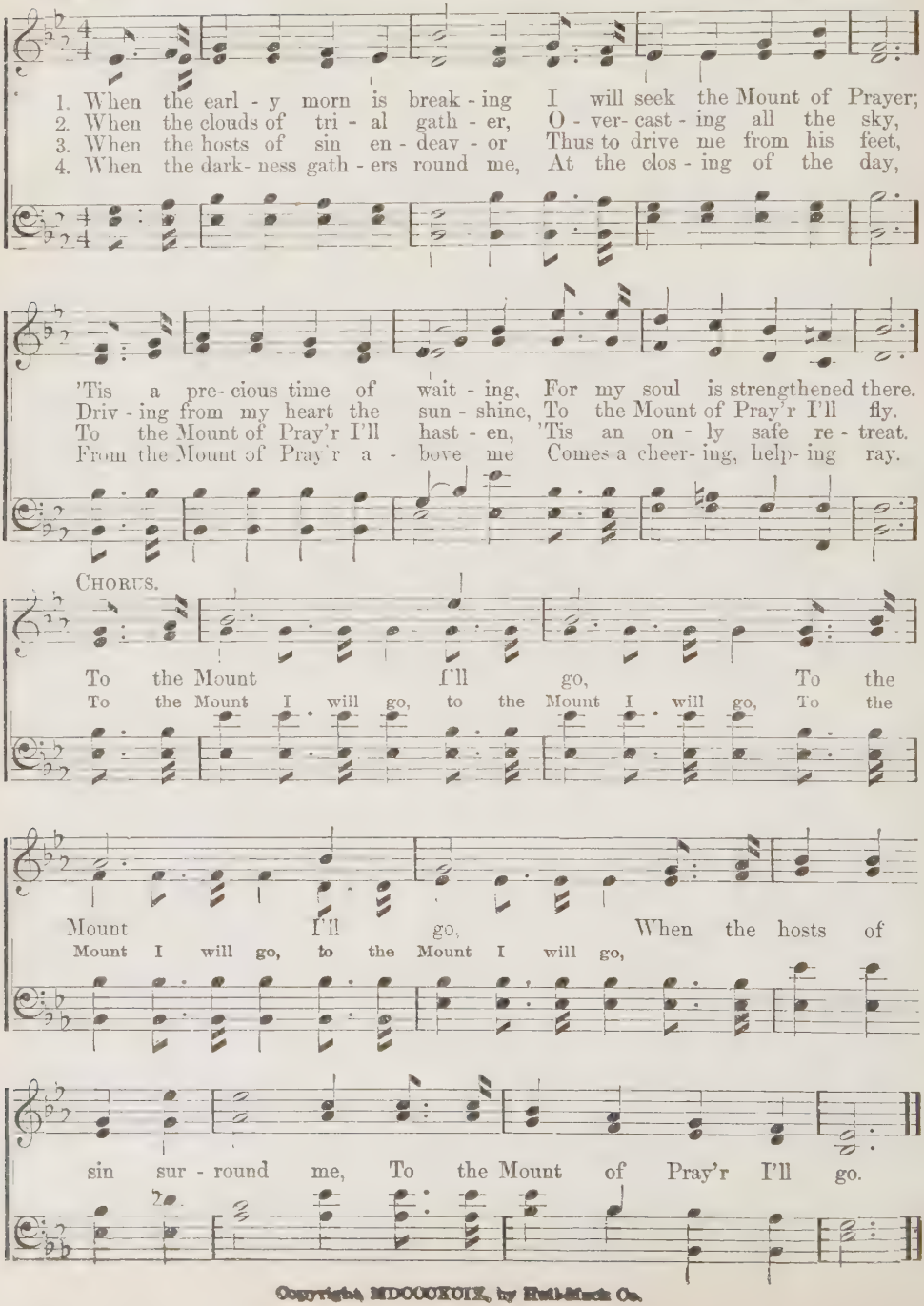
No. 68.

The Mount of Prayer.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. When the earl - y morn is break - ing I will seek the Mount of Prayer;
2. When the clouds of tri - al gath - er, O - ver - cast - ing all the sky,
3. When the hosts of sin en - deav - or Thus to drive me from his feet,
4. When the dark - ness gath - ers round me, At the clos - ing of the day,
'Tis a pre - cious time of wait - ing, For my soul is strengthened there.
Driv - ing from my heart the sun - shine, To the Mount of Pray'r I'll fly.
To the Mount of Pray'r I'll hast - en, 'Tis an on - ly safe re - treat.
From the Mount of Pray'r a - bove me Comes a cheer - ing, help - ing ray.
Chorus.
To the Mount I'll go, To the
To the Mount I will go, to the Mount I will go, To the
Mount I'll go, When the hosts of
Mount I will go, to the Mount I will go,
sin sur - round me, To the Mount of Pray'r I'll go.

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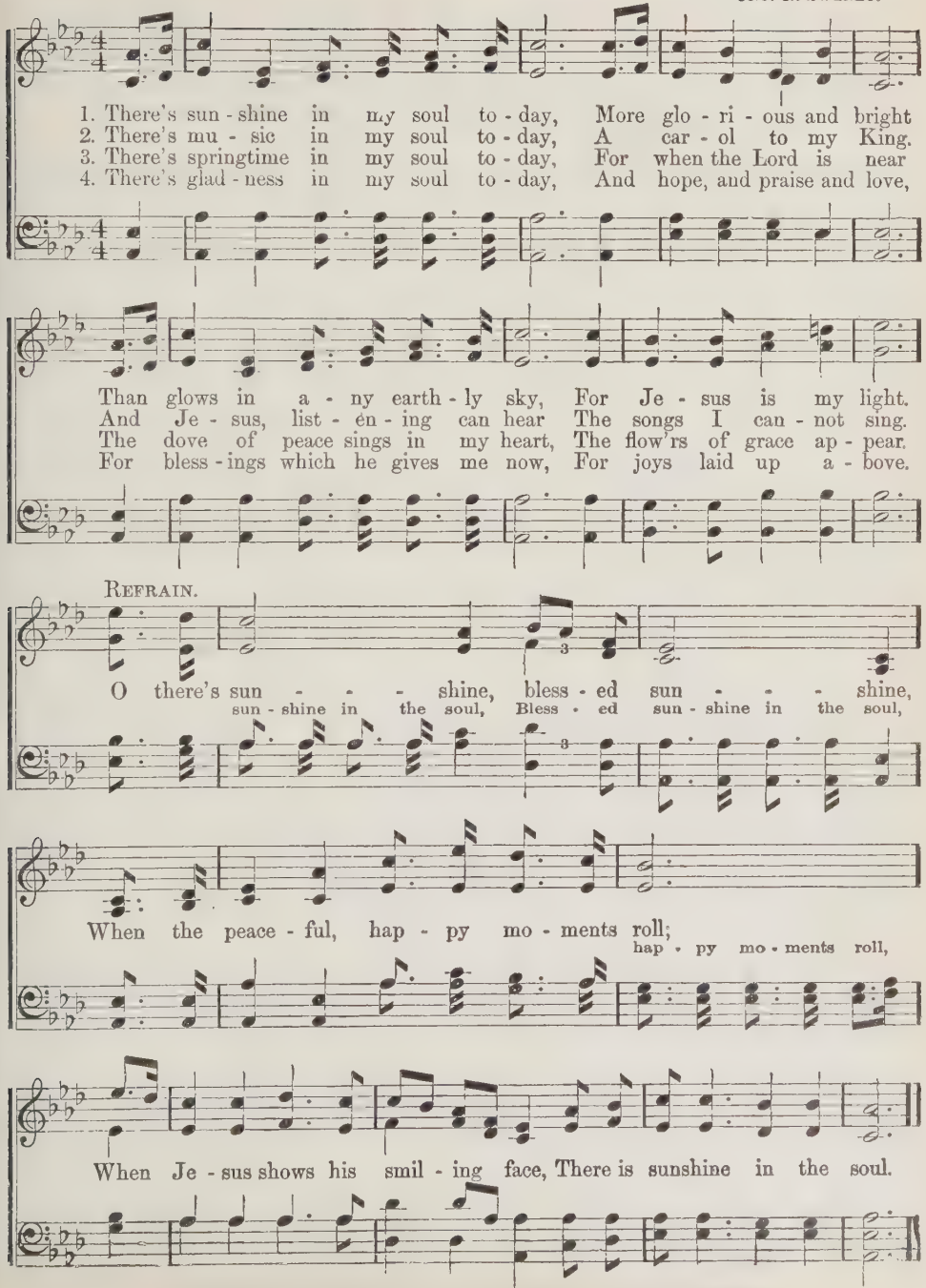
No. 69.

Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. There's sun - shine in my soul to - day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to - day, A car - ol to my King.
3. There's springtime in my soul to - day, For when the Lord is near
4. There's glad - ness in my soul to - day, And hope, and praise and love,
Than glows in a - ny earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, list - en - ing can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless - ings which he gives me now, For joys laid up a - bove.
Refrain.
O there's sun - - - - shine, bless - ed sun - - - - shine,
sun - shine in the soul, Bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,
When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
hap - py mo - ments roll,
When Je - sus shows his smil - ing face, There is sunshine in the soul.

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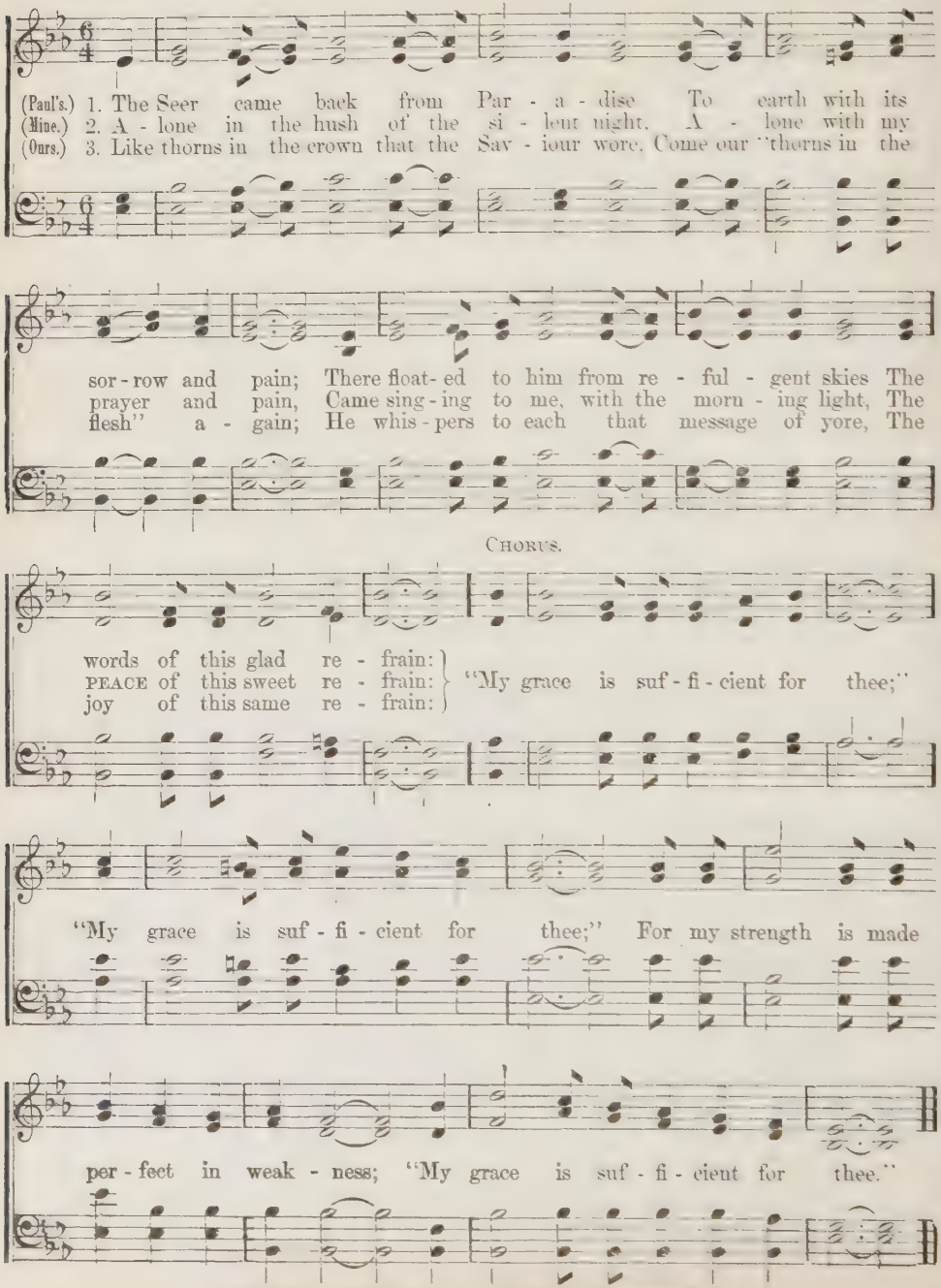
No. 70. My Grace is Sufficient for Thee.

A personal experience of the author, based on the promise given to Paul in 2 Cor. 12: 1-9.

L. H. B. REV. L. H. BAKER.

(Paul's.) 1. The Seer came back from Par - a - dise To earth with its
(Mine.) 2. A - lone in the hush of the si - lent night, A - lone with my
(Ours.) 3. Like thorns in the crown that the Sav - iour wore, Come our "thorns in the
sor - row and pain; There float- ed to him from re - ful - gent skies The
prayer and pain, Came sing - ing to me, with the morn - ing light, The
flesh" a - gain; He whis - pers to each that message of yore, The
CHORUS.
words of this glad re - frain:
PEACE of this sweet re - frain:
joy of this same re - frain:
"My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee;"
"My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee;" For my strength is made
per - fect in weak - ness; "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."

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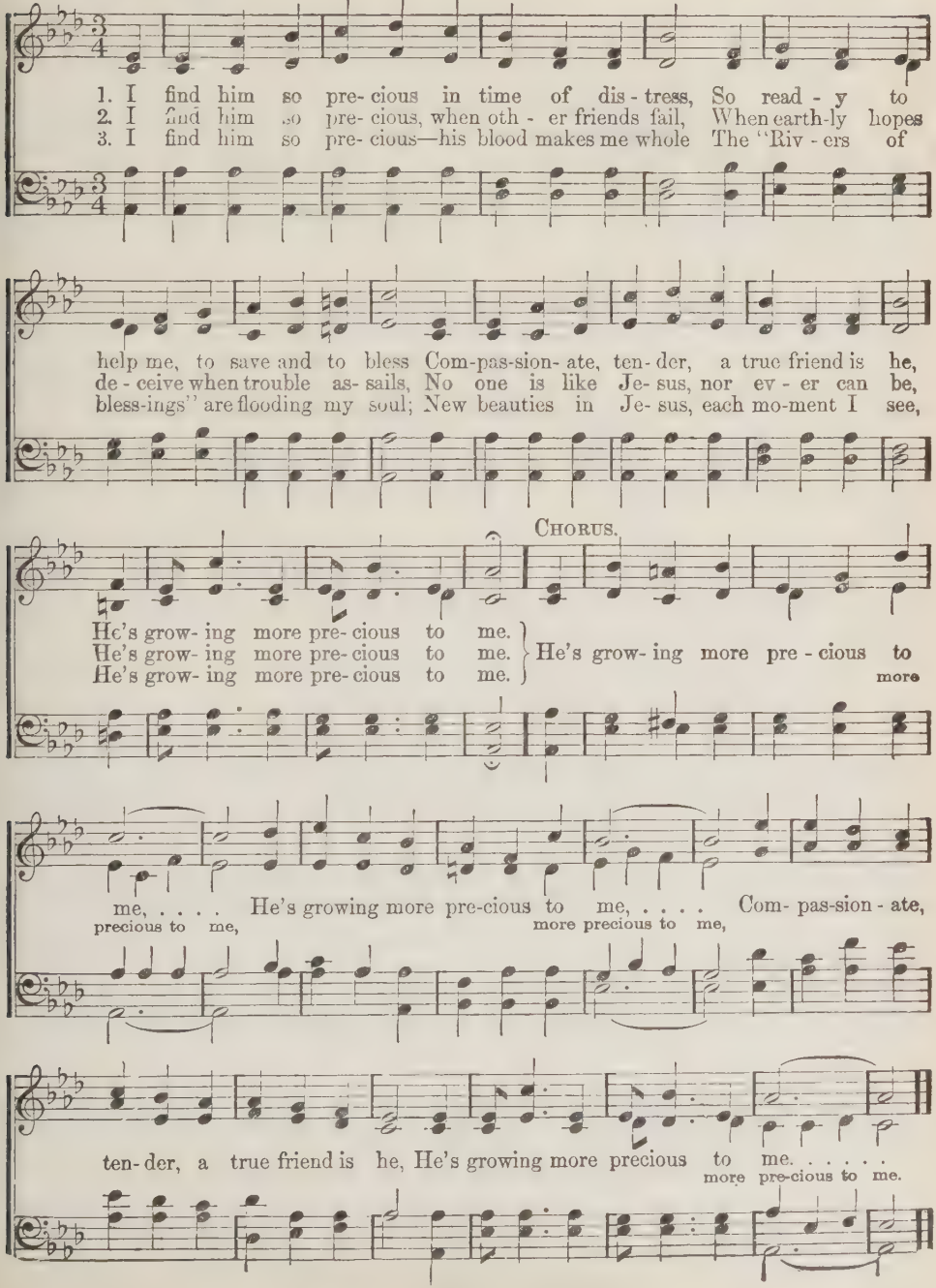
No. 71. He's Growing More Precious to Me.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. I find him so pre- cious in time of dis- tress, So read - y to help me, to save and to bless Com-pas-sion- ate, ten- der, a true friend is he,
2. I find him so pre- cious, when oth - er friends fail, When earth-ly hopes de - ceive when trouble as- sails, No one is like Je- sus, nor ev - er can be,
3. I find him so pre- cious—his blood makes me whole The "Riv - ers of bless-ings" are flooding my soul; New beauties in Je- sus, each mo-ment I see,
Chorus.
He's grow- ing more pre- cious to me.
He's grow- ing more pre- cious to me.
He's grow- ing more pre- cious to me.
He's grow- ing more pre - cious to more
me, ... He's growing more pre-cious to me, ... Com- pas-sion - ate,
precious to me, more precious to me,
ten- der, a true friend is he, He's growing more precious to me. . . . . .
more pre-cious to me.

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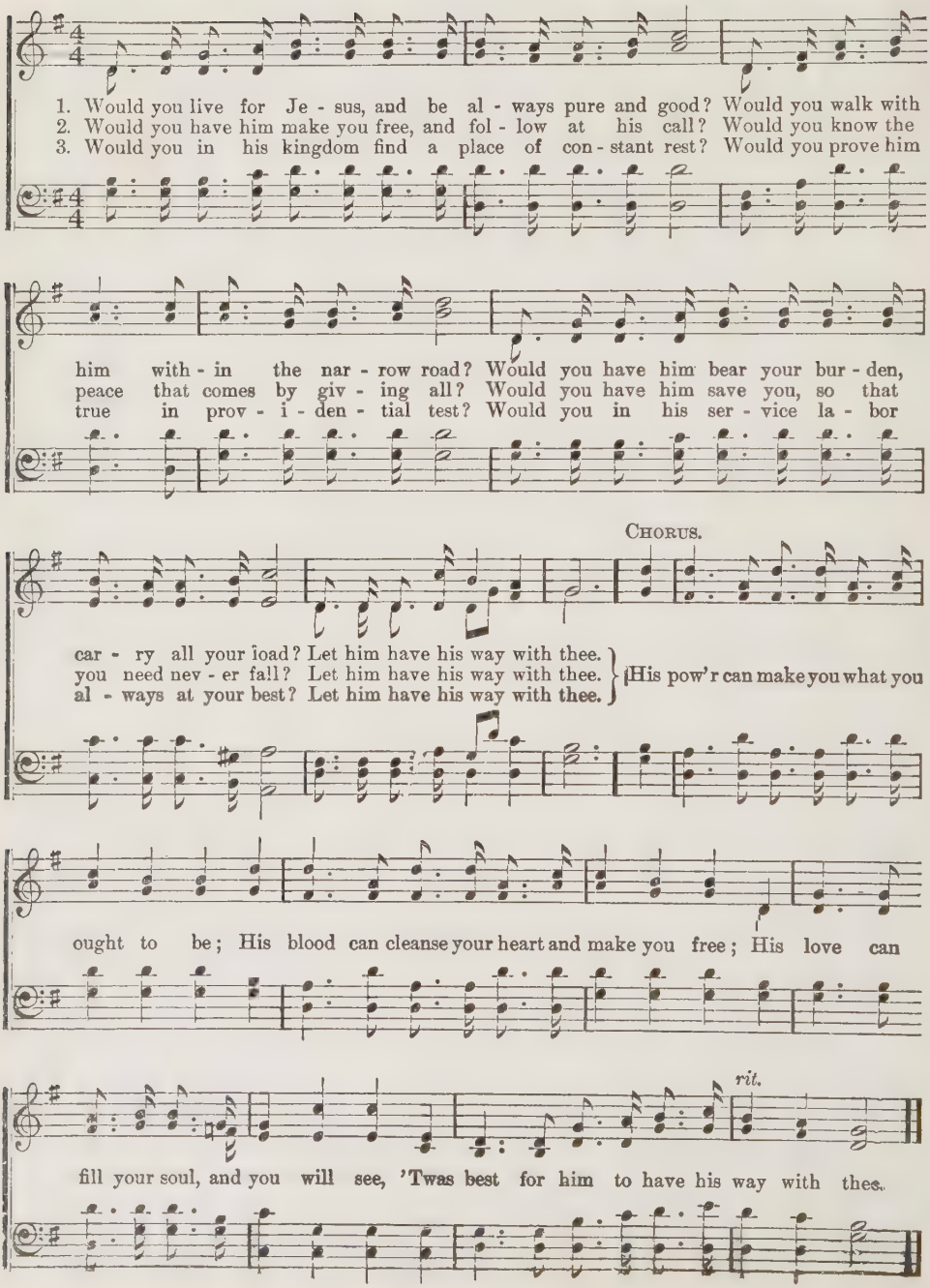
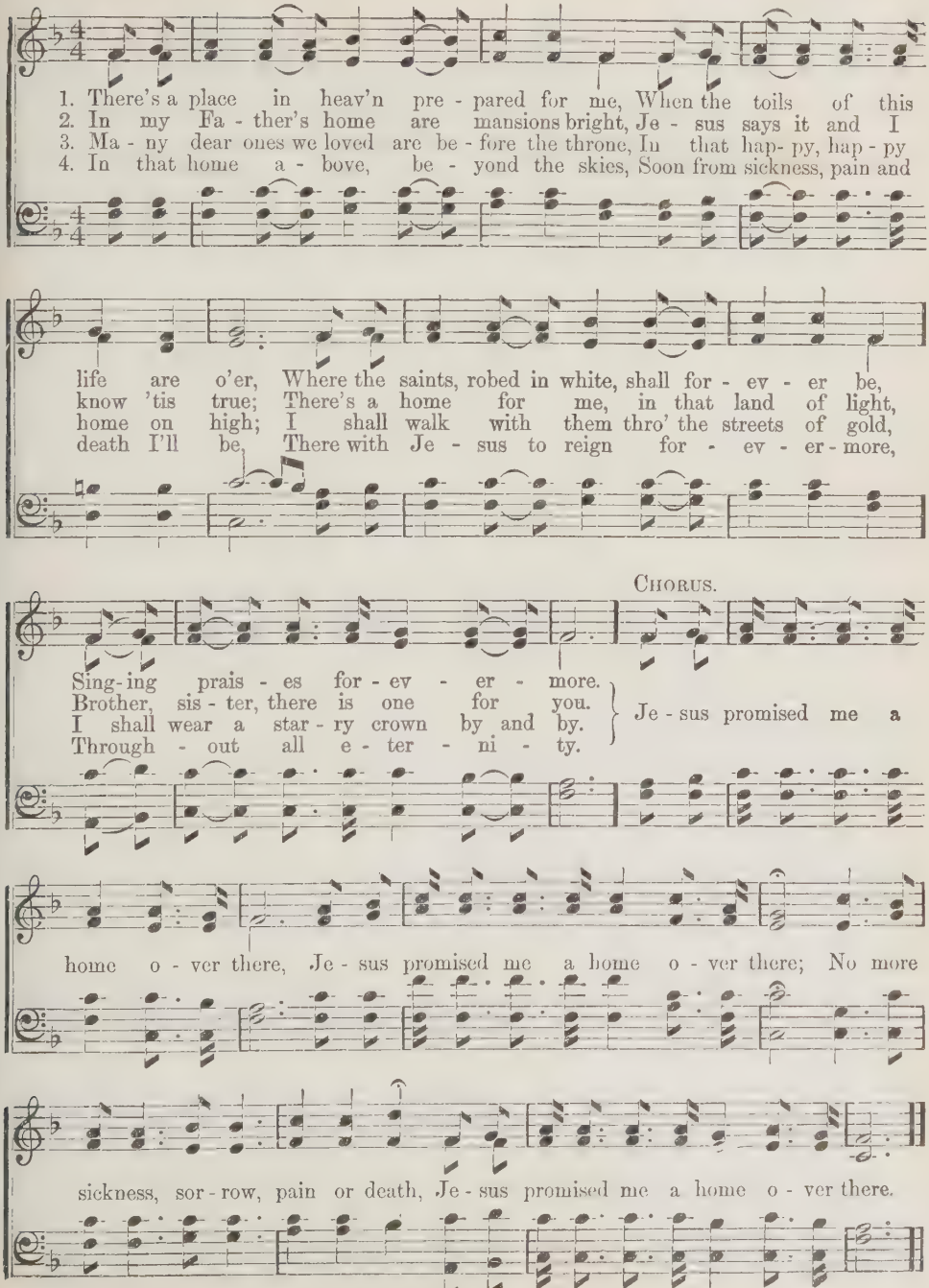
No. 72.

His Way with Thee.

C. S. N. Psalm 37 : 5. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al - ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have him make you free, and fol - low at his call? Would you know the
3. Would you in his kingdom find a place of con - stant rest? Would you prove him
him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have him bear your bur - den,
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have him save you, so that
true in prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in his ser - vice la - bor
Chorus.
car - ry all your load? Let him have his way with thee.
you need nev - er fail? Let him have his way with thee.
al - ways at your best? Let him have his way with thee.
His pow'r can make you what you
ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can
rit.
fill your soul, and you will see, 'Twas best for him to have his way with thee.

No. 73. Jesus Promised Me a Home.

H. Lutton. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's a place in heav'n pre - pared for me, When the toils of this
2. In my Fa - ther's home are mansions bright, Je - sus says it and I
3. Ma - ny dear ones we loved are be - fore the throne, In that hap- py, hap - py
4. In that home a - bove, be - yond the skies, Soon from sickness, pain and
life are o'er, Where the saints, robed in white, shall for - ev - er be,
know 'tis true; There's a home for me, in that land of light,
home on high; I shall walk with them thro' the streets of gold,
death I'll be, There with Je - sus to reign for - ev - er - more,
Chorus.
Sing-ing prais - es for - ev - er - more.
Brother, sis - ter, there is one for you.
I shall wear a star - ry crown by and by.
Through - out all e - ter - ni - ty.
Je - sus promised me a
home o - ver there, Je - sus promised me a home o - ver there; No more
sickness, sor - row, pain or death, Je - sus promised me a home o - ver there.

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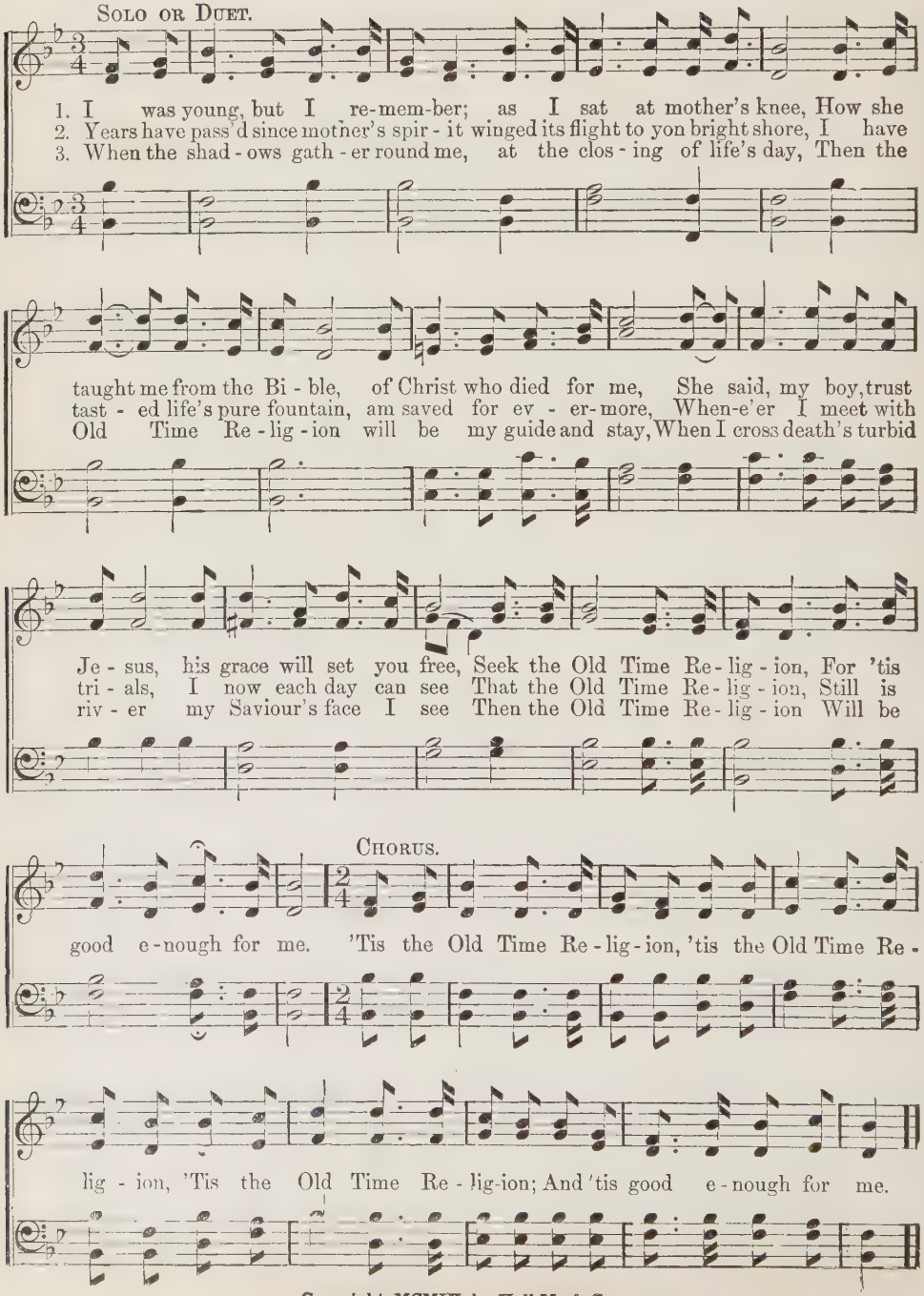
No. 74.

Mother's Religion.

C. W. D.

CHAS. W. DRISKELL.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. I was young, but I re-mem-ber; as I sat at mother's knee, How she
2. Years have pass'd since mother's spir - it winged its flight to yon bright shore, I have
3. When the shad - ows gath - er round me, at the clos - ing of life's day, Then the
taught me from the Bi - ble, of Christ who died for me, She said, my boy, trust
tast - ed life's pure fountain, am saved for ev - er-more, When-e'er I meet with
Old Time Re - lig - ion will be my guide and stay, When I cross death's turbid
Je - sus, his grace will set you free, Seek the Old Time Re - lig - ion, For 'tis
tri - als, I now each day can see That the Old Time Re - lig - ion, Still is
riv - er my Saviour's face I see Then the Old Time Re - lig - ion Will be
CHORUS.
good e - nough for me. 'Tis the Old Time Re - lig - ion, 'tis the Old Time Re -
lig - ion, 'Tis the Old Time Re - lig-ion; And 'tis good e - nough for me.

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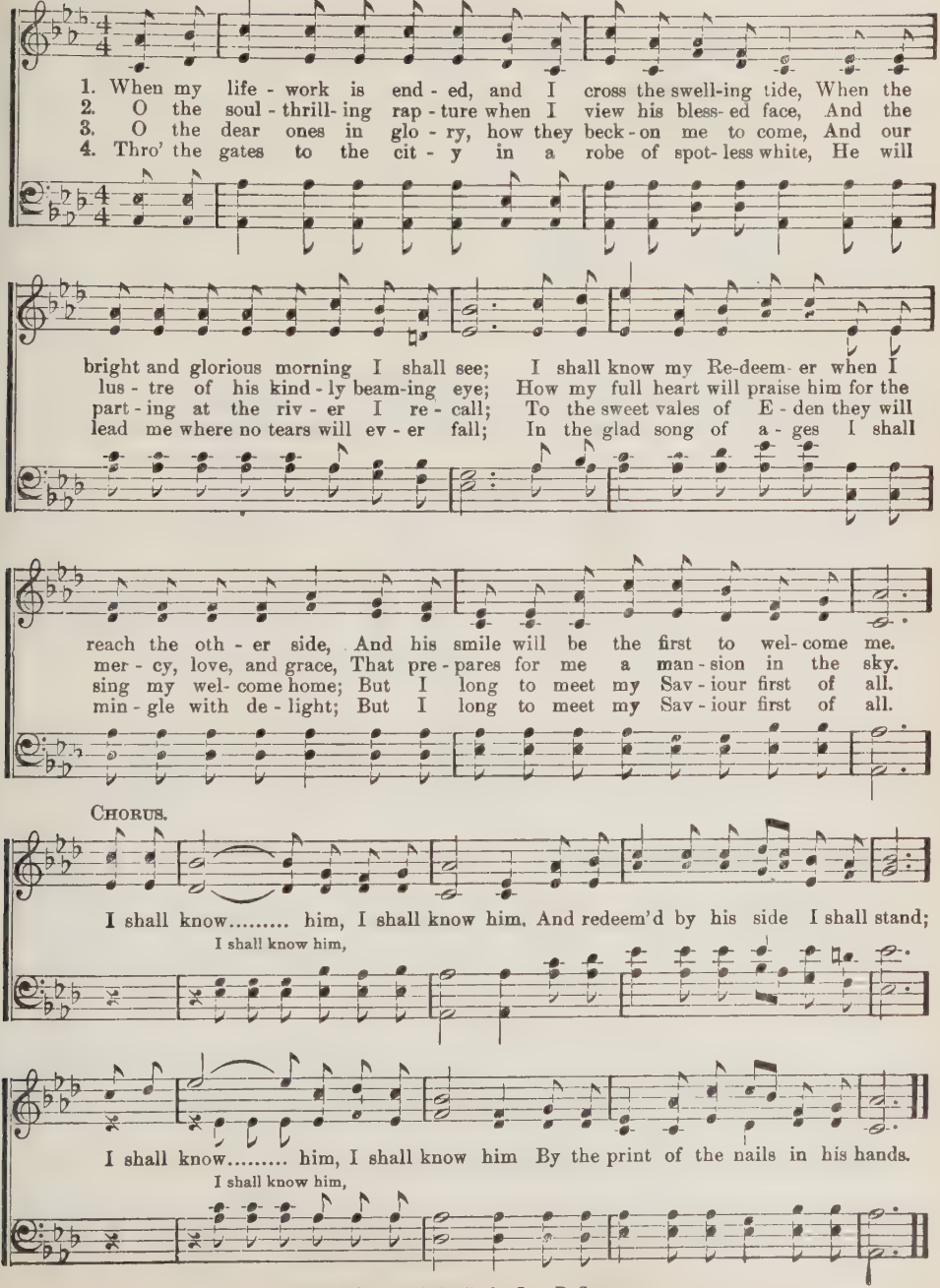
No. 75.

My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life - work is end - ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. O the soul - thrill- ing rap - ture when I view his bless- ed face, And the
3. O the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck - on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spot- less white, He will
bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Re-deem- er when I
lus - tre of his kind - ly beam-ing eye; How my full heart will praise him for the
part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E - den they will
lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall
reach the oth - er side, And his smile will be the first to wel- come me.
mer - cy, love, and grace, That pre - pares for me a man - sion in the sky.
sing my wel- come home; But I long to meet my Sav - iour first of all.
min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav - iour first of all.
CHORUS.
I shall know..... him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand;
I shall know him,
I shall know..... him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hands.
I shall know him,

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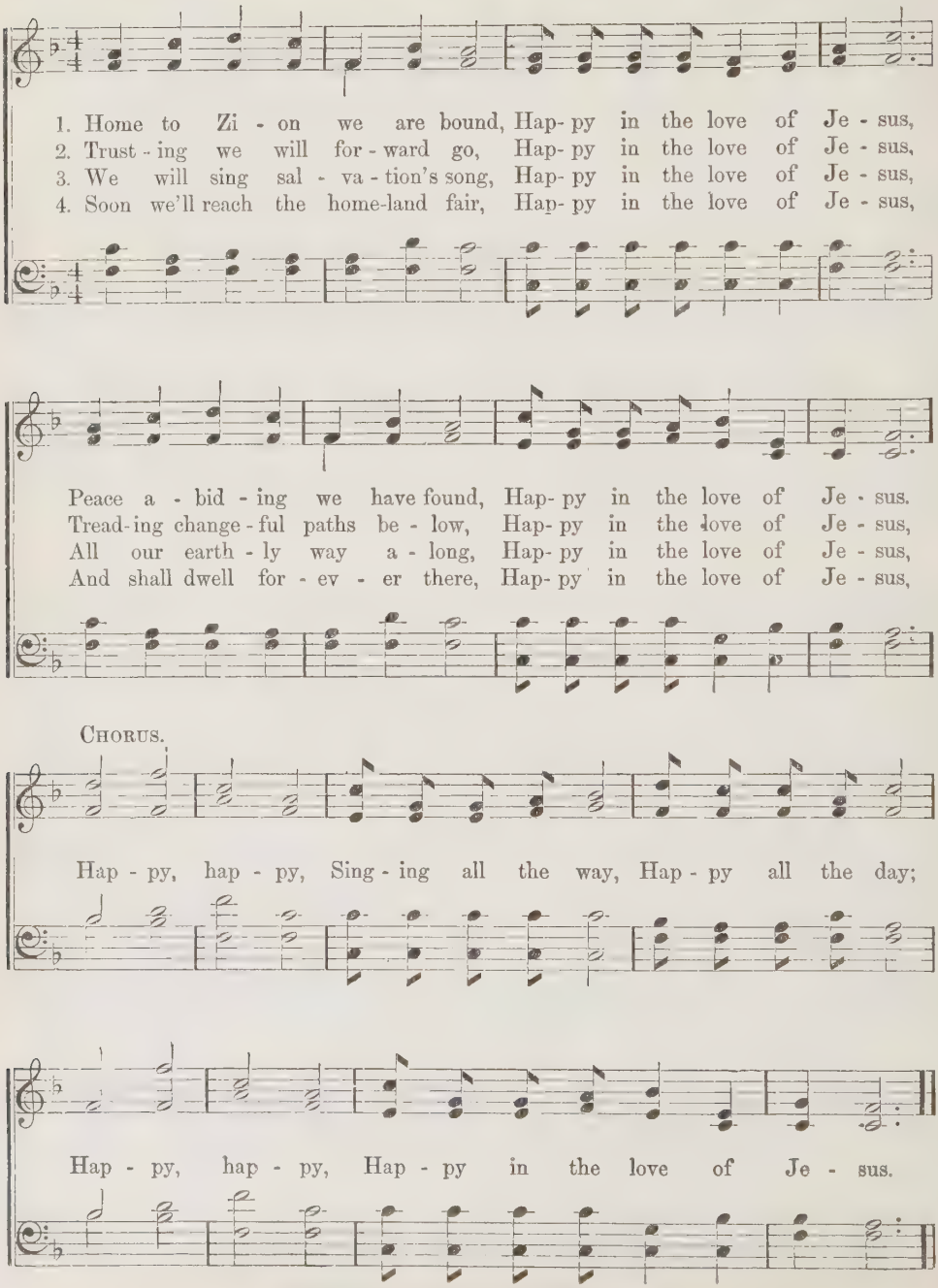
No. 76.

Happy In the Love of Jesus.

JENNIE WILSON. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Home to Zi - on we are bound, Hap- py in the love of Je - sus,
2. Trust - ing we will for - ward go, Hap- py in the love of Je - sus,
3. We will sing sal - va - tion's song, Hap- py in the love of Je - sus,
4. Soon we'll reach the home-land fair, Hap- py in the love of Je - sus,
Peace a - bid - ing we have found, Hap- py in the love of Je - sus.
Tread-ing change - ful paths be - low, Hap- py in the love of Je - sus,
All our earth - ly way a - long, Hap- py in the love of Je - sus,
And shall dwell for - ev - er there, Hap- py in the love of Je - sus,
CHORUS.
Hap - py, hap - py, Sing - ing all the way, Hap - py all the day;
Hap - py, hap - py, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.

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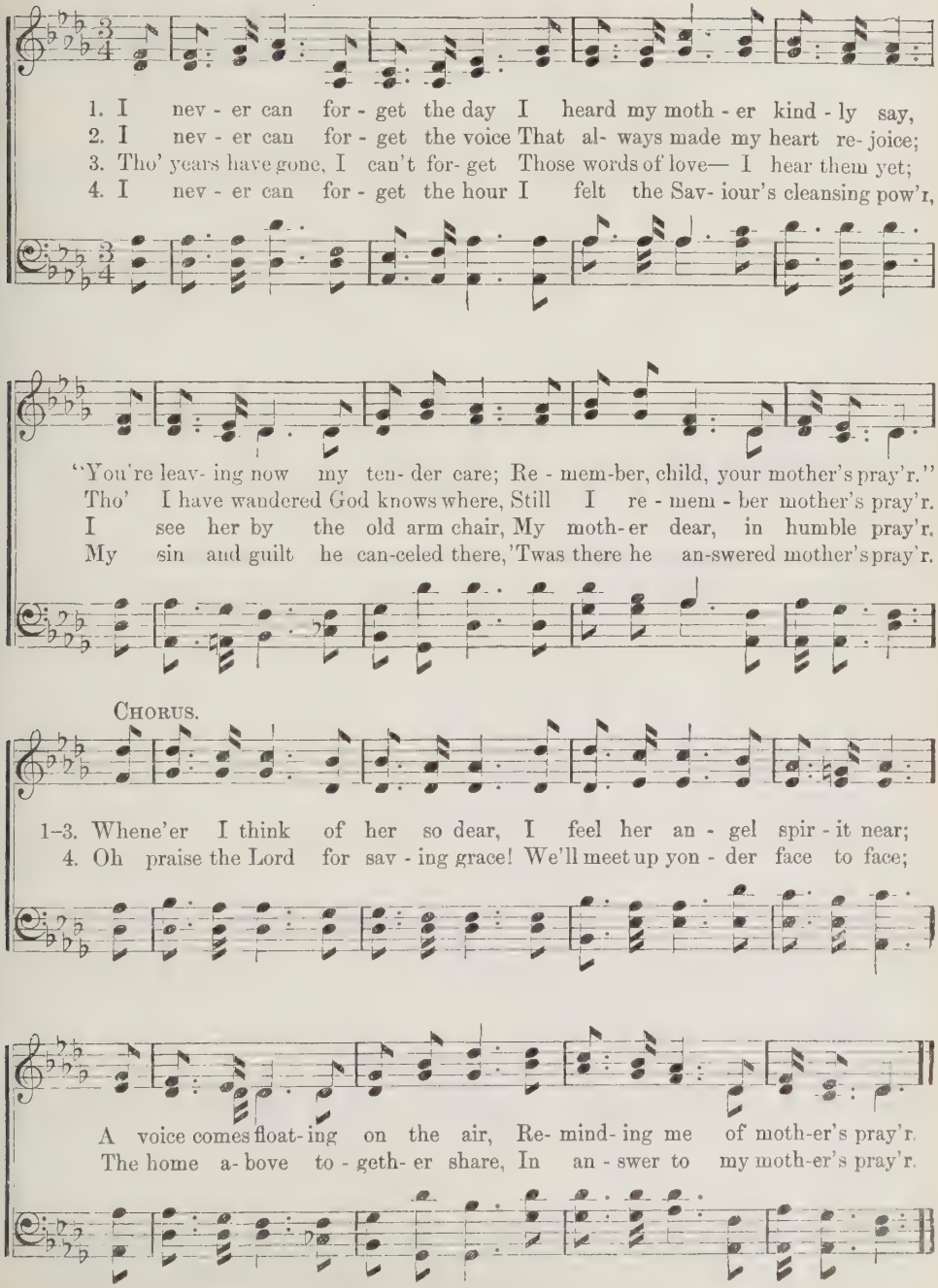
No. 77. My Mother's Prayer.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.


1. I nev - er can for - get the day I heard my moth - er kind - ly say,
2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That al- ways made my heart re- joice;
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't for- get Those words of love— I hear them yet;
4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Sav- iour's cleansing pow'r,
"You're leav- ing now my ten- der care; Re - mem-ber, child, your mother's pray'r."
Tho' I have wandered God knows where, Still I re - mem - ber mother's pray'r.
I see her by the old arm chair, My moth- er dear, in humble pray'r,
My sin and guilt he can-celed there, 'Twas there he an-swered mother's pray'r.
CHORUS.
1–3. Whene'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir - it near;
4. Oh praise the Lord for sav - ing grace! We'll meet up yon - der face to face;
A voice comes float- ing on the air, Re- mind- ing me of moth-er's pray'r.
The home a- bove to - geth- er share, In an - swer to my moth-er's pray'r.

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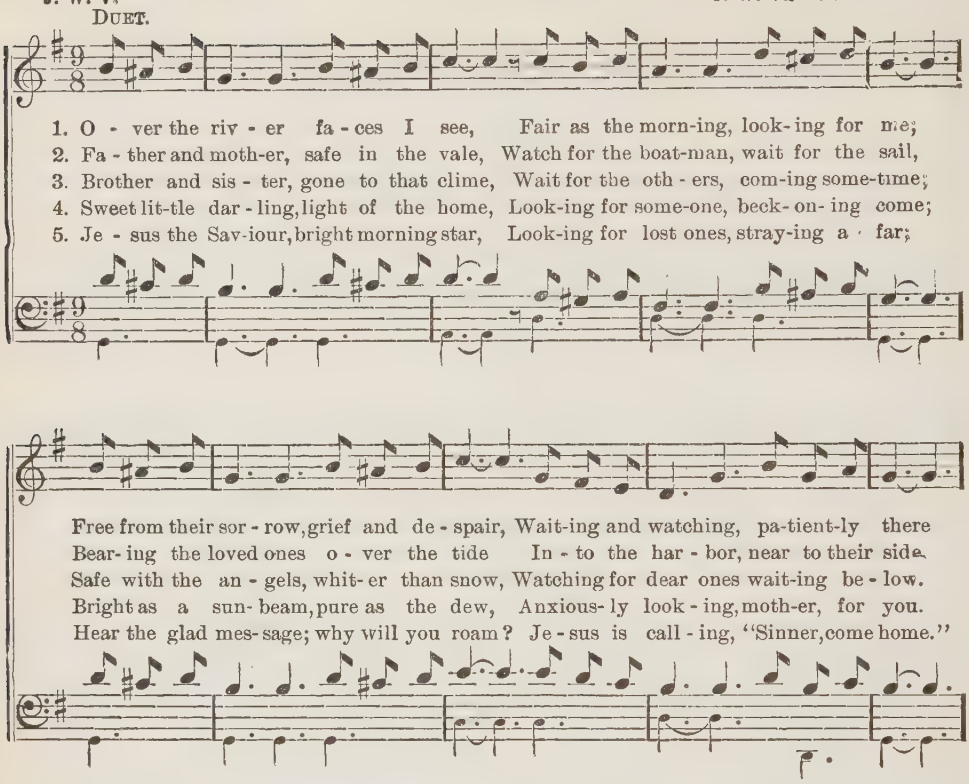
No. 78.

Looking This Way.

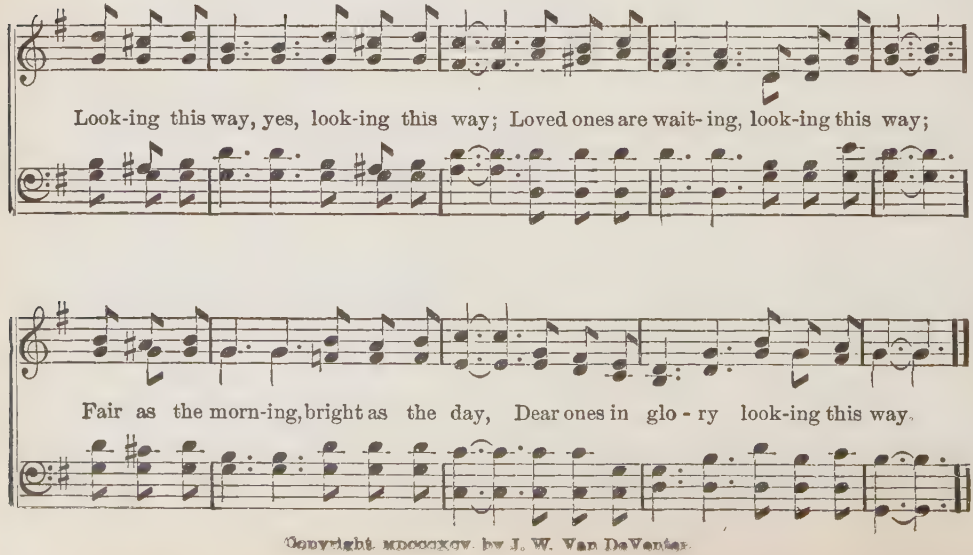
J. W. V.

J. W. Van DeVenter.

Duet.


1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn-ing, look-ing for me;
2. Fa - ther and moth-er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat-man, wait for the sail,
3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers, com-ing some-time;
4. Sweet lit-tle dar - ling, light of the home, Look-ing for some-one, beck-on- ing come;
5. Je - sus the Sav-iour, bright morning star, Look-ing for lost ones, stray-ing a - far;
Free from their sor - row, grief and de - spair, Wait-ing and watching, pa-tient-ly there
Bear- ing the loved ones o - ver the tide In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
Safe with the an - gels, whit- er than snow, Watching for dear ones wait-ing be - low.
Bright as a sun- beam, pure as the dew, Anxious- ly look - ing, moth-er, for you.
Hear the glad mes- sage; why will you roam? Je - sus is call - ing, "Sinner, come home."

Chorus.


Look-ing this way, yes, look-ing this way; Loved ones are wait- ing, look-ing this way;
Fair as the morn-ing, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look-ing this way.

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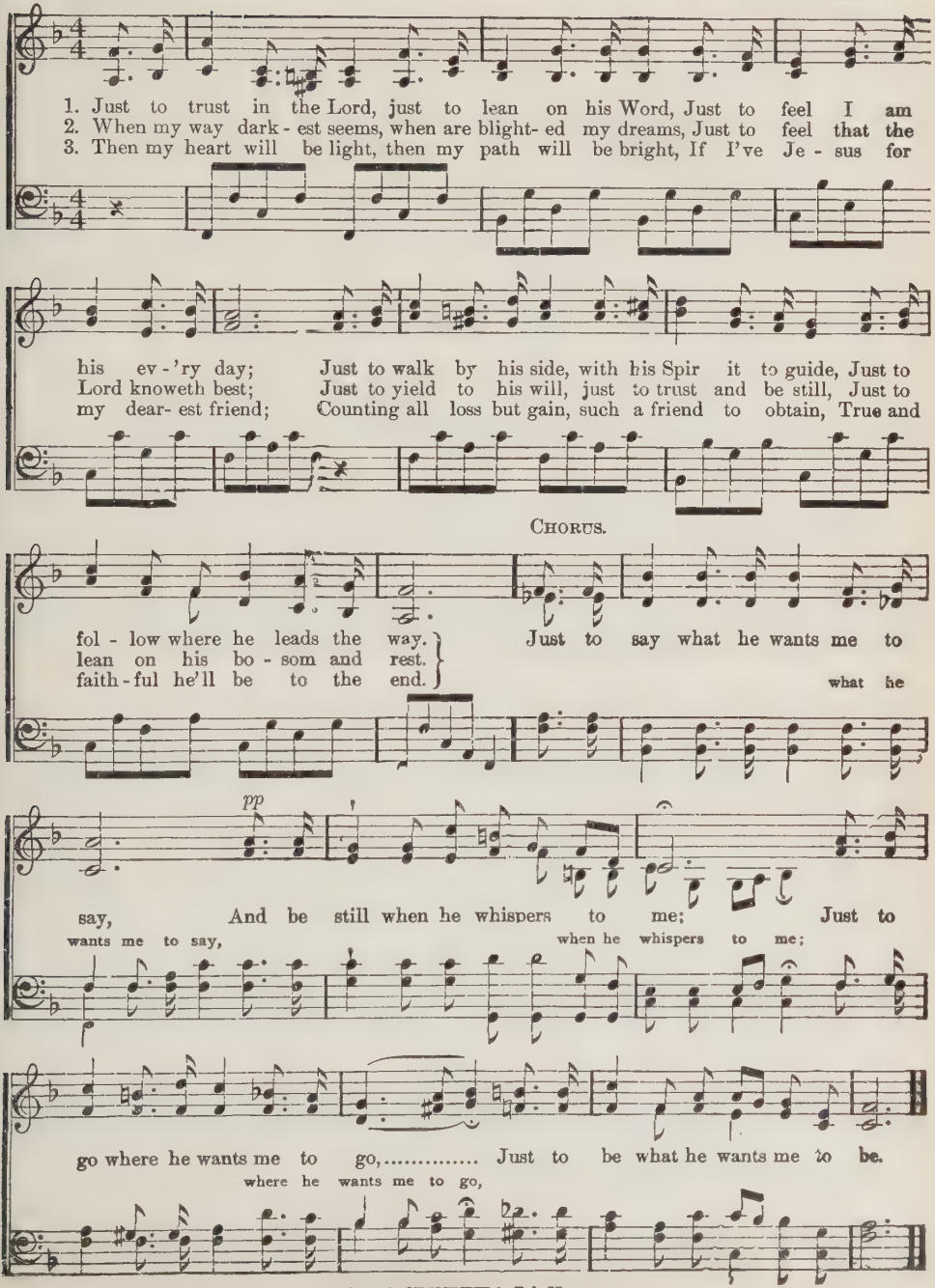
No. 79. Doing His Will.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on his Word, Just to feel I am his ev-'ry day; Just to walk by his side, with his Spir it to guide, Just to
2. When my way dark-est seems, when are blight-ed my dreams, Just to feel that the Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to his will, just to trust and be still, Just to
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je-sus for my dear-est friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to obtain, True and
Chorus.
fol-low where he leads the way.
lean on his bo-som and rest.
faith-ful he'll be to the end.
Just to say what he wants me to say, And be still when he whispers to me; Just to go where he wants me to go,..... Just to be what he wants me to be.
what he wants me to say,
when he whispers to me;
where he wants me to go,
pp

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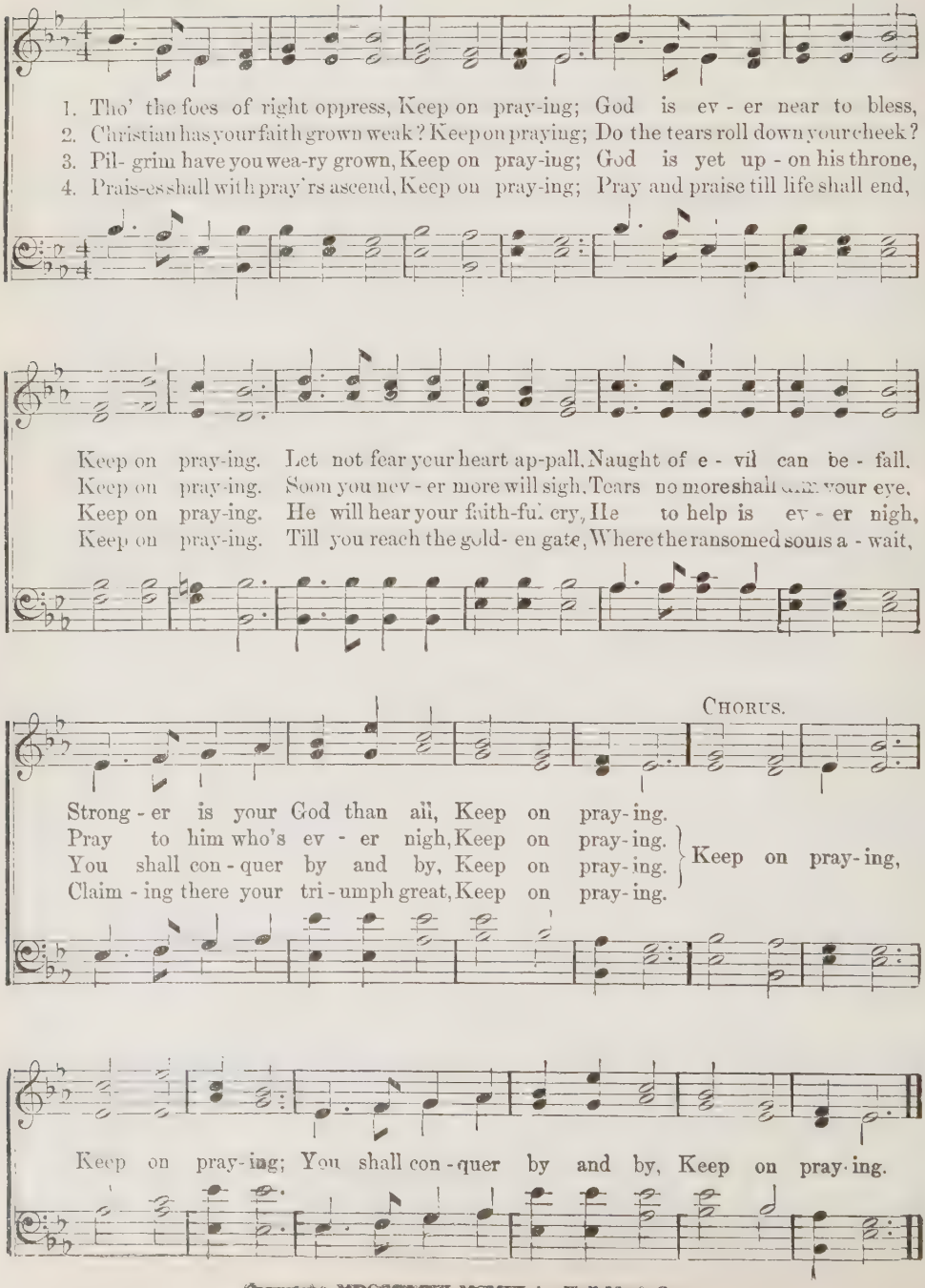
No. 80.

Keep On Praying.

R. O. Smith. Arr. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. Tho' the foes of right oppress, Keep on pray-ing; God is ev - er near to bless,
2. Christian has your faith grown weak? Keep on praying; Do the tears roll down your cheek?
3. Pil- grim have you wea-ry grown, Keep on pray-ing; God is yet up - on his throne,
4. Prais-es shall with pray'rs ascend, Keep on pray-ing; Pray and praise till life shall end,
Keep on pray-ing. Let not fear your heart ap-pall, Naught of e - vil can be - fall.
Keep on pray-ing. Soon you nev - er more will sigh, Tears no more shall dim your eye,
Keep on pray-ing. He will hear your faith-ful cry, He to help is ev - er nigh,
Keep on pray-ing. Till you reach the gold- en gate, Where the ransomed souls a - wait,
Chorus.
Strong - er is your God than all, Keep on pray-ing.
Pray to him who's ev - er nigh, Keep on pray-ing.
You shall con - quer by and by, Keep on pray-ing.
Claim - ing there your tri - umph great, Keep on pray-ing.
Keep on pray-ing,
Keep on pray-ing; You shall con - quer by and by, Keep on pray-ing.

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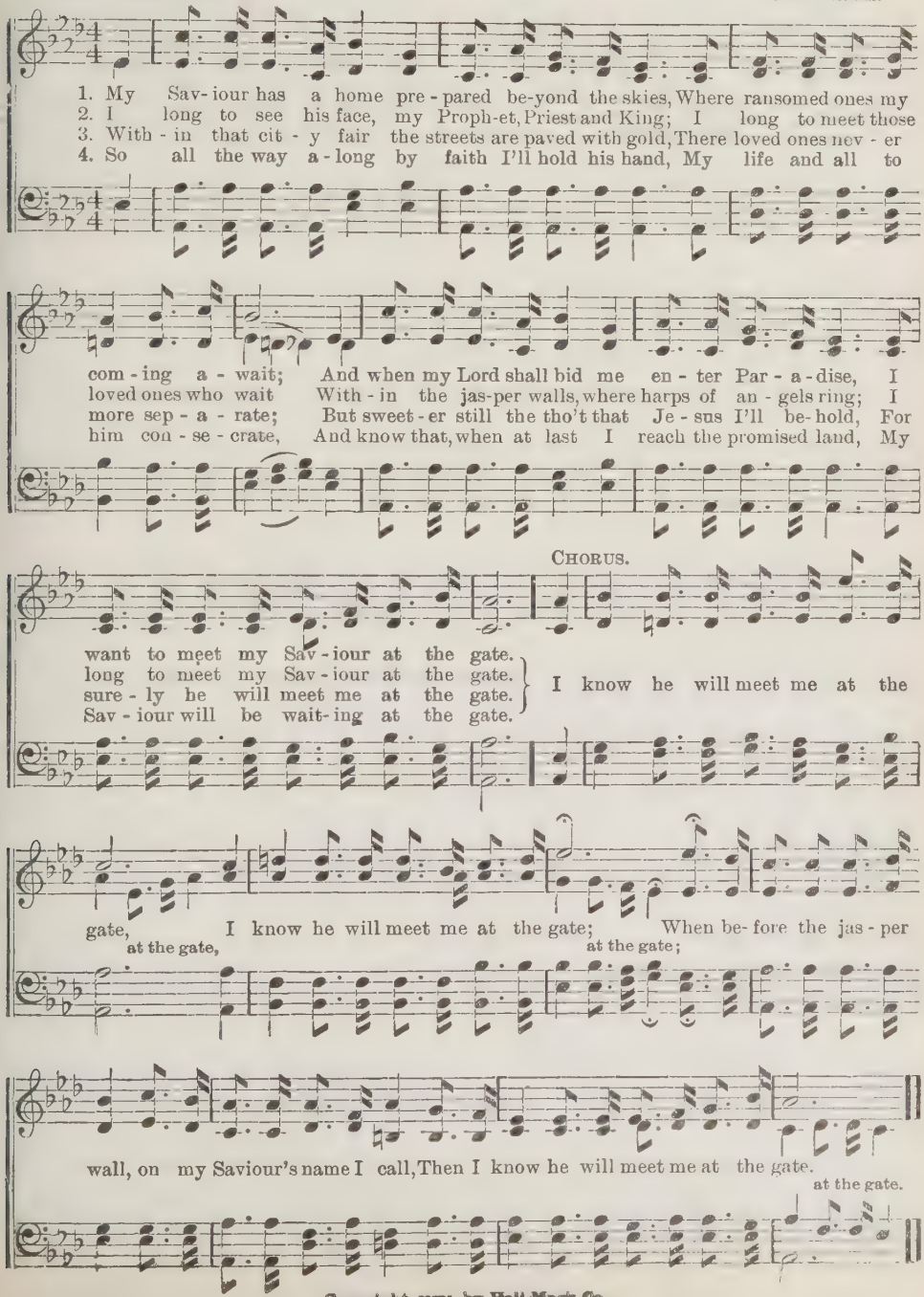
No. 81. He Will Meet Me at the Gate.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. My Sav-iour has a home pre-pared be-yond the skies, Where ransomed ones my
2. I long to see his face, my Proph-et, Priest and King; I long to meet those
3. With-in that cit-y fair the streets are paved with gold, There loved ones nev-er
4. So all the way a-long by faith I'll hold his hand, My life and all to
com-ing a-wait; And when my Lord shall bid me en-ter Par-a-dise, I
loved ones who wait With-in the jas-per walls, where harps of an-gels ring; I
more sep-a-rate; But sweet-er still the tho't that Je-sus I'll be-hold, For
him con-se-crate, And know that, when at last I reach the promised land, My
CHORUS.
want to meet my Sav-iour at the gate.
long to meet my Sav-iour at the gate.
sure-ly be will meet me at the gate.
Sav-iour will be wait-ing at the gate.
I know he will meet me at the
gate, I know he will meet me at the gate; When be-fore the jas-per
at the gate,
at the gate;
wall, on my Saviour's name I call, Then I know he will meet me at the gate.
at the gate.

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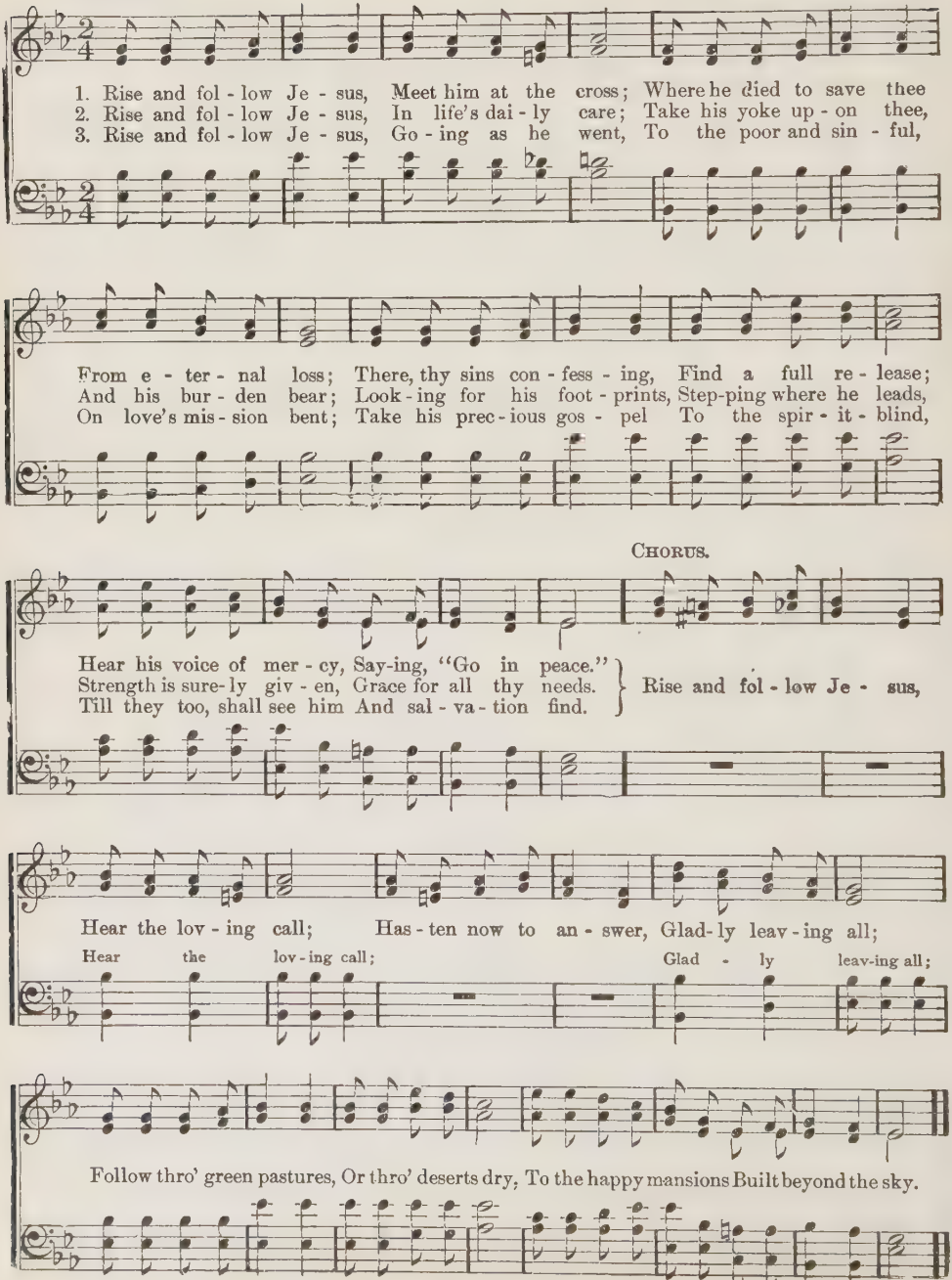
No. 82.

Rise and Follow Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Rise and fol - low Je - sus, Meet him at the cross; Where he died to save thee
2. Rise and fol - low Je - sus, In life's dai - ly care; Take his yoke up - on thee,
3. Rise and fol - low Je - sus, Go - ing as he went, To the poor and sin - ful,
From e - ter - nal loss; There, thy sins con - fess - ing, Find a full re - lease;
And his bur - den bear; Look - ing for his foot - prints, Step-ping where he leads,
On love's mis - sion bent; Take his prec - ious gos - pel To the spir - it - blind,
Chorus.
Hear his voice of mer - cy, Say-ing, "Go in peace."
Strength is sure - ly giv - en, Grace for all thy needs.
Till they too, shall see him And sal - va - tion find.
Rise and fol - low Je - sus,
Hear the lov - ing call; Has - ten now to an - swer, Glad - ly leav - ing all;
Hear the lov - ing call;
Glad - ly leav-ing all;
Follow thro' green pastures, Or thro' deserts dry, To the happy mansions Built beyond the sky.

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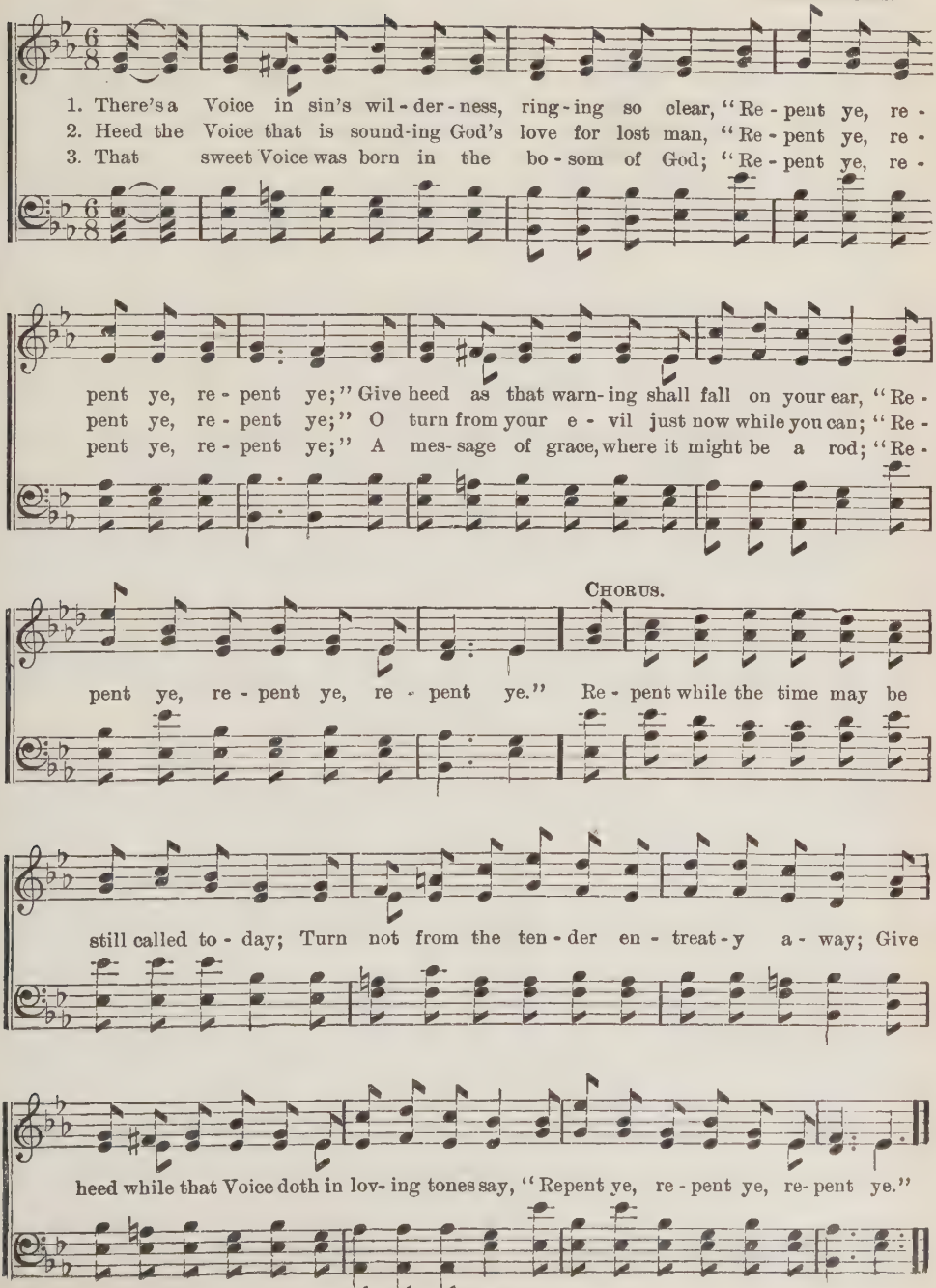
No. 83.

"Repent Ye."

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. B. FRANK BUTTS.


1. There's a Voice in sin's wil - der - ness, ring - ing so clear, "Re - pent ye, re -
2. Heed the Voice that is sound-ing God's love for lost man, "Re - pent ye, re -
3. That sweet Voice was born in the bo - som of God; "Re - pent ye, re -
pent ye, re - pent ye;" Give heed as that warn-ing shall fall on your ear, "Re -
pent ye, re - pent ye;" O turn from your e - vil just now while you can; "Re -
pent ye, re - pent ye;" A mes-sage of grace, where it might be a rod; "Re -
CHORUS.
pent ye, re - pent ye, re - pent ye." Re - pent while the time may be
still called to - day; Turn not from the ten - der en - treat - y a - way; Give
heed while that Voice doth in lov- ing tones say, "Repent ye, re - pent ye, re- pent ye."

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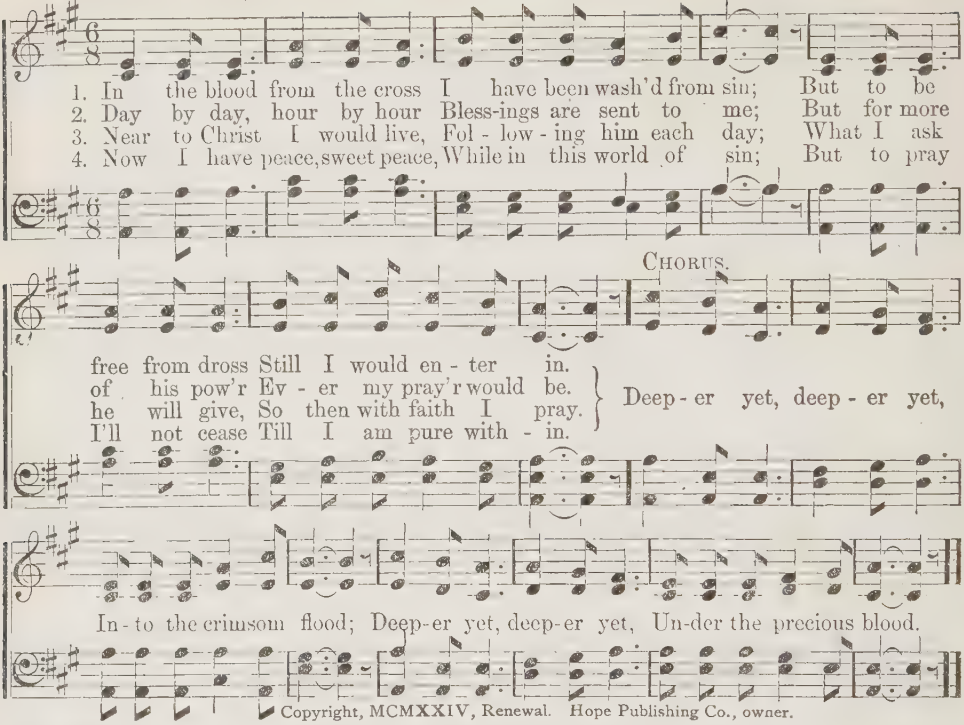
No. 84. Deeper Yet.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
2. Day by day, hour by hour Bless-ings are sent to me; But for more
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol - low - ing him each day; What I ask
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray
CHORUS.
free from dross Still I would en - ter in.
of his pow'r Ev - er my pray'r would be.
he will give, So then with faith I pray.
I'll not cease Till I am pure with - in.
Deep - er yet, deep - er yet,
In - to the crimsom flood; Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, Un-der the precious blood.

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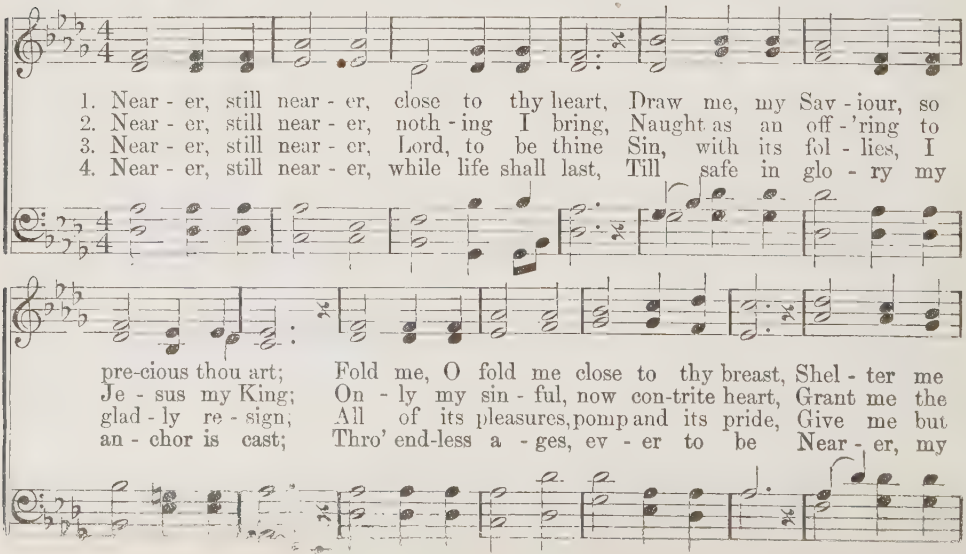
No. 85. Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.


1. Near - er, still near - er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - iour, so
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an off - 'ring to
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be thine Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my
pre-cious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shel - ter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now con-trite heart, Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign, All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' end-less a - ges, ev - er to be Near - er, my

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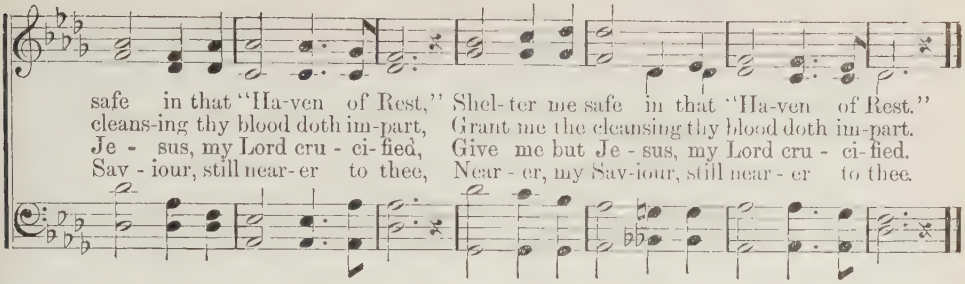
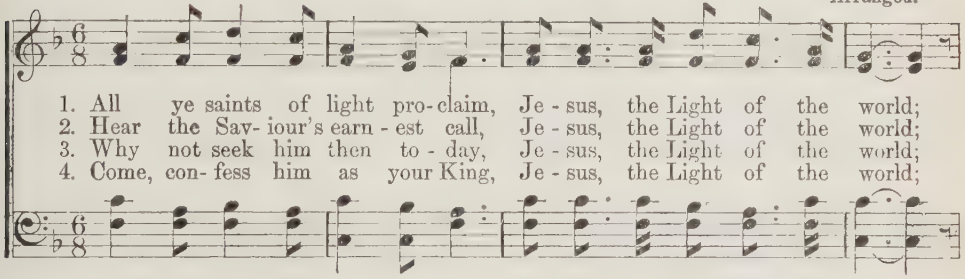
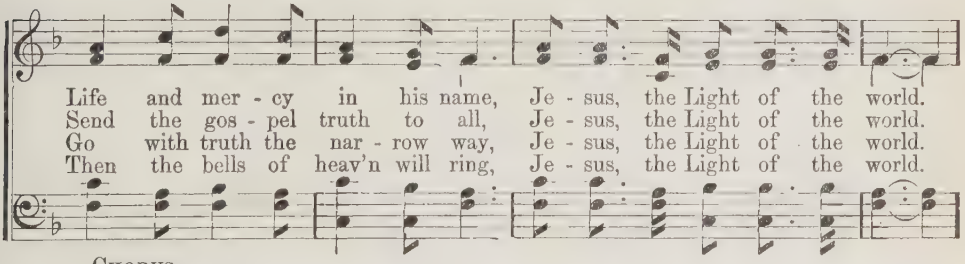
Nearer, Still Nearer.—Concluded.

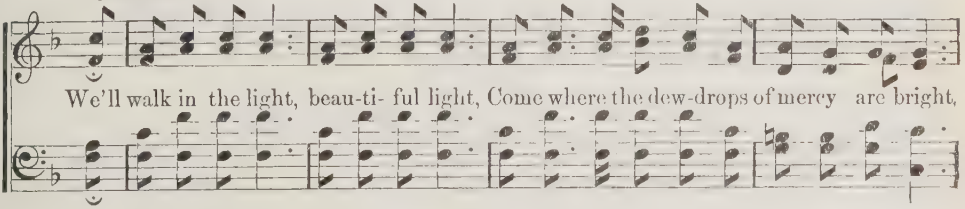

safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest," Shel-ter me safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest."
cleans-ing thy blood doth im-part, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth im-part.
Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci-fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci-fied.
Sav - iour, still near-er to thee, Near - er, my Sav-iour, still near - er to thee.

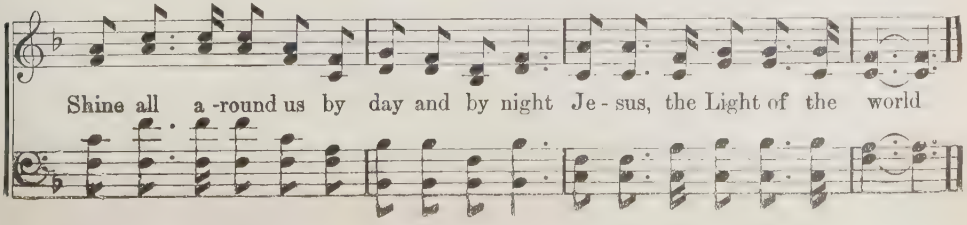
No. 86. Jesus, the Light of the World.

J. V. C. Arranged.

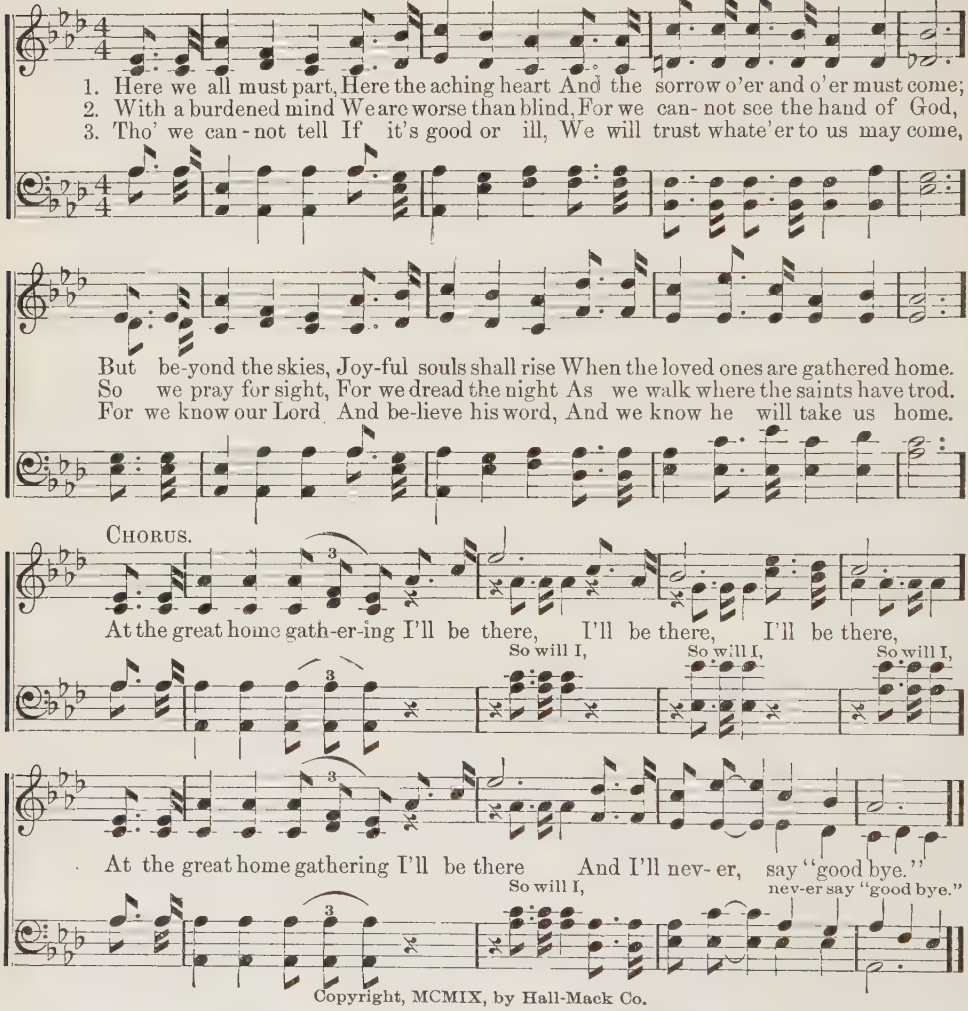

1. All ye saints of light pro-claim, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
2. Hear the Sav-iour's earn - est call, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
3. Why not seek him then to - day, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
4. Come, con-fess him as your King, Je - sus, the Light of the world;


Life and mer - cy in his name, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Send the gos - pel truth to all, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Go with truth the nar - row way, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Then the bells of heav'n will ring, Je - sus, the Light of the world.





No. 87. The Home Gathering.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. Here we all must part, Here the aching heart And the sorrow o'er and o'er must come;
2. With a burdened mind We are worse than blind, For we can- not see the hand of God,
3. Tho' we can - not tell If it's good or ill, We will trust whate'er to us may come,
But be-yond the skies, Joy-ful souls shall rise When the loved ones are gathered home.
So we pray for sight, For we dread the night As we walk where the saints have trod.
For we know our Lord And be-lieve his word, And we know he will take us home.
Chorus.
At the great home gath-er-ing I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,
So will I, So will I, So will I,
At the great home gathering I'll be there And I'll nev- er, say "good bye."
So will I, nev-er say "good bye."

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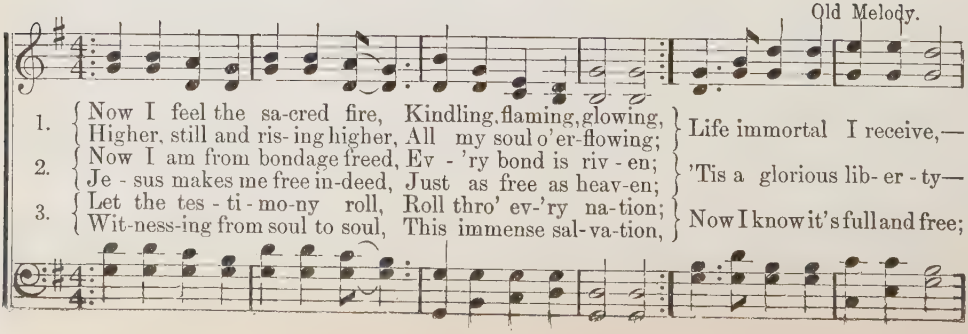
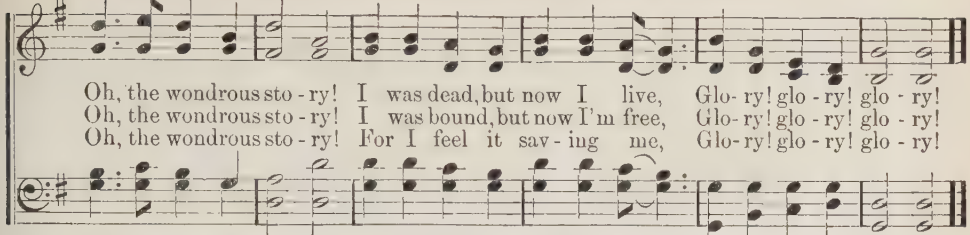
No. 88. Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

Old Melody.


1. Now I feel the sa-cred fire, Kindling, flaming, glowing, Higher, still and ris- ing higher, All my soul o'er-flowing; } Life immortal I receive,—
2. Now I am from bondage freed, Ev - 'ry bond is riv - en; Je - sus makes me free in-deed, Just as free as heav-en; } 'Tis a glorious lib- er - ty—
3. Let the tes - ti - mo-ny roll, Roll thro' ev-'ry na-tion; Wit-ness-ing from soul to soul, This immense sal-va-tion, } Now I know it's full and free;

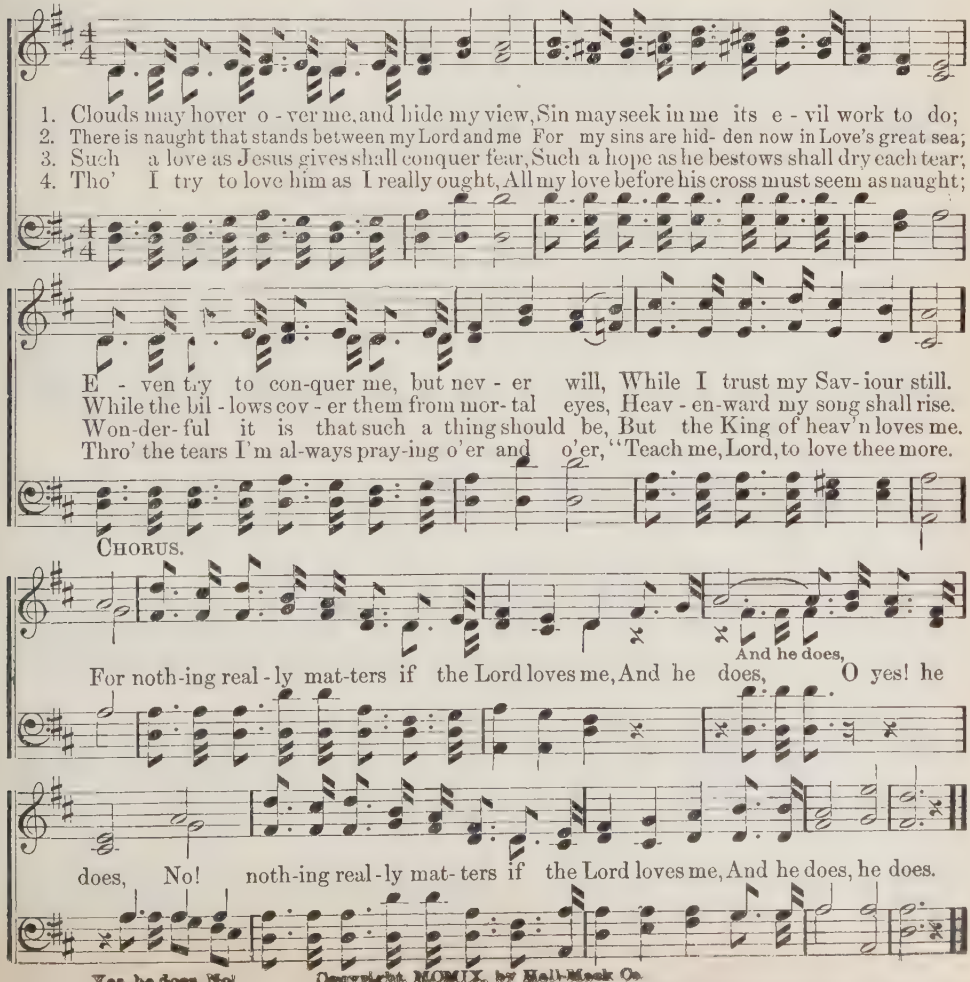
Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.—Concluded.


Oh, the wondrous sto - ry! I was dead, but now I live, Glo- ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!
Oh, the wondrous sto - ry! I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo- ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!
Oh, the wondrous sto - ry! For I feel it sav - ing me, Glo- ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin he frees us.
Let the golden harps of God
Bring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
Glory! glory! glory!

5 Let the trump of jubilee,
The glad tidings thunder;
Jesus sets the captives free:
Bursts their bonds asunder;
Fetters break and dungeons fall,
Oh, the wondrous story!
This salvation's free to all,
Glory! glory! glory!

No. 89. Nothing Matters.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. Clouds may hover o - ver me, and hide my view, Sin may seek in me its e - vil work to do;
2. There is naught that stands between my Lord and me For my sins are hid- den now in Love's great sea;
3. Such a love as Jesus gives shall conquer fear, Such a hope as he bestows shall dry each tear;
4. Tho' I try to love him as I really ought, All my love before his cross must seem as naught;
E - ven try to con-quer me, but nev - er will, While I trust my Sav- iour still.
While the bil - lows cov - er them from mor- tal eyes, Heav - en-ward my song shall rise.
Won-der- ful it is that such a thing should be, But the King of heav'n loves me.
Thro' the tears I'm al-ways pray-ing o'er and o'er, "Teach me, Lord, to love thee more.
Chorus.
And he does,
For noth-ing real - ly mat-ters if the Lord loves me, And he does, O yes! he
does, No! noth-ing real - ly mat- ters if the Lord loves me, And he does, he does.
Yes, he does. Yes!

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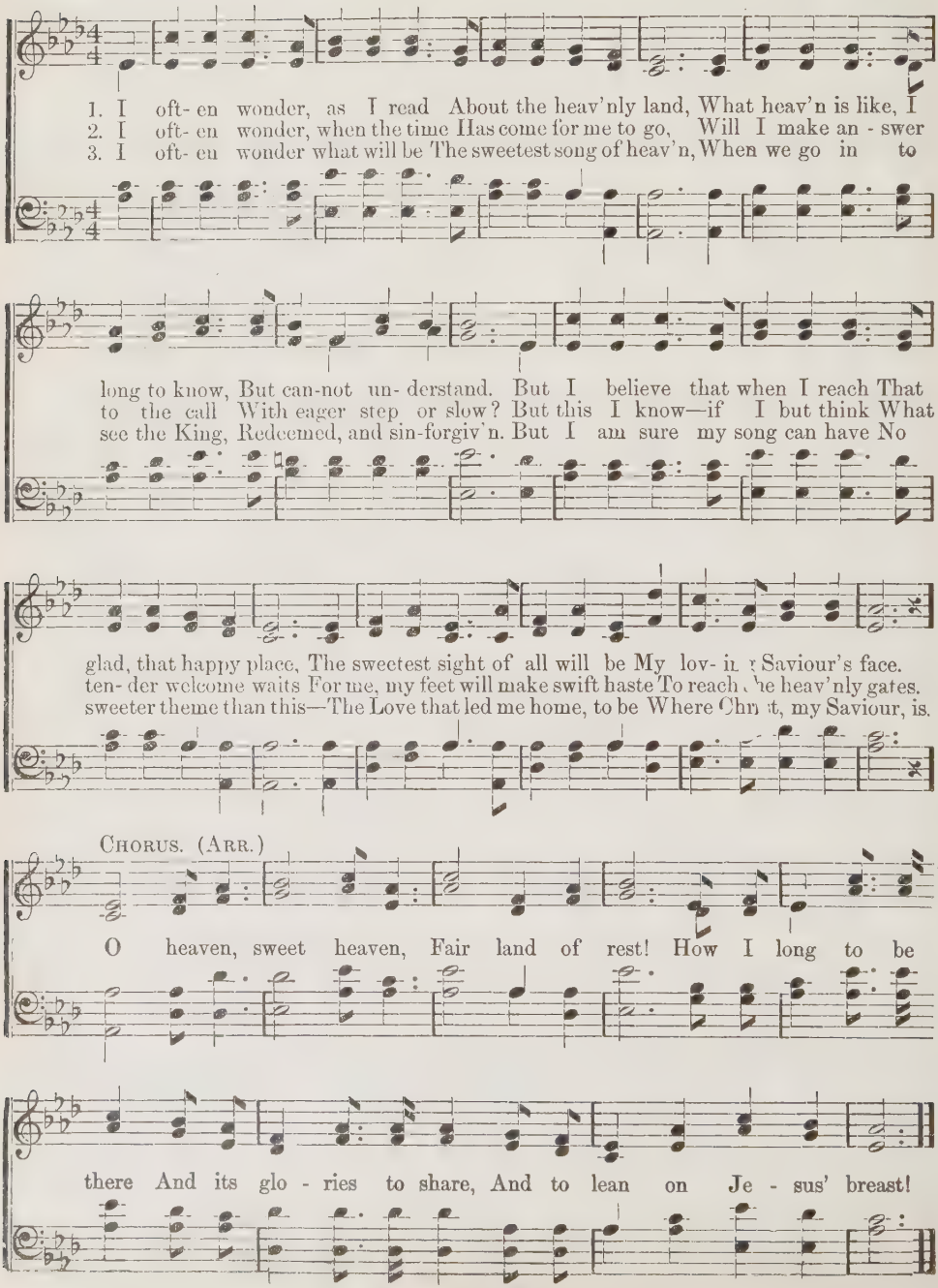
No. 90.

A Sinner, Saved by Grace.

EBEN E. REXFORD. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I oft- en wonder, as I read About the heav'nly land, What heav'n is like, I
2. I oft- en wonder, when the time Has come for me to go, Will I make an - swer
3. I oft- en wonder what will be The sweetest song of heav'n, When we go in to
long to know, But can-not un- derstand. But I believe that when I reach That
to the call With eager step or slow? But this I know—if I but think What
see the King, Redeemed, and sin-forgiv'n. But I am sure my song can have No
glad, that happy place, The sweetest sight of all will be My lov- in Saviour's face.
ten- der welcome waits For me, my feet will make swift haste To reach the heav'nly gates.
sweeter theme than this—The Love that led me home, to be Where Christ, my Saviour, is.
CHORUS. (ARR.)
O heaven, sweet heaven, Fair land of rest! How I long to be
there And its glo - ries to share, And to lean on Je - sus' breast!

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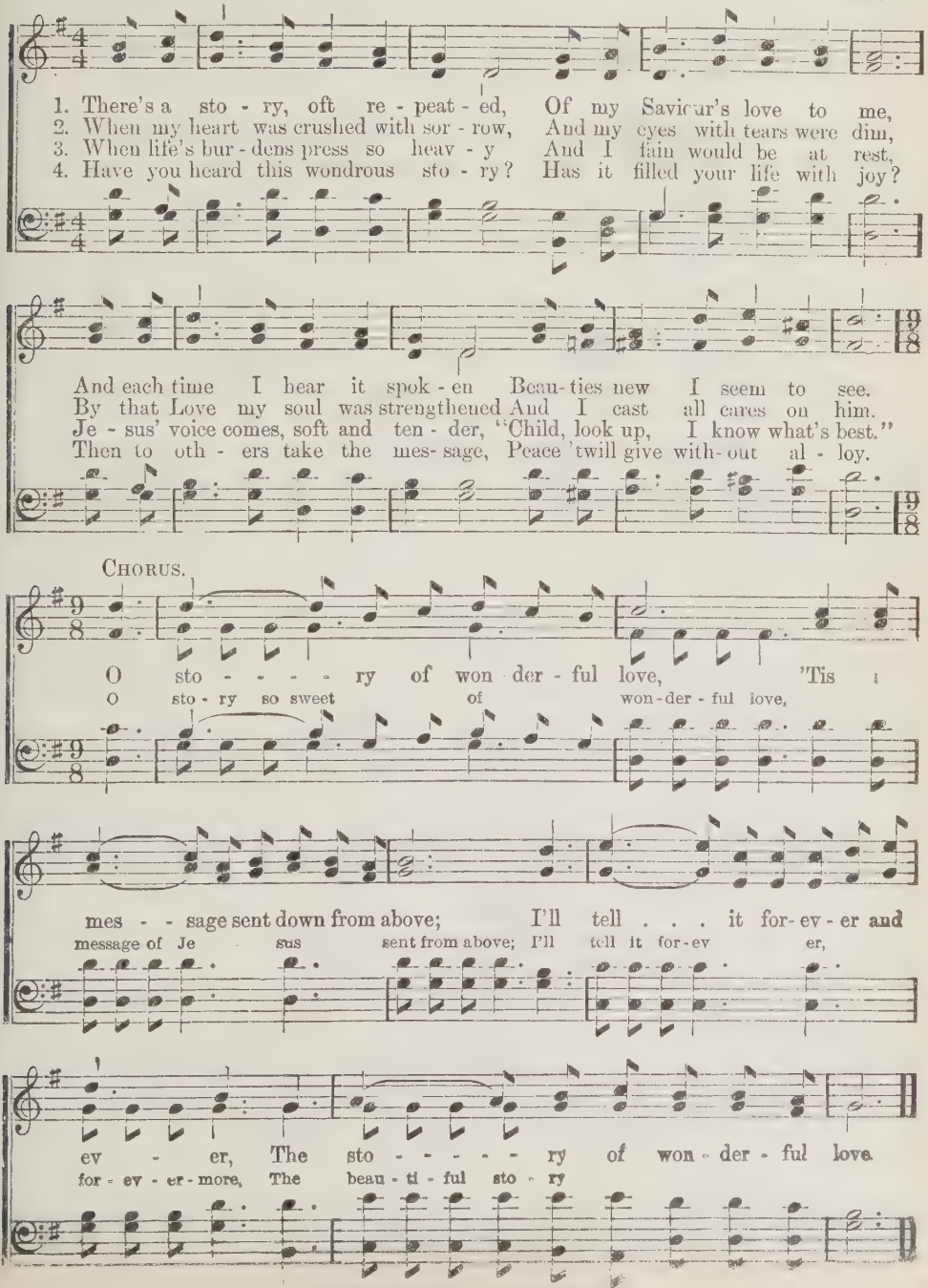
No. 91. The Story of Wonderful Love.

EMMA CHERRY LOWDEN. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. There's a sto - ry, oft re - peat - ed, Of my Savior's love to me,
2. When my heart was crushed with sor - row, And my eyes with tears were dim,
3. When life's bur - dens press so heav - y And I fain would be at rest,
4. Have you heard this wondrous sto - ry? Has it filled your life with joy?
And each time I hear it spok - en Beau - ties new I seem to see.
By that Love my soul was strengthened And I cast all cares on him.
Je - sus' voice comes, soft and ten - der, "Child, look up, I know what's best."
Then to oth - ers take the mes - sage, Peace 'twill give with - out al - loy.
CHORUS.
O sto - - - - - ry of won der - ful love, 'Tis
O sto - ry so sweet of won - der - ful love,
mes - - sage sent down from above; I'll tell . . . it for - ev - er and
message of Je sus sent from above; I'll tell it for - ev er,
ev - er, The sto - - - - - ry of won - der - ful love.
for - ev - er - more, The beau - ti - ful sto - ry

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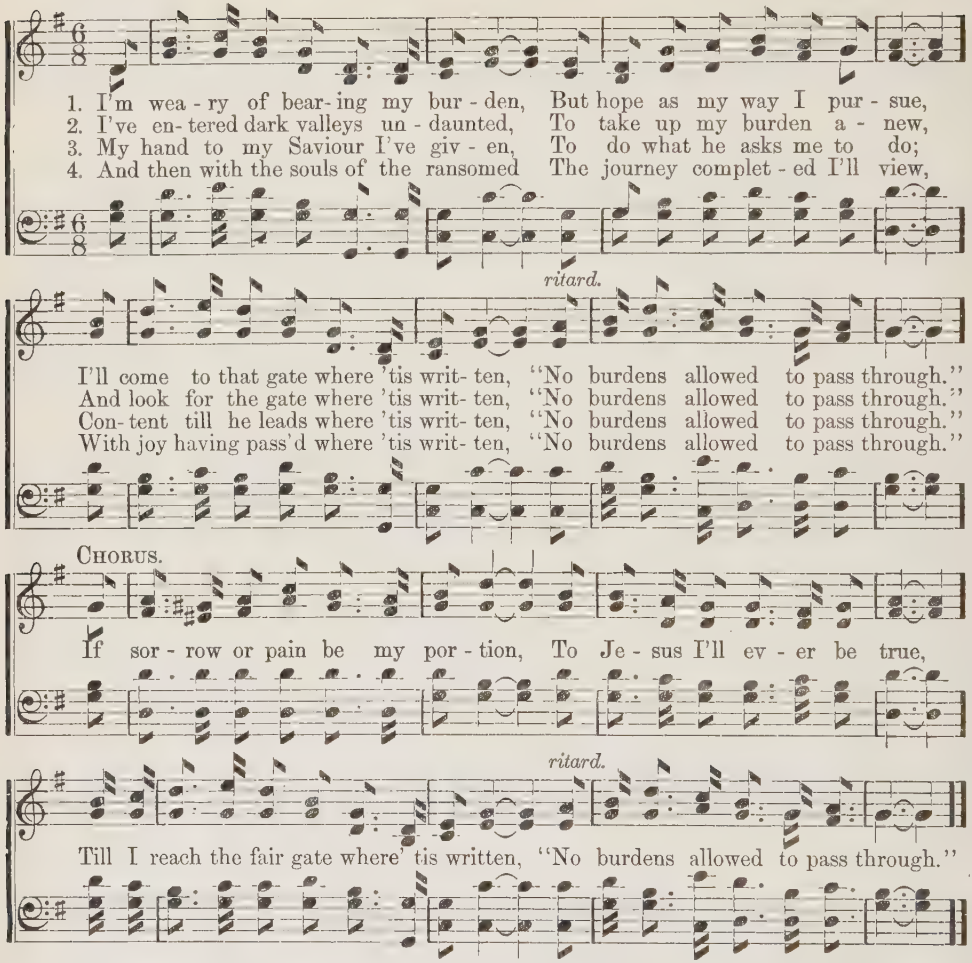
No. 92. No Burdens Allowed to Pass Through.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. I'm wea - ry of bear - ing my bur - den, But hope as my way I pur - sue,
2. I've en - tered dark valleys un - daunted, To take up my burden a - new,
3. My hand to my Saviour I've giv - en, To do what he asks me to do;
4. And then with the souls of the ransomed The journey complet - ed I'll view,
ritard.
I'll come to that gate where 'tis writ - ten, "No burdens allowed to pass through."
And look for the gate where 'tis writ - ten, "No burdens allowed to pass through."
Con - tent till he leads where 'tis writ - ten, "No burdens allowed to pass through."
With joy having pass'd where 'tis writ - ten, "No burdens allowed to pass through."
Chorus.
If sor - row or pain be my por - tion, To Je - sus I'll ev - er be true,
ritard.
Till I reach the fair gate where 'tis written, "No burdens allowed to pass through."

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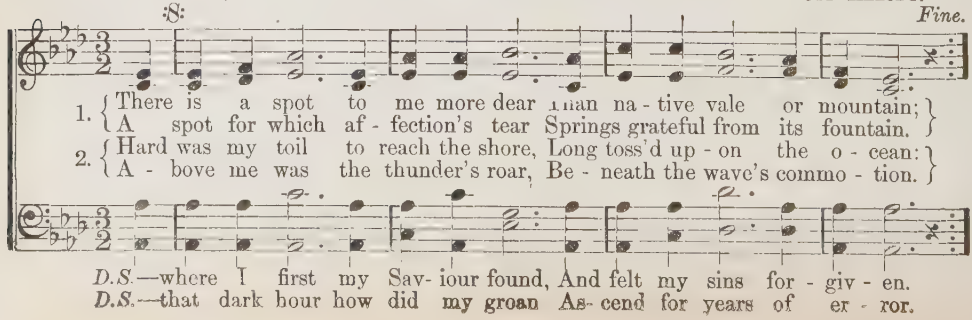
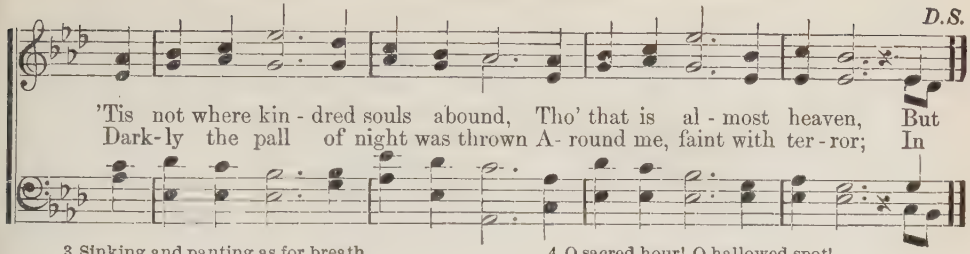
No. 93. The Hallowed Spot.

Rev. Wm. Hunter, D. D. Old Melody.


:S:
Fine.
1. There is a spot to me more dear than na - tive vale or mountain;
A spot for which af - fection's tear Springs grateful from its fountain.
2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd up - on the o - cean;
A - bove me was the thunder's roar, Be - neath the wave's commo - tion.
D.S.—where I first my Sav - iour found, And felt my sins for - giv - en.
D.S.—that dark hour how did my groan As - cend for years of er - ror.

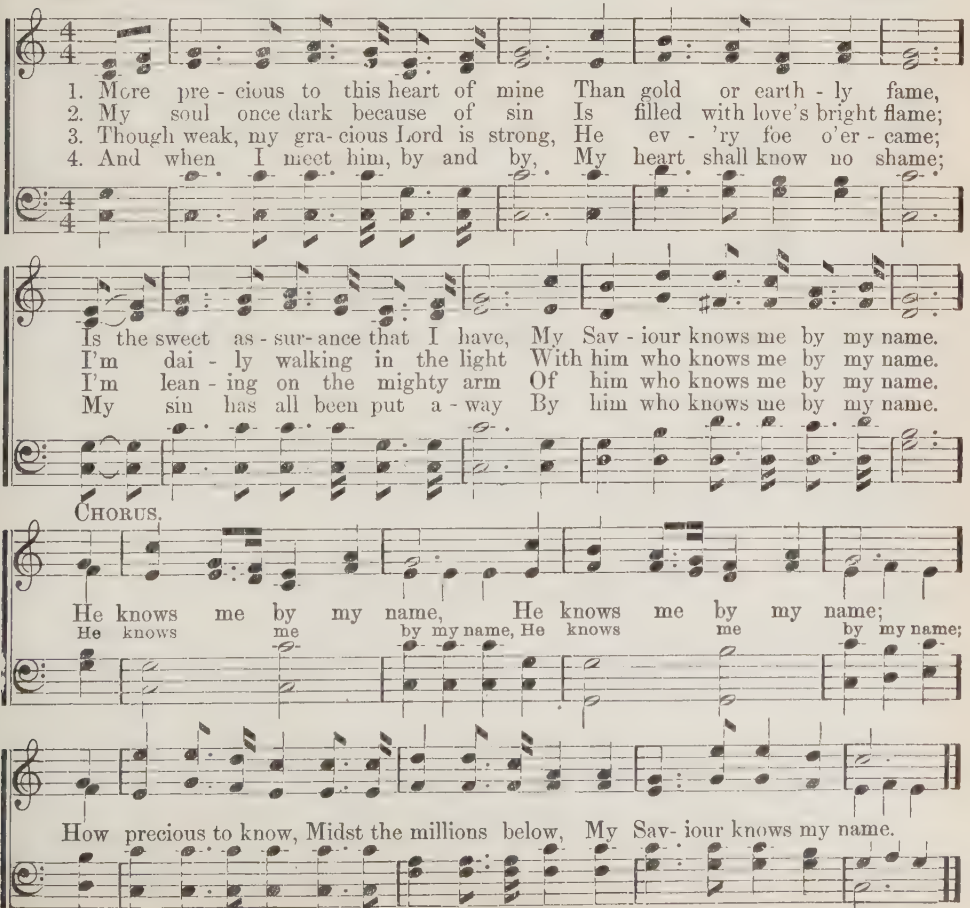
The Hallowed Spot.—Concluded.


D.S.
'Tis not where kin - dred souls abound, Tho' that is al - most heaven, But
Dark-ly the pall of night was thrown A- round me, faint with ter - ror; In

3 Sinking and panting as for breath
I knew not help was near me;
I cried, "O save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me;"
Then quick as though I felt him mine,
My Saviour stood before me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted, "Glory, glory."

4 O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot
My heart shall linger round thee.
And when from earth I rise, to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

No. 94. My Saviour Knows My Name.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. More pre - cious to this heart of mine Than gold or earth - ly fame,
2. My soul once dark because of sin Is filled with love's bright flame;
3. Though weak, my gra- cious Lord is strong, He ev - 'ry foe o'er - came;
4. And when I meet him, by and by, My heart shall know no shame;
Is the sweet as - sur- ance that I have, My Sav - iour knows me by my name.
I'm dai - ly walking in the light With him who knows me by my name.
I'm lean - ing on the mighty arm Of him who knows me by my name.
My sin has all been put a - way By him who knows me by my name.
CHORUS.
He knows me by my name, He knows me by my name;
He knows me by my name, He knows me by my name;
How precious to know, Midst the millions below, My Sav- iour knows my name.

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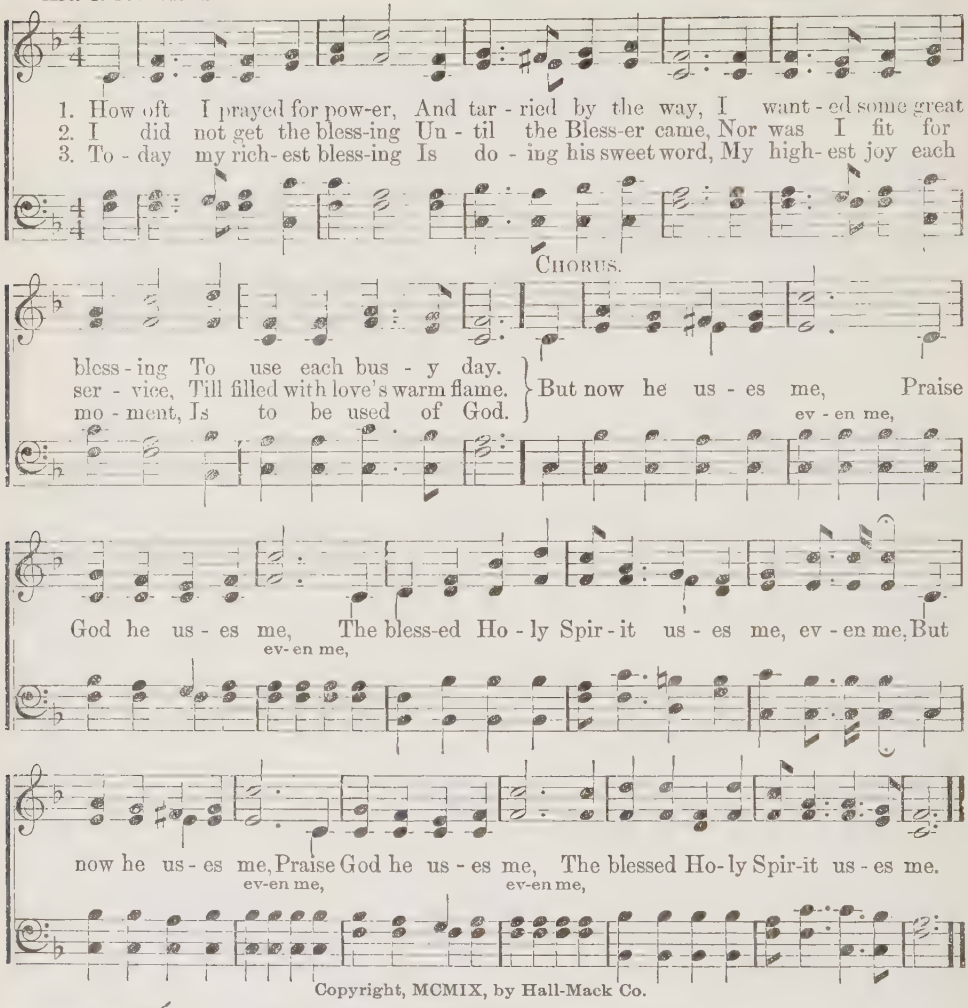
No. 95. Now He Uses Me.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. How oft I prayed for pow-er, And tar - ried by the way, I want - ed some great
2. I did not get the bless-ing Un - til the Bless-er came, Nor was I fit for
3. To - day my rich-est bless-ing Is do - ing his sweet word, My high-est joy each
CHORUS.
bless - ing To use each bus - y day.
ser - vice, Till filled with love's warm flame.
mo - ment, Is to be used of God.
But now he us - es me, Praise
ev - en me,
God he us - es me, The bless-ed Ho - ly Spir - it us - es me, ev - en me, But
ev-en me,
now he us - es me, Praise God he us - es me, The blessed Ho-ly Spir-it us - es me.
ev-en me,
ev-en me,

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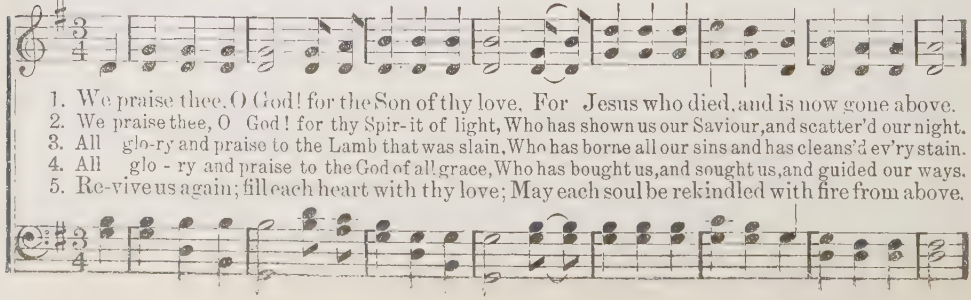
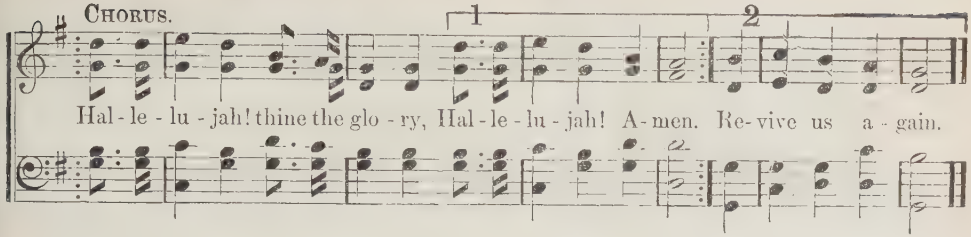
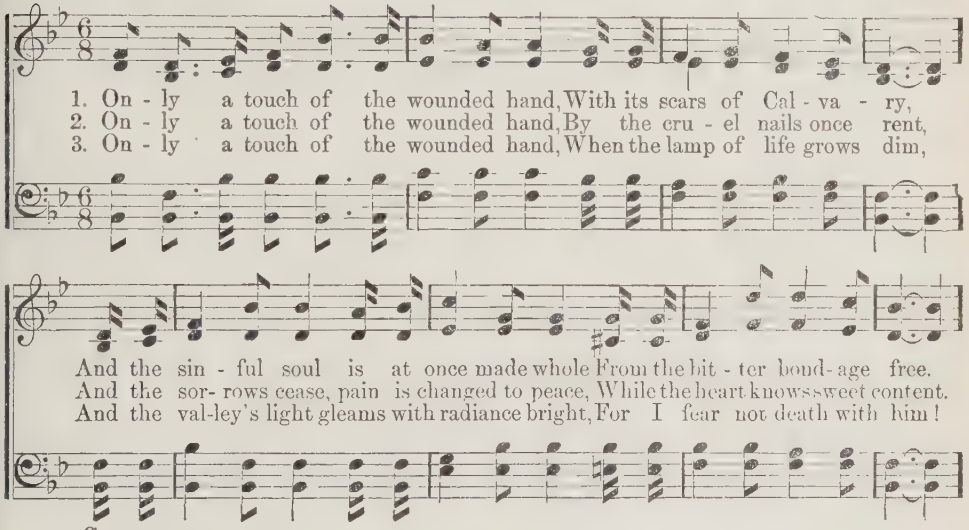
No. 96. We Praise Thee, O God.

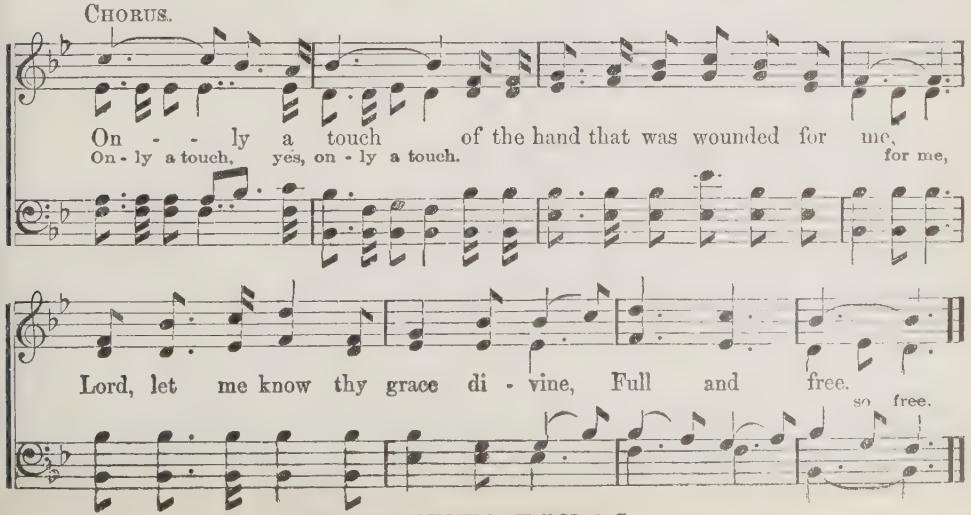
WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.


1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our Saviour, and scatter'd our night.
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins and has cleans'd ev'ry stain.
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
5. Re-vive us again; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

We Praise Thee, O God.—Concluded.

No. 97. Only a Touch of the Wounded Hand.

Elsie Duncan Yale. C. Austin Miles.


1. On - ly a touch of the wounded hand, With its scars of Cal - va - ry,
2. On - ly a touch of the wounded hand, By the cru - el nails once rent,
3. On - ly a touch of the wounded hand, When the lamp of life grows dim,
And the sin - ful soul is at once made whole From the bit - ter bond - age free.
And the sor- rows cease, pain is changed to peace, While the heart knows sweet content.
And the val-ley's light gleams with radiance bright, For I fear not death with him!


Chorus.
On - - ly a touch of the hand that was wounded for me,
On - ly a touch, yes, on - ly a touch. for me,
Lord, let me know thy grace di - vine, Full and free.
so free.

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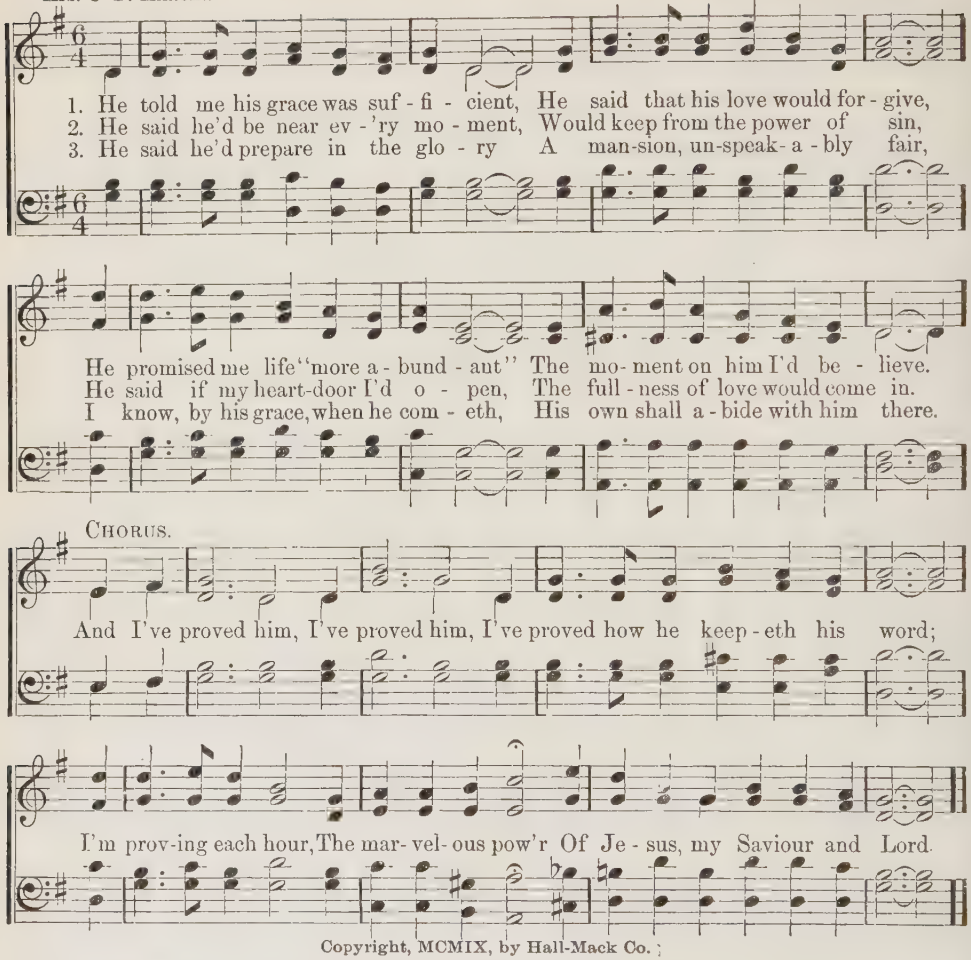
No. 98. I've Proved Him.

Mrs. C D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. He told me his grace was suf - fi - cient, He said that his love would for - give,
2. He said he'd be near ev - 'ry mo - ment, Would keep from the power of sin,
3. He said he'd prepare in the glo - ry A man-sion, un-speak- a - bly fair,
He promised me life "more a - bund - ant" The mo- ment on him I'd be - lieve.
He said if my heart-door I'd o - pen, The full - ness of love would come in.
I know, by his grace, when he com - eth, His own shall a - bide with him there.
Chorus.
And I've proved him, I've proved him, I've proved how he keep - eth his word;
I'm prov-ing each hour, The mar- vel- ous pow'r Of Je - sus, my Saviour and Lord.

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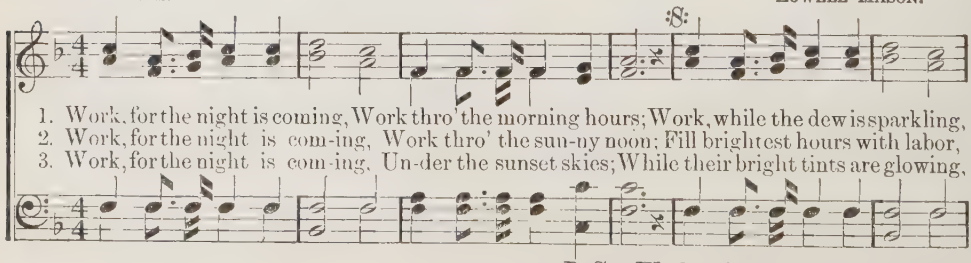
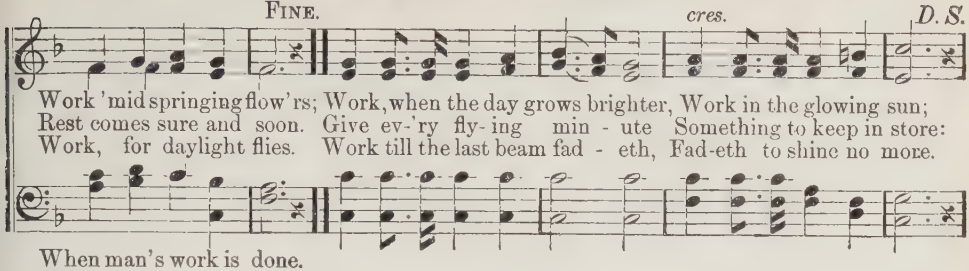
No. 99. Work, for the Night is Coming.

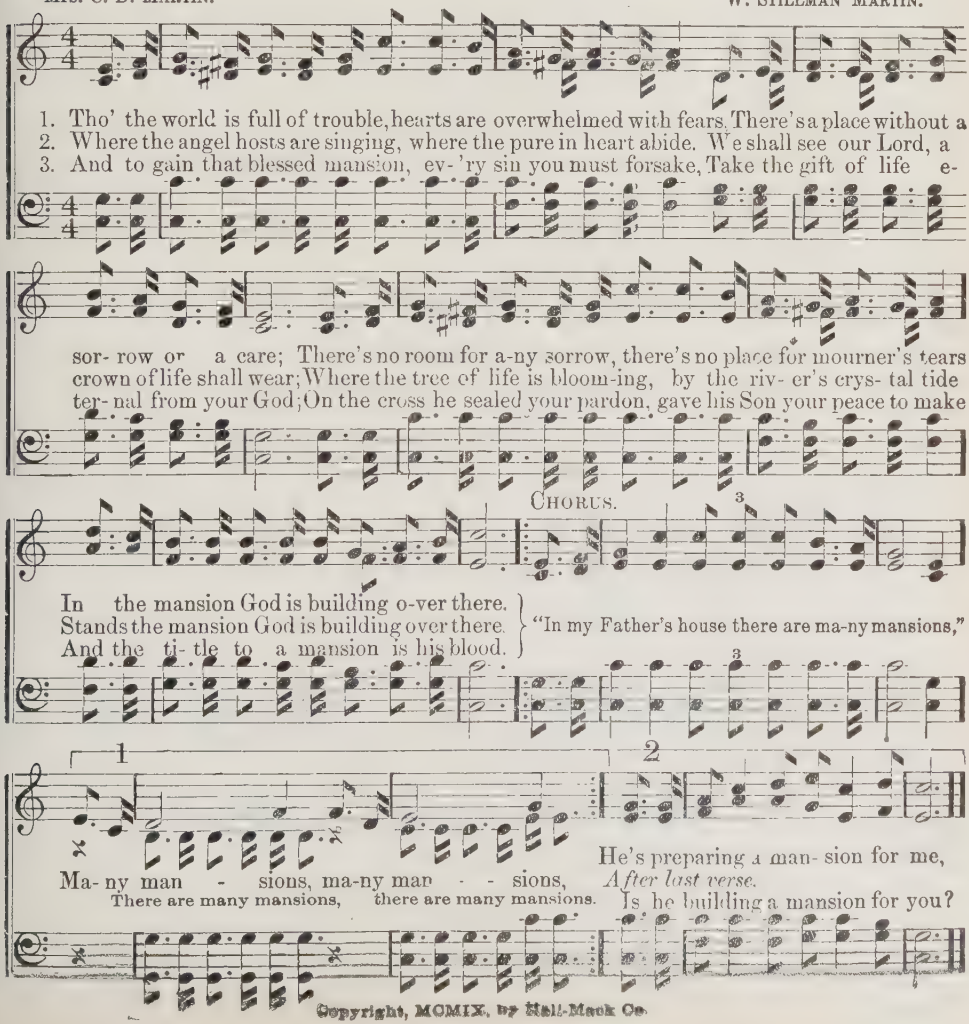
Sidney Dyer. Lowell Mason.


1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work, while the dew is sparkling,
2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with labor,
3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sunset skies; While their bright tints are glowing,
D. S.—Work, for the night is com-ing,
D. S.—Work, for the night is com-ing,
D. S.—Work while the night is dark'ning,

Work for the Night is Coming.—Concluded.


FINE.
cres.
D. S.
Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun;
Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev-'ry fly-ing min-ute Something to keep in store:
Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fad-eth to shine no more.
When man's work is done.
When man works no more.
When man's work is o'er.

No. 100. Many Mansions.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Tho' the world is full of trouble, hearts are overwhelmed with fears. There's a place without a
2. Where the angel hosts are singing, where the pure in heart abide. We shall see our Lord, a
3. And to gain that blessed mansion, ev-'ry sin you must forsake, Take the gift of life e-
sor-row or a care; There's no room for a-ny sorrow, there's no place for mourner's tears
crown of life shall wear; Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, by the riv-er's crys-tal tide
ter-nal from your God; On the cross he sealed your pardon, gave his Son your peace to make
CHORUS.
In the mansion God is building o-ver there.
Stands the mansion God is building over there.
And the ti-tle to a mansion is his blood.
"In my Father's house there are ma-ny mansions,"
1
2
Ma-ny man-sions, ma-ny man-sions,
There are many mansions, there are many mansions.
He's preparing a man-sion for me,
After last verse.
Is he building a mansion for you?

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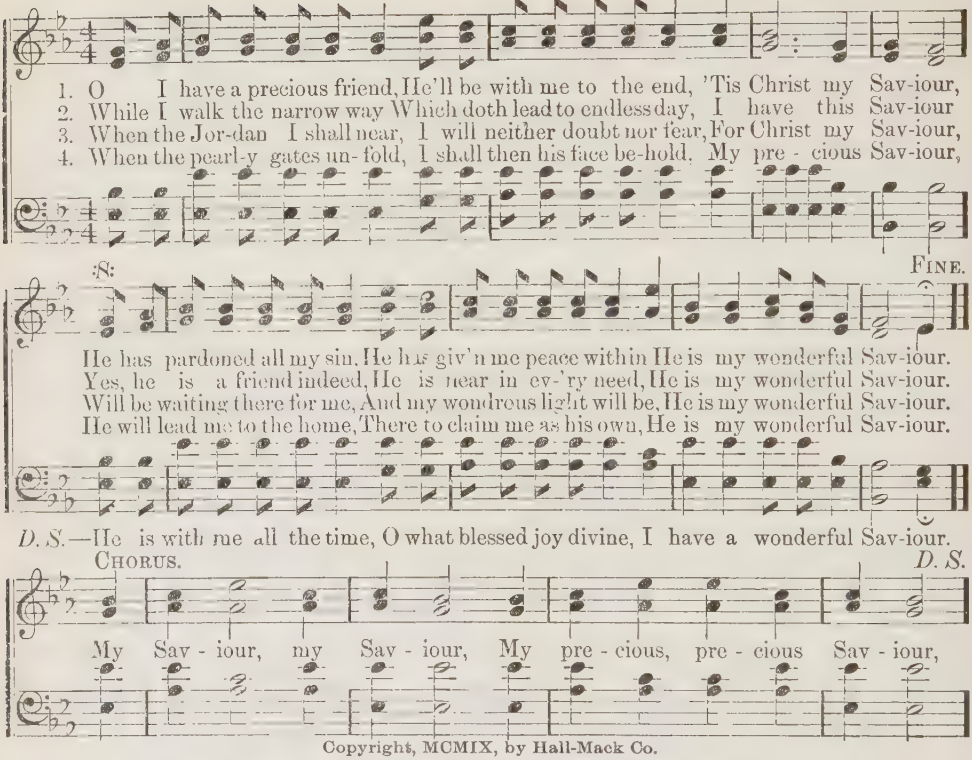
No. 101. My Wonderful Saviour.

H. J. L. HERBERT J. LACEY.


1. O I have a precious friend, He'll be with me to the end, 'Tis Christ my Sav-iour,
2. While I walk the narrow way Which doth lead to endless day, I have this Sav-iour
3. When the Jor-dan I shall near, I will neither doubt nor fear, For Christ my Sav-iour,
4. When the pearl-y gates un-fold, I shall then his face be-hold. My pre - cious Sav-iour,
:S:
FINE.
He has pardoned all my sin, He has giv'n me peace within He is my wonderful Sav-iour.
Yes, he is a friend indeed, He is near in ev-'ry need, He is my wonderful Sav-iour.
Will be waiting there for me, And my wondrous light will be, He is my wonderful Sav-iour.
He will lead me to the home, There to claim me as his own, He is my wonderful Sav-iour.
D. S.—He is with me all the time, O what blessed joy divine, I have a wonderful Sav-iour.
CHORUS.
D. S.
My Sav - iour, my Sav - iour, My pre - cious, pre - cious Sav - iour,

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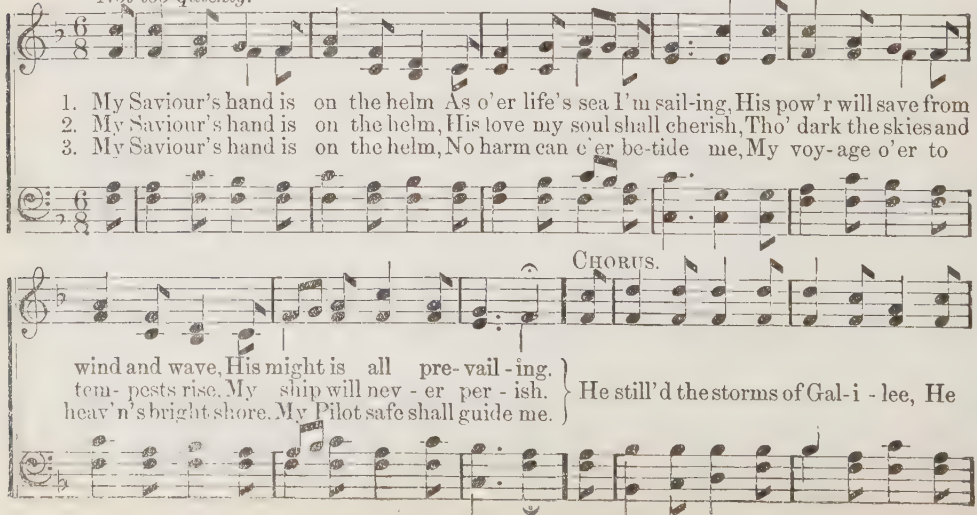
No. 102. My Saviour's Hand is On the Helm.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. AUSTIN MILES.

Not too quickly.


1. My Saviour's hand is on the helm As o'er life's sea I'm sail-ing, His pow'r will save from
2. My Saviour's hand is on the helm, His love my soul shall cherish, Tho' dark the skies and
3. My Saviour's hand is on the helm, No harm can e'er be-tide me, My voy-age o'er to
CHORUS.
wind and wave, His might is all pre-vail-ing.
tem-pests rise, My ship will nev-er per-ish.
heav'n's bright shore. My Pilot safe shall guide me.
} He still'd the storms of Gal-i-lee, He

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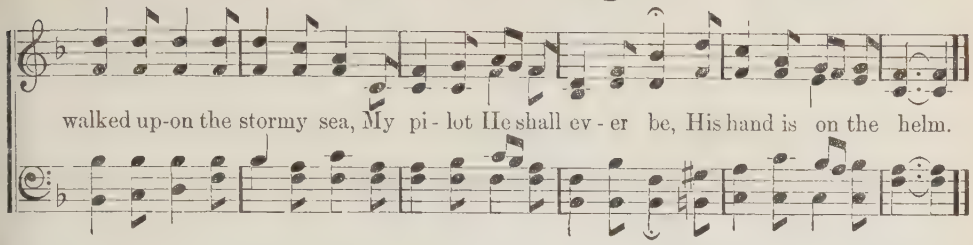
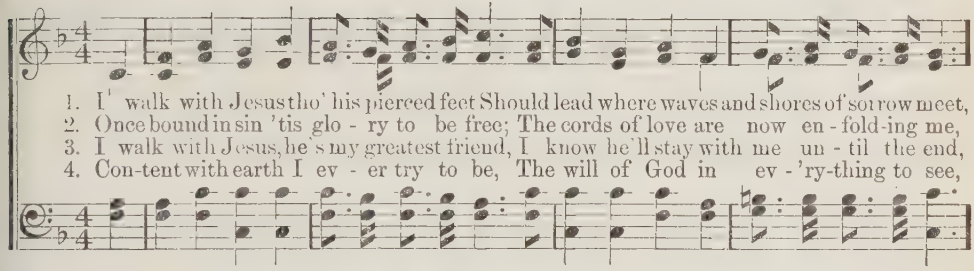
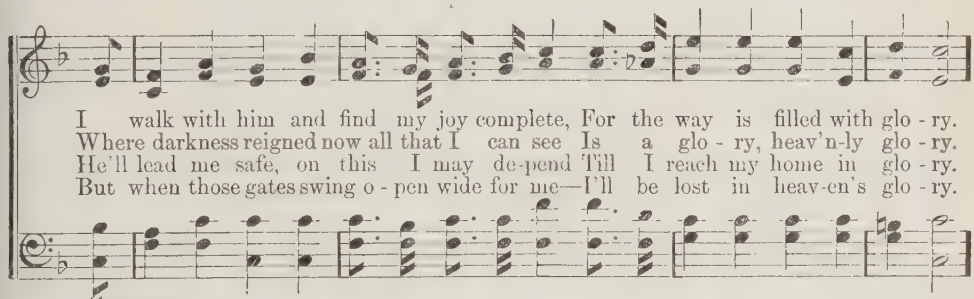
My Saviour's Hand is On the Helm.—Concluded.



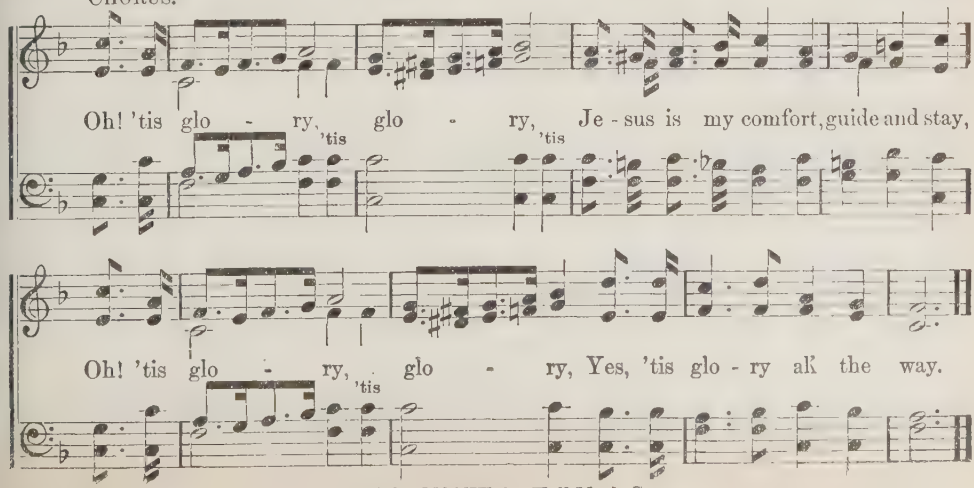
No. 103. Oh! 'Tis Glory.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. I walk with Jesus tho' his pierced feet Should lead where waves and shores of sorrow meet,
2. Once bound in sin 'tis glo - ry to be free; The cords of love are now en - fold-ing me,
3. I walk with Jesus, he's my greatest friend, I know he'll stay with me un - til the end,
4. Con-tent with earth I ev - er try to be, The will of God in ev - 'ry-thing to see,


I walk with him and find my joy complete, For the way is filled with glo - ry.
Where darkness reigned now all that I can see Is a glo - ry, heav'n-ly glo - ry.
He'll lead me safe, on this I may de-pend Till I reach my home in glo - ry.
But when those gates swing o - pen wide for me—I'll be lost in heav-en's glo - ry.

Chorus.



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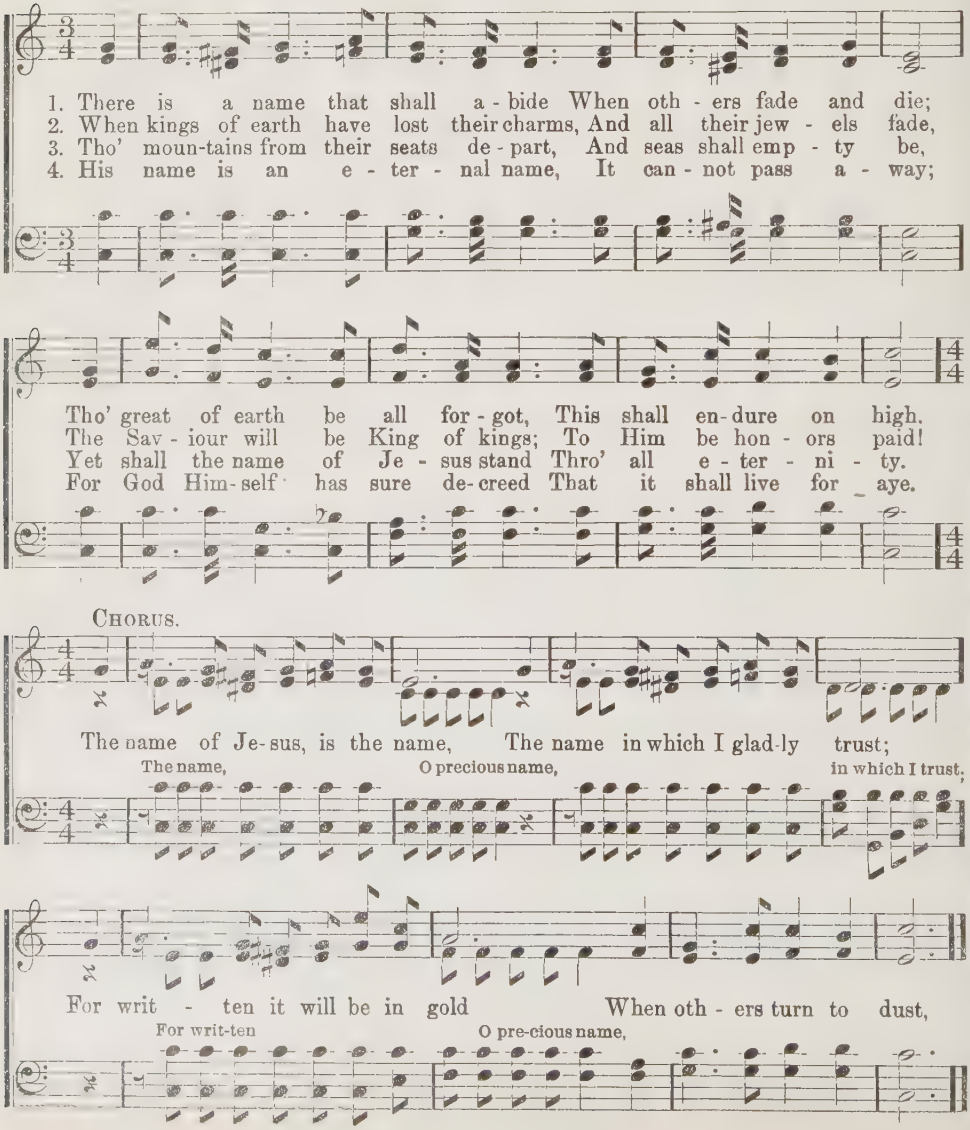
New Songs of the Gospel, No. 2.

No. 104. The Abiding Name.

T. M. EASTWOOD. HERBERT J. LACEY.


1. There is a name that shall a - bide When oth - ers fade and die;
2. When kings of earth have lost their charms, And all their jew - els fade,
3. Tho' moun-tains from their seats de - part, And seas shall emp - ty be,
4. His name is an e - ter - nal name, It can - not pass a - way;
Tho' great of earth be all for - got, This shall en-dure on high.
The Sav - iour will be King of kings; To Him be hon - ors paid!
Yet shall the name of Je - sus stand Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
For God Him-self has sure de-creed That it shall live for aye.
CHORUS.
The name of Je-sus, is the name, The name in which I glad-ly trust;
The name,
O precious name,
in which I trust,
For writ - ten it will be in gold When oth - ers turn to dust,
For writ-ten
O pre-cious name,

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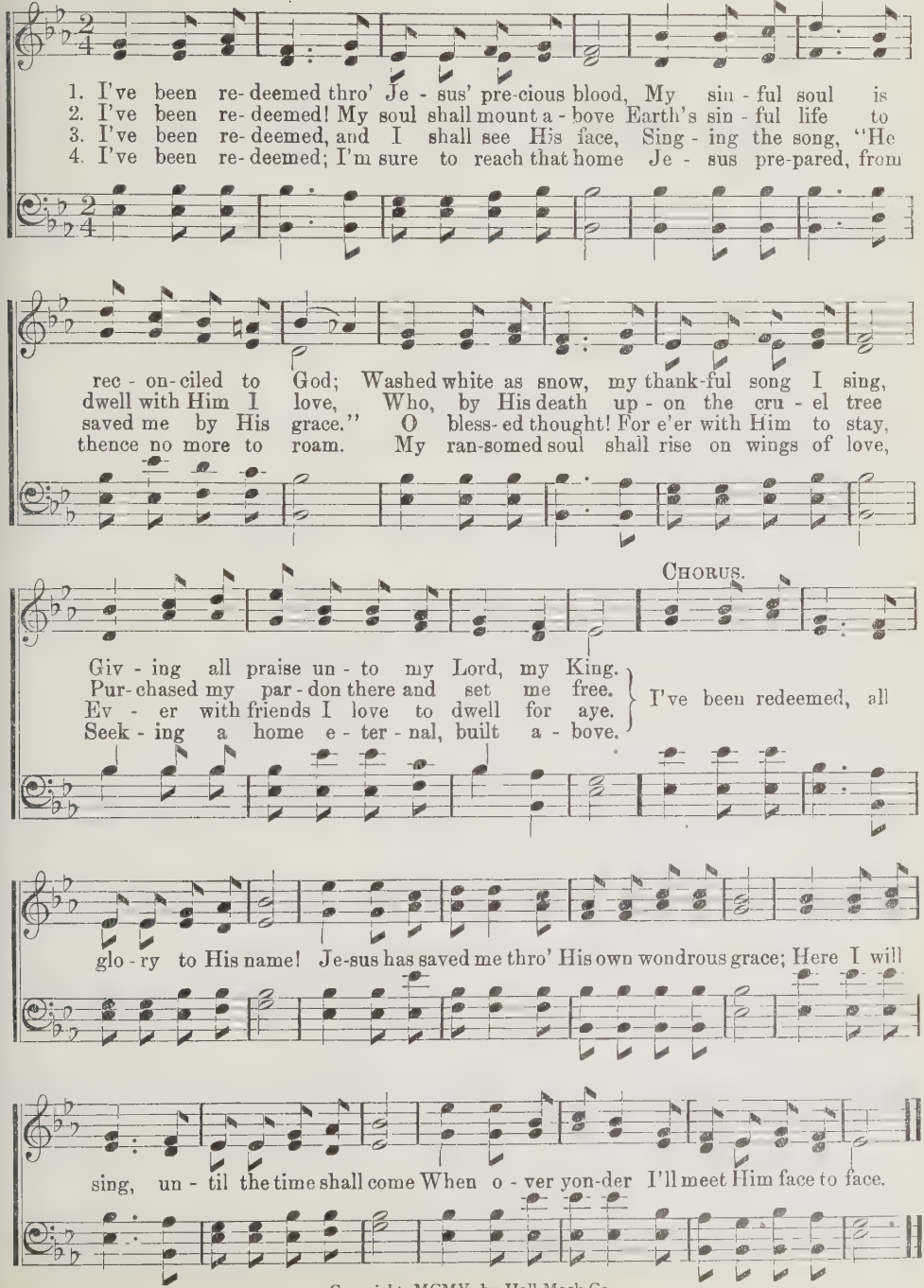
No. 105. I've Been Redeemed.

A. A. Payn. Arthur Wilton.

1. I've been re-deemed thro' Je - sus' pre-cious blood, My sin - ful soul is
2. I've been re-deemed! My soul shall mount a - bove Earth's sin - ful life to
3. I've been re-deemed, and I shall see His face, Sing - ing the song, "He
4. I've been re-deemed; I'm sure to reach that home Je - sus pre-pared, from
rec - on-ciled to God; Washed white as snow, my thank-ful song I sing,
dwell with Him I love, Who, by His death up - on the cru - el tree
saved me by His grace." O bless-ed thought! For e'er with Him to stay,
thence no more to roam. My ran-somed soul shall rise on wings of love,
Chorus.
Giv - ing all praise un - to my Lord, my King.
Pur-chased my par - don there and set me free.
Ev - er with friends I love to dwell for aye.
Seek - ing a home e - ter - nal, built a - bove.
I've been redeemed, all
glo - ry to His name! Je-sus has saved me thro' His own wondrous grace; Here I will
sing, un - til the time shall come When o - ver yon-der I'll meet Him face to face.

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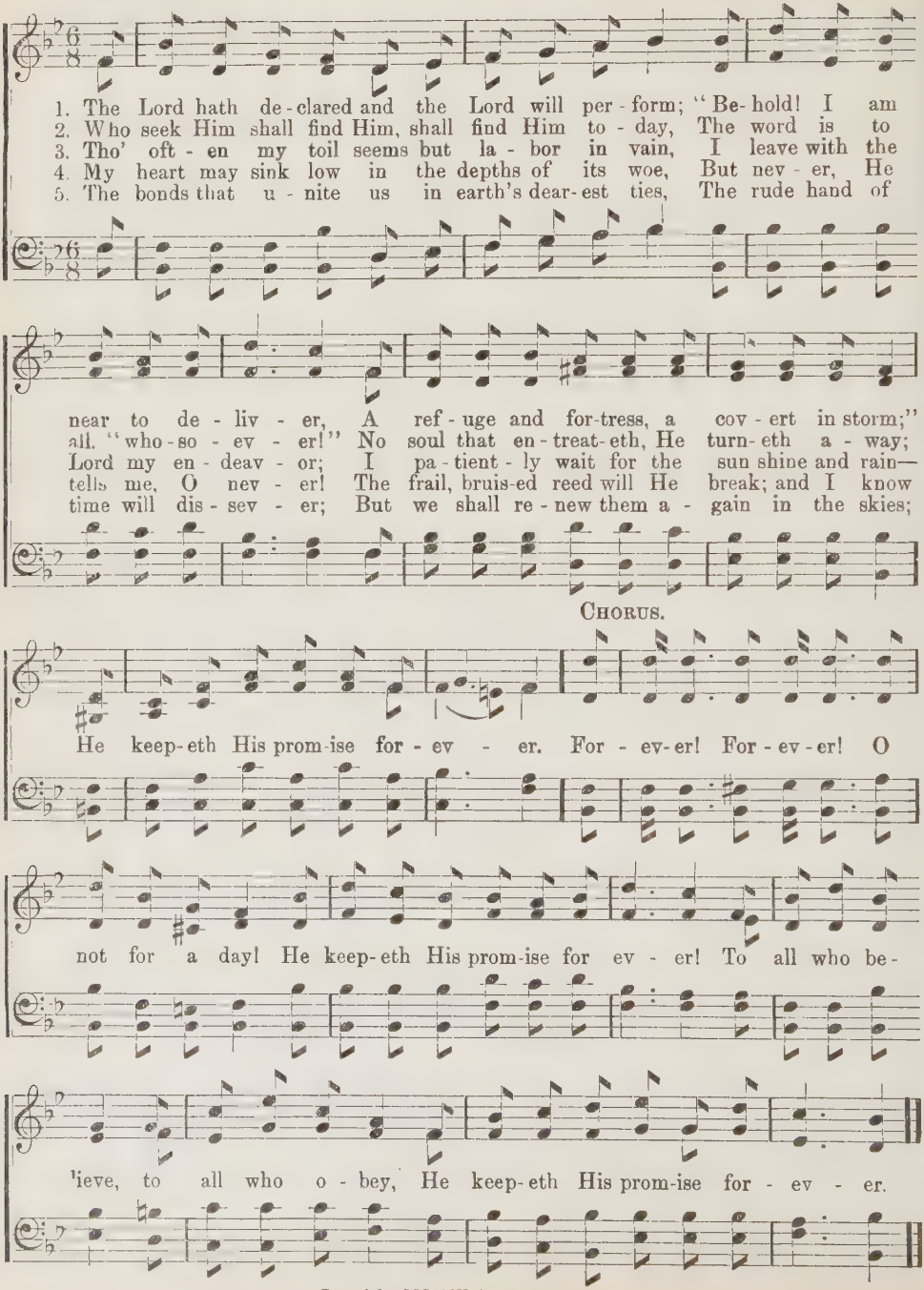
No. 106. He Keepeth His Promise.

S. C. KIRK. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. The Lord hath de-clared and the Lord will per-form; "Be-hold! I am near to de-liv-er, A ref-uge and for-tress, a cov-ert in storm;"
2. Who seek Him shall find Him, shall find Him to-day, The word is to all. "who-so-ev-er!" No soul that en-treat-eth, He turn-eth a-way;
3. Tho' oft-en my toil seems but la-bor in vain, I leave with the Lord my en-deav-or; I pa-tient-ly wait for the sun shine and rain—
4. My heart may sink low in the depths of its woe, But nev-er, He tells me, O nev-er! The frail, bruis-ed reed will He break; and I know
5. The bonds that u-nite us in earth's dear-est ties, The rude hand of time will dis-sev-er; But we shall re-new them a-gain in the skies;
CHORUS.
He keep-eth His prom-ise for-ev-er. For-ev-er! For-ev-er! O not for a day! He keep-eth His prom-ise for ev-er! To all who be-lieve, to all who o-bey, He keep-eth His prom-ise for-ev-er.

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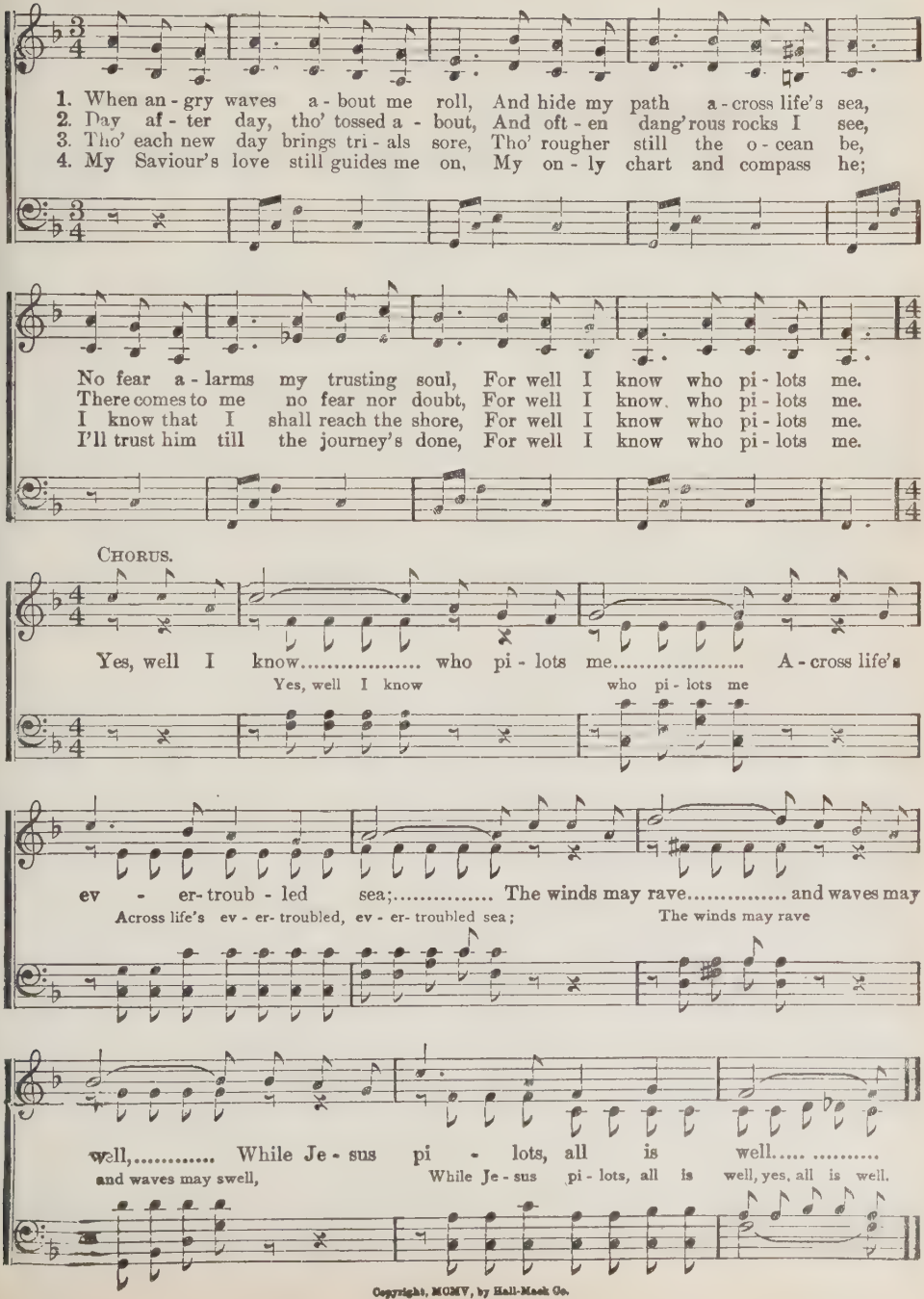
No. 107.

I Know Who Pilots Me.

JAMES ROWE. HOWARD E. SMITH.


1. When an - gry waves a - bout me roll, And hide my path a - cross life's sea,
2. Day af - ter day, tho' tossed a - bout, And oft - en dang'rous rocks I see,
3. Tho' each new day brings tri - als sore, Tho' rougher still the o - cean be,
4. My Saviour's love still guides me on, My on - ly chart and compass he;
No fear a - larms my trusting soul, For well I know who pi - lots me.
There comes to me no fear nor doubt, For well I know who pi - lots me.
I know that I shall reach the shore, For well I know who pi - lots me.
I'll trust him till the journey's done, For well I know who pi - lots me.
CHORUS.
Yes, well I know..... who pi - lots me..... A - cross life's
Yes, well I know
who pi - lots me
ev - er- troub - led sea;..... The winds may rave..... and waves may
Across life's ev - er- troubled, ev - er- troubled sea;
The winds may rave
well,..... While Je - sus pi - lots, all is well.....
and waves may swell,
While Je - sus pi - lots, all is well, yes, all is well.

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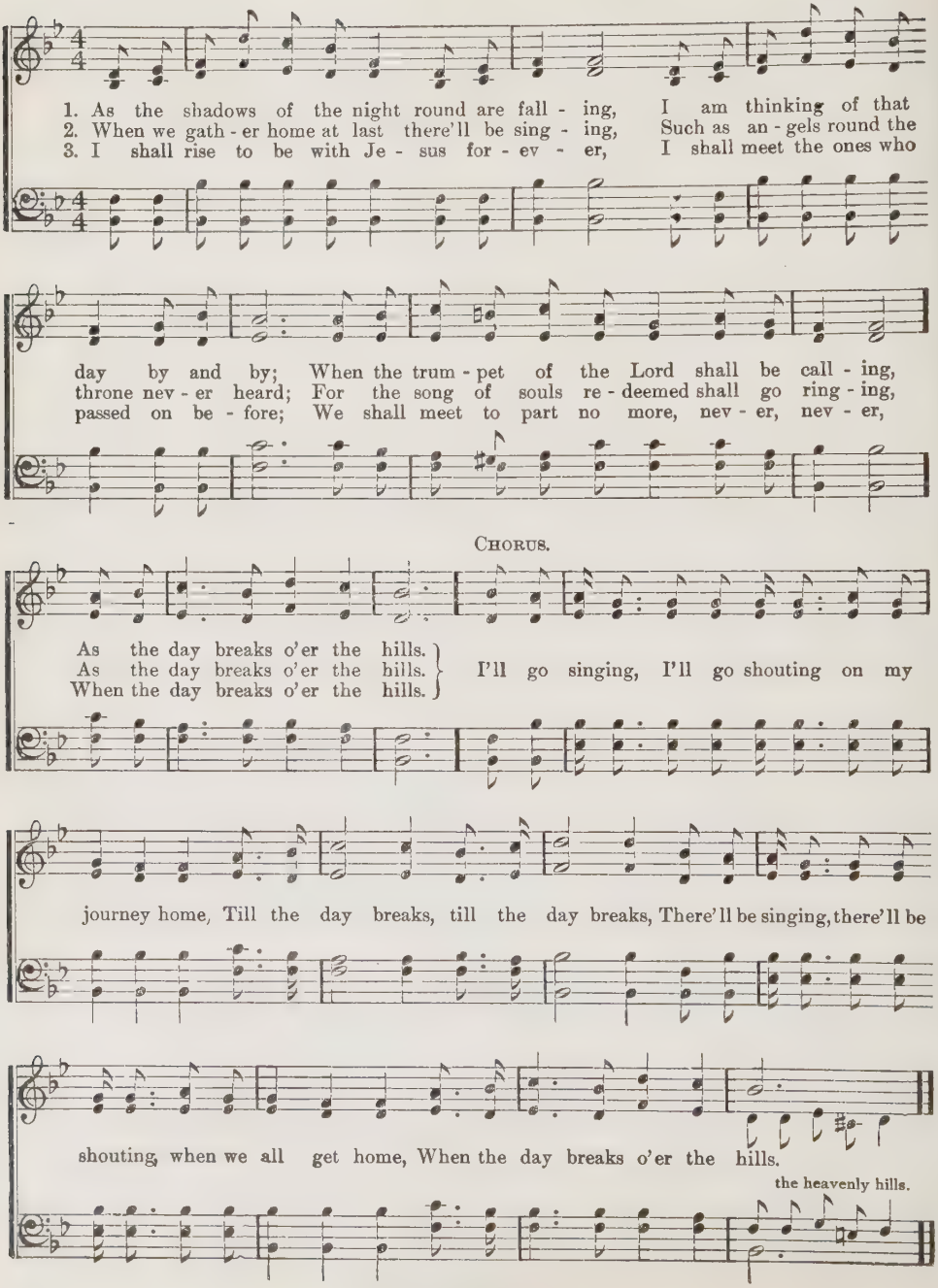
No. 108.

As the Day Breaks.

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. As the shadows of the night round are fall - ing, I am thinking of that
2. When we gath - er home at last there'll be sing - ing, Such as an - gels round the
3. I shall rise to be with Je - sus for - ev - er, I shall meet the ones who
day by and by; When the trum - pet of the Lord shall be call - ing,
throne nev - er heard; For the song of souls re - deemed shall go ring - ing,
passed on be - fore; We shall meet to part no more, nev - er, nev - er,
CHORUS.
As the day breaks o'er the hills.
As the day breaks o'er the hills.
When the day breaks o'er the hills.
I'll go singing, I'll go shouting on my
journey home, Till the day breaks, till the day breaks, There'll be singing, there'll be
shouting, when we all get home, When the day breaks o'er the hills.
the heavenly hills.

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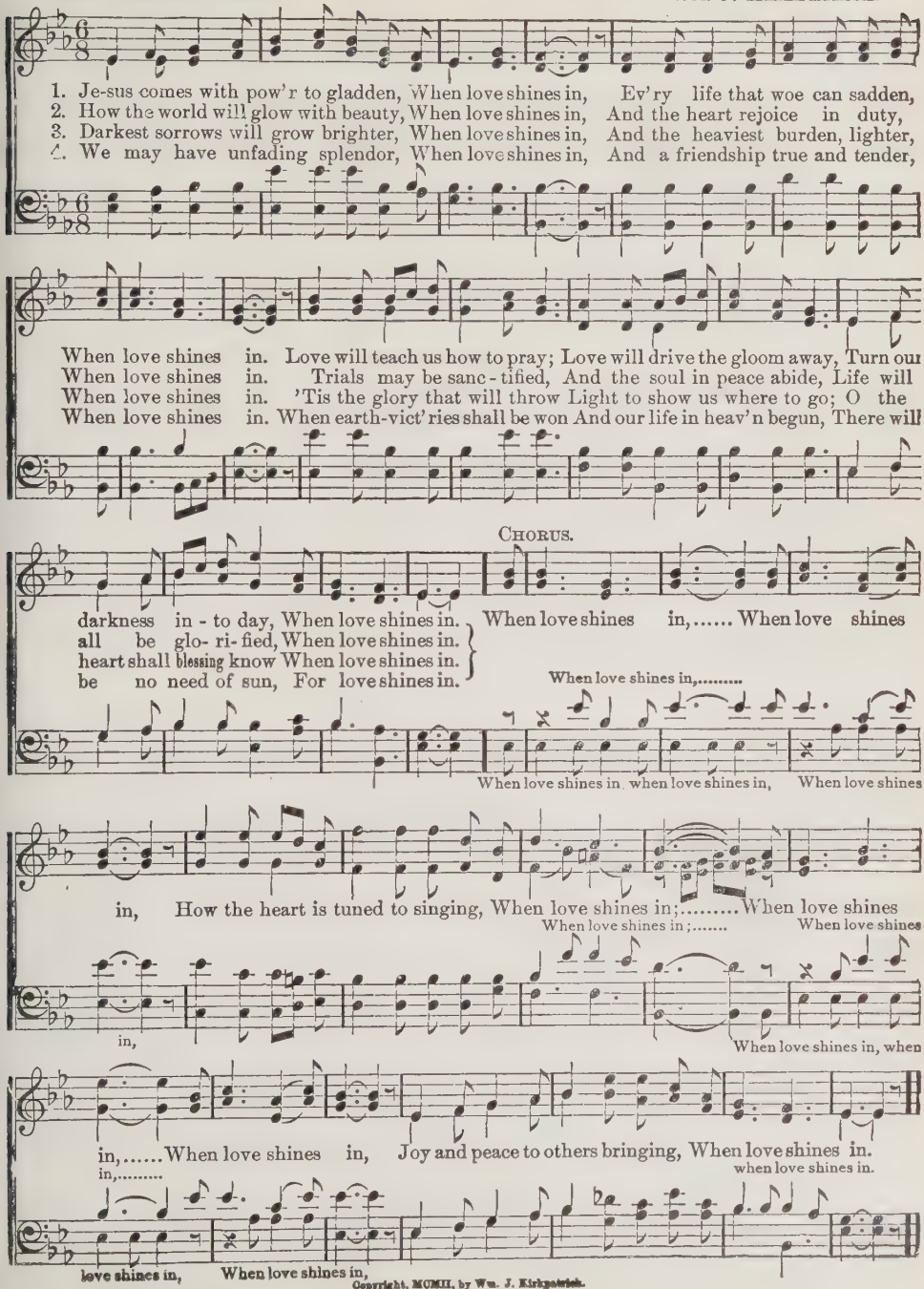
No. 109.

When Love Shines In.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev'ry life that woe can sadden,
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart rejoice in duty,
3. Darkest sorrows will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest burden, lighter,
4. We may have unfading splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship true and tender,
When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray; Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our
When love shines in. Trials may be sanc-tified, And the soul in peace abide, Life will
When love shines in. 'Tis the glory that will throw Light to show us where to go; O the
When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won And our life in heav'n begun, There will
CHORUS.
darkness in - to day, When love shines in.
all be glo- ri- fied, When love shines in.
heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
be no need of sun, For love shines in.
When love shines in,..... When love shines
When love shines in,.....
When love shines in, when love shines in, When love shines
in, How the heart is tuned to singing, When love shines in;.....When love shines
When love shines in;..... When love shines
in,
When love shines in, when
in,.....When love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
in,.....
when love shines in.
love shines in, When love shines in,

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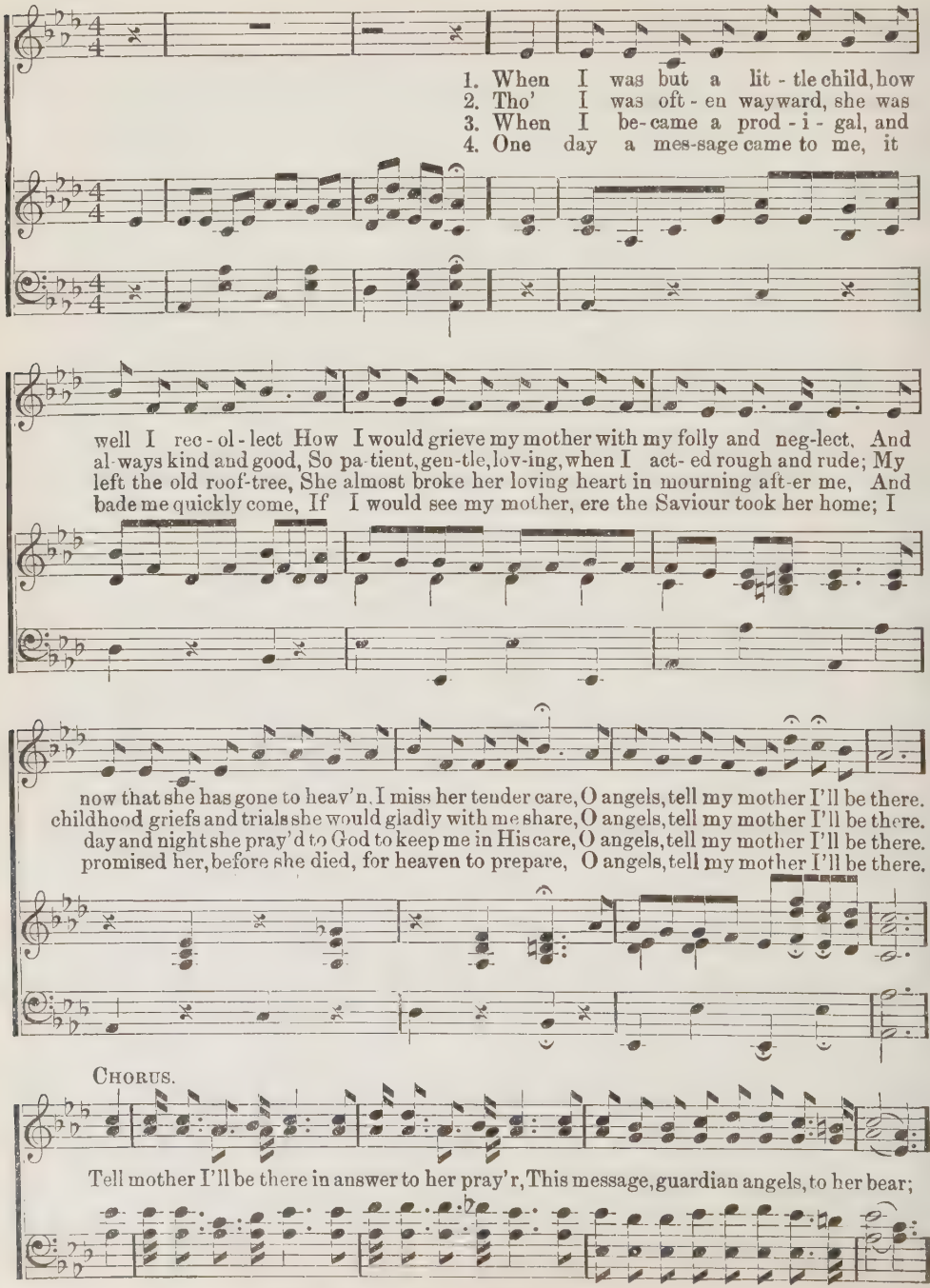
No. 110. Tell Mother I'll Be There.

C. M. F. CHARLES M. FILLMORE.


1. When I was but a lit - tle child, how
2. Tho' I was oft - en wayward, she was
3. When I be-came a prod - i - gal, and
4. One day a mes-sage came to me, it
well I rec - ol - lect How I would grieve my mother with my folly and neg-lect. And
al-ways kind and good, So pa-tient, gen-tle, lov-ing, when I act- ed rough and rude; My
left the old roof-tree, She almost broke her loving heart in mourning aft-er me, And
bade me quickly come, If I would see my mother, ere the Saviour took her home; I
now that she has gone to heav'n. I miss her tender care, O angels, tell my mother I'll be there.
childhood griefs and trials she would gladly with me share, O angels, tell my mother I'll be there.
day and night she pray'd to God to keep me in His care, O angels, tell my mother I'll be there.
promised her, before she died, for heaven to prepare, O angels, tell my mother I'll be there.
CHORUS.
Tell mother I'll be there in answer to her pray'r, This message, guardian angels, to her bear;

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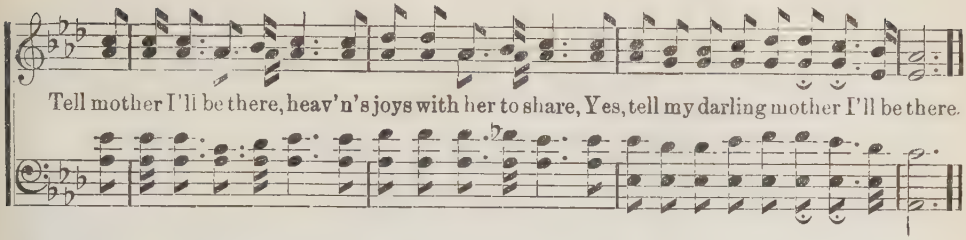
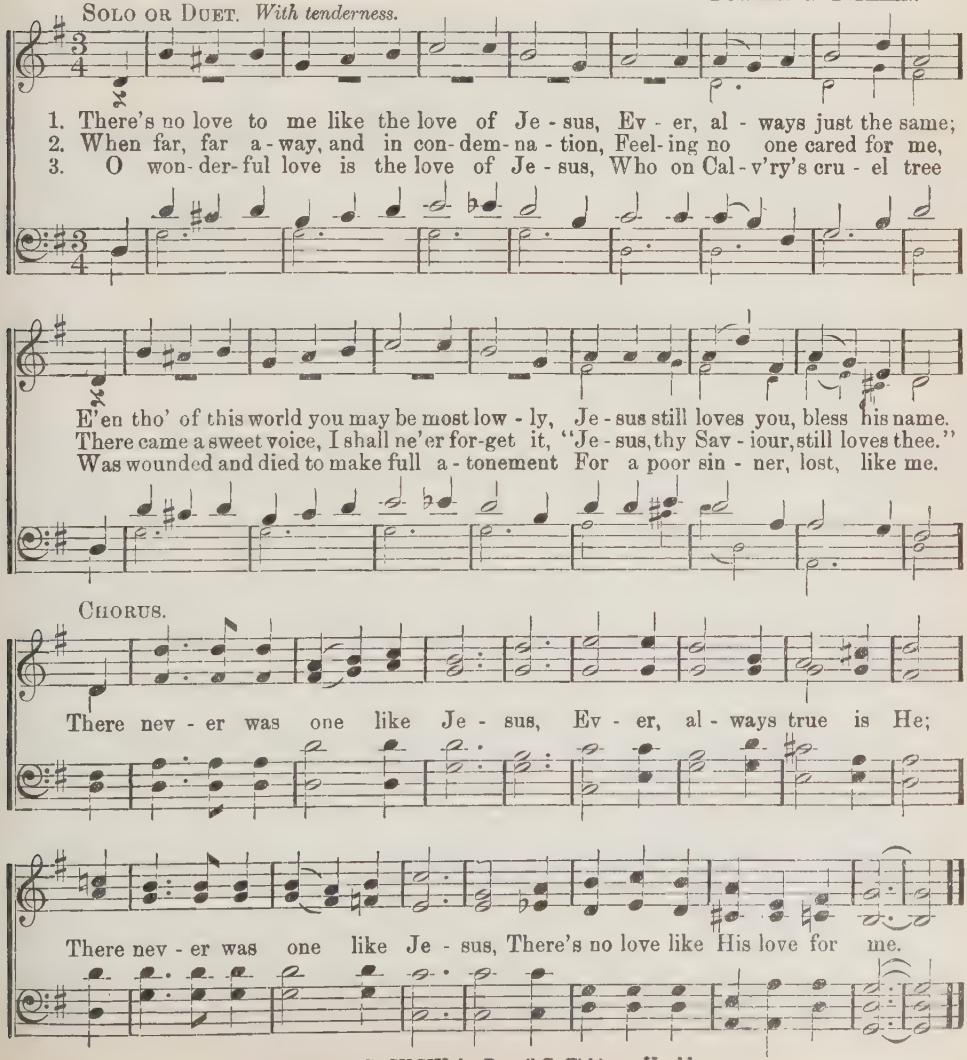
Tell Mother I'll Be There.—Concluded.



No. 111. There's No Love Like His For Me.

JOHN L. NEWKIRK. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

SOLO OR DUET. *With tenderness.*


1. There's no love to me like the love of Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways just the same;
2. When far, far a - way, and in con-dem-na - tion, Feel-ing no one cared for me,
3. O won-der-ful love is the love of Je - sus, Who on Cal-v'ry's cru - el tree
E'en tho' of this world you may be most low - ly, Je - sus still loves you, bless his name.
There came a sweet voice, I shall ne'er for-get it, "Je - sus, thy Sav - iour, still loves thee."
Was wounded and died to make full a - tonement For a poor sin - ner, lost, like me.
CHORUS.
There nev - er was one like Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways true is He;
There nev - er was one like Je - sus, There's no love like His love for me.

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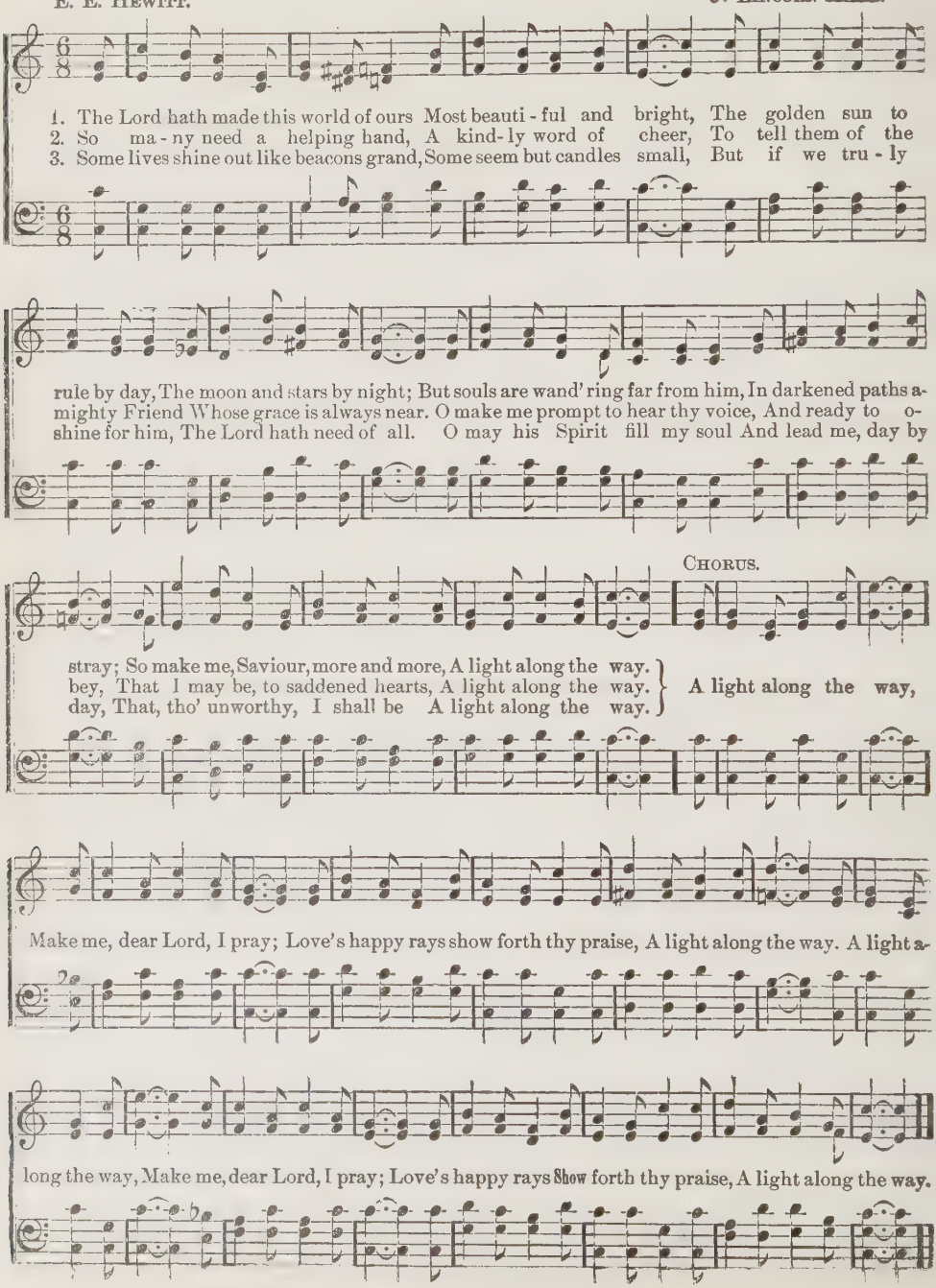
No. 12. A Light Along the Way.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. The Lord hath made this world of ours Most beauti - ful and bright, The golden sun to
2. So ma - ny need a helping hand, A kind - ly word of cheer, To tell them of the
3. Some lives shine out like beacons grand, Some seem but candles small, But if we tru - ly
rule by day, The moon and stars by night; But souls are wand' ring far from him, In darkened paths a-
mighty Friend Whose grace is always near. O make me prompt to hear thy voice, And ready to o-
shine for him, The Lord hath need of all. O may his Spirit fill my soul And lead me, day by
Chorus.
stray; So make me, Saviour, more and more, A light along the way.
bey, That I may be, to saddened hearts, A light along the way.
day, That, tho' unworthy, I shall be A light along the way.
A light along the way,
Make me, dear Lord, I pray; Love's happy rays show forth thy praise, A light along the way. A light a-
long the way, Make me, dear Lord, I pray; Love's happy rays show forth thy praise, A light along the way.

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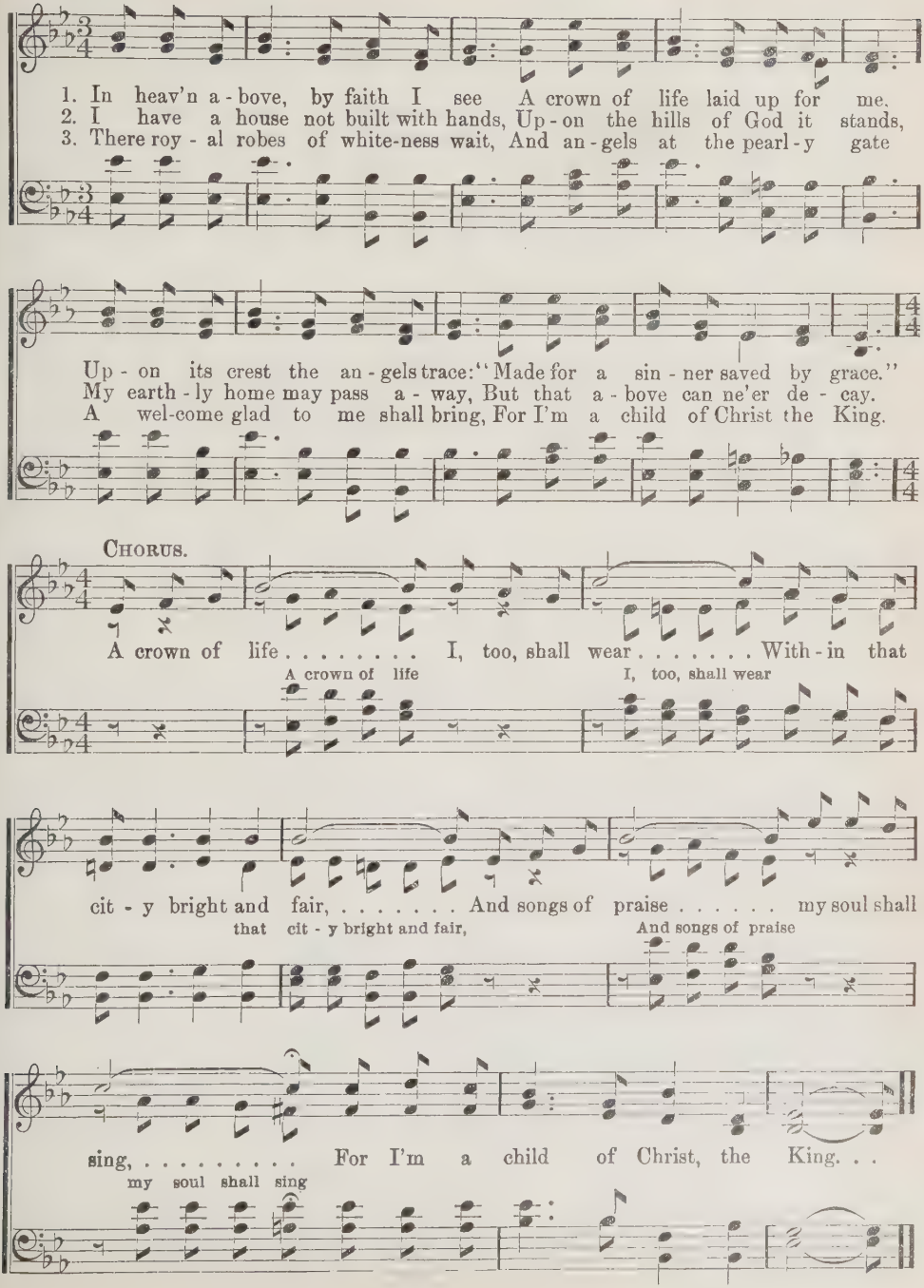
No. 113. A Crown of Life Laid Up for Me.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.


1. In heav'n a - bove, by faith I see A crown of life laid up for me.
2. I have a house not built with hands, Up - on the hills of God it stands,
3. There roy - al robes of white-ness wait, And an - gels at the pearl - y gate
Up - on its crest the an - gels trace: "Made for a sin - ner saved by grace."
My earth - ly home may pass a - way, But that a - bove can ne'er de - cay.
A wel-come glad to me shall bring, For I'm a child of Christ the King.
CHORUS.
A crown of life . . . . . I, too, shall wear . . . . . With - in that
A crown of life
I, too, shall wear
cit - y bright and fair, ... And songs of praise . . . . . my soul shall
that cit - y bright and fair,
And songs of praise
sing, ... For I'm a child of Christ, the King. . .
my soul shall sing

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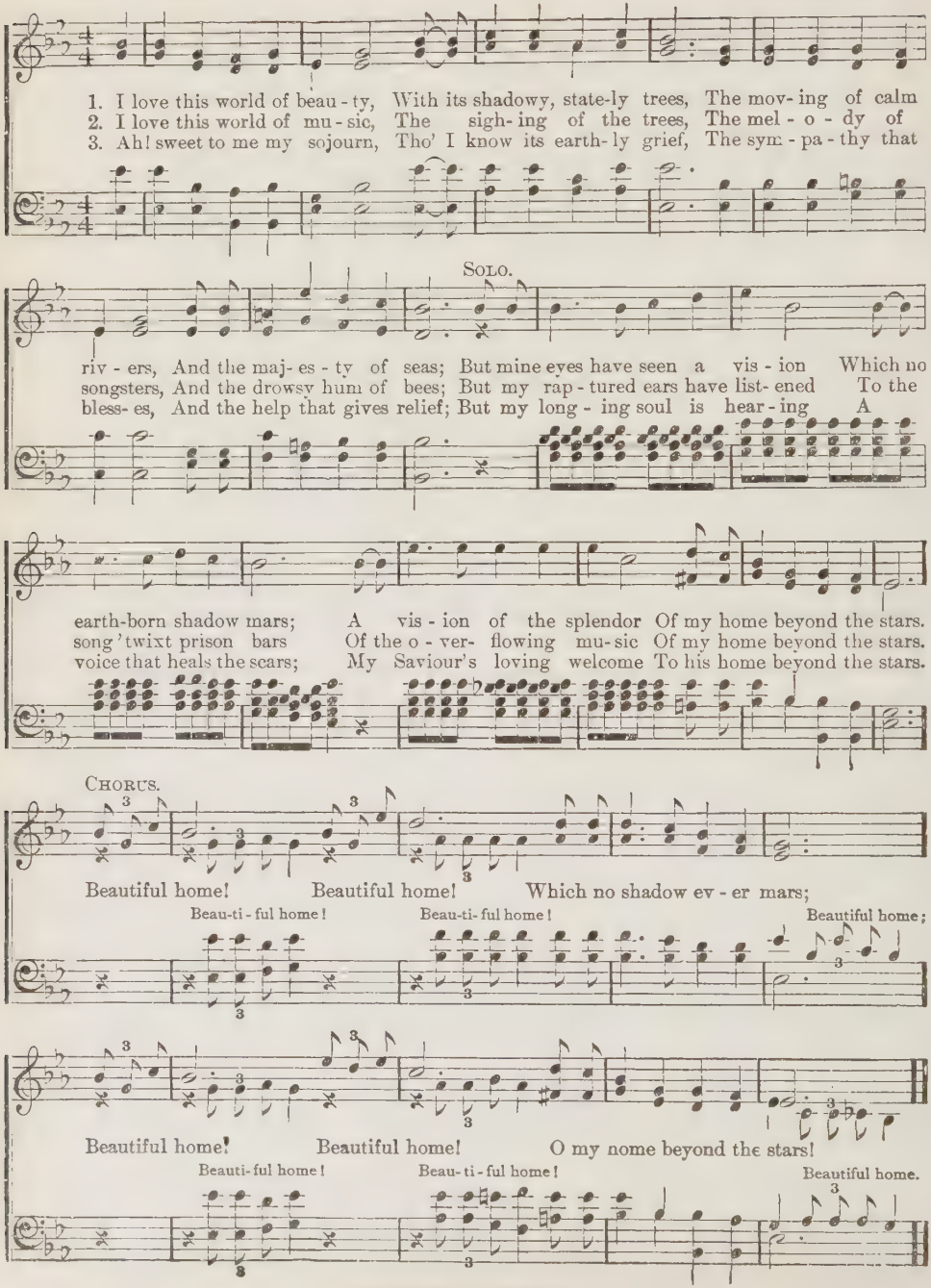
No. 114.

Beyond the Stars.

EMILY ROWLAND. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I love this world of beau - ty, With its shadowy, state-ly trees, The mov - ing of calm
2. I love this world of mu - sic, The sigh-ing of the trees, The mel - o - dy of
3. Ah! sweet to me my sojourn, Tho' I know its earth-ly grief, The sym - pa - thy that
SOLO.
riv - ers, And the maj-es - ty of seas; But mine eyes have seen a vis - ion Which no
songsters, And the drowsy hum of bees; But my rap - tured ears have list-ened To the
bless-es, And the help that gives relief; But my long - ing soul is hear - ing A
earth-born shadow mars; A vis - ion of the splendor Of my home beyond the stars.
song 'twixt prison bars Of the o - ver- flowing mu-sic Of my home beyond the stars.
voice that heals the scars; My Saviour's loving welcome To his home beyond the stars.
CHORUS.
Beautiful home! Beautiful home! Which no shadow ev - er mars;
Beau-ti - ful home! Beau-ti - ful home! Beautiful home;
Beautiful home! Beautiful home! O my nome beyond the stars!
Beauti-ful home! Beau-ti - ful home! Beautiful home.

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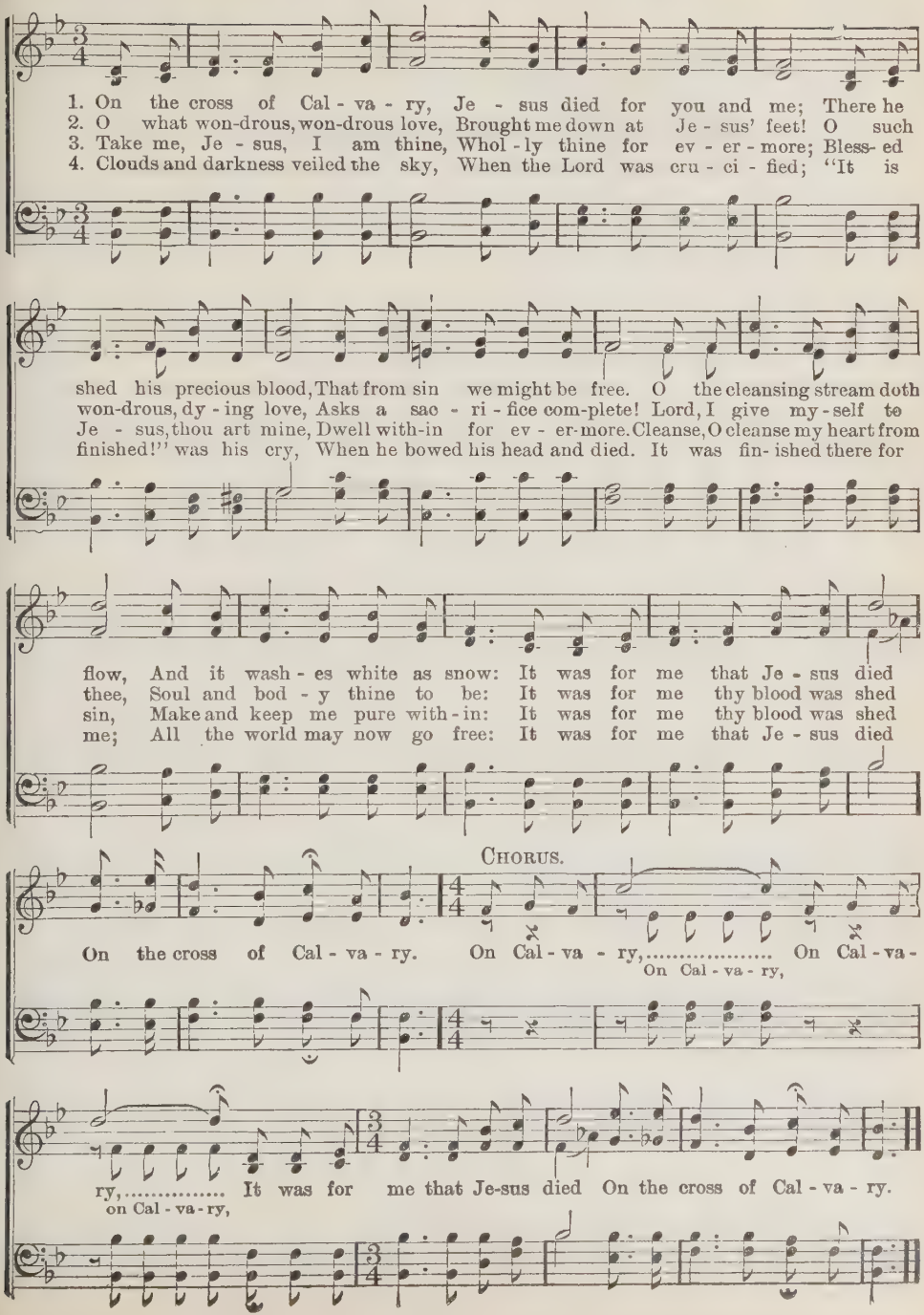
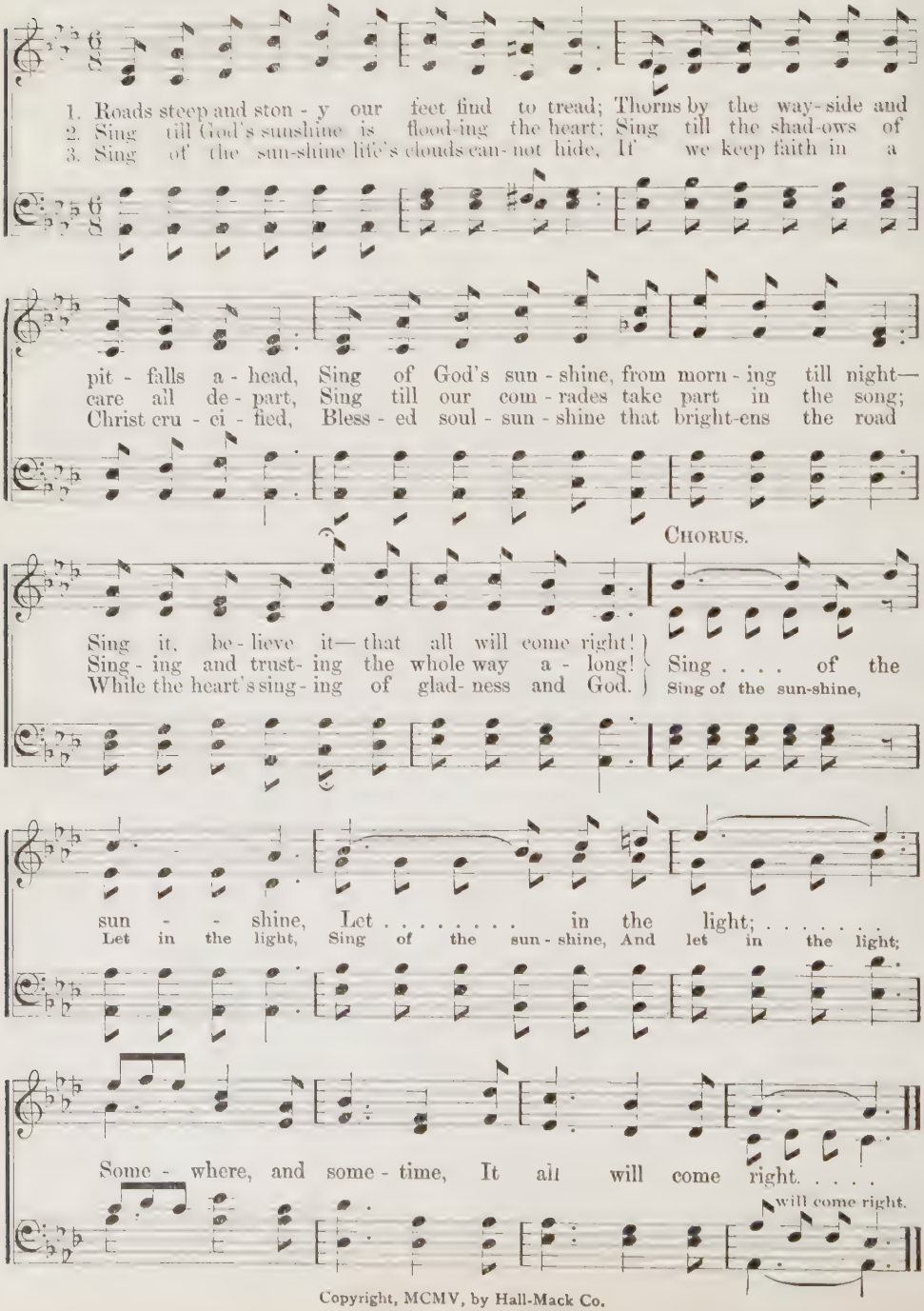
No. 115.

On the Cross of Calvary.

1. On the cross of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus died for you and me; There he
2. O what won-drous, won-drous love, Brought me down at Je - sus' feet! O such
3. Take me, Je - sus, I am thine, Whol - ly thine for ev - er - more; Bless- ed
4. Clouds and darkness veiled the sky, When the Lord was cru - ci - fied; "It is
shed his precious blood, That from sin we might be free. O the cleansing stream doth
won-drous, dy - ing love, Asks a sac - ri - fice com-plete! Lord, I give my - self to
Je - sus, thou art mine, Dwell with-in for ev - er-more. Cleanse, O cleanse my heart from
finished!" was his cry, When he bowed his head and died. It was fin- ished there for
flow, And it wash - es white as snow: It was for me that Je - sus died
thee, Soul and bod - y thine to be: It was for me thy blood was shed
sin, Make and keep me pure with - in: It was for me thy blood was shed
me; All the world may now go free: It was for me that Je - sus died
CHORUS.
On the cross of Cal - va - ry. On Cal - va - ry, On Cal - va -
On Cal - va - ry,
ry, On Cal - va - ry, It was for me that Je-sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry.

No. 116. All Will Come Right.

EBEN E. REXFORD. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Roads steep and ston - y our feet find to tread; Thorns by the way-side and
2. Sing till God's sunshine is flood-ing the heart; Sing till the shad-ows of
3. Sing of the sun-shine life's clouds can-not hide, If we keep faith in a
pit - falls a - head, Sing of God's sun - shine, from morn - ing till night—
care all de - part, Sing till our com - rades take part in the song;
Christ cru - ci - fied, Bless - ed soul - sun - shine that bright-ens the road
CHORUS.
Sing it, be - lieve it— that all will come right!
Sing - ing and trust- ing the whole way a - long!
While the heart's sing - ing of glad- ness and God.
Sing . . . . of the
Sing of the sun-shine,
sun - - shine, Let . . . . . in the light; . . . . . .
Let in the light, Sing of the sun - shine, And let in the light;
Some - where, and some - time, It all will come right. . . . .
will come right.

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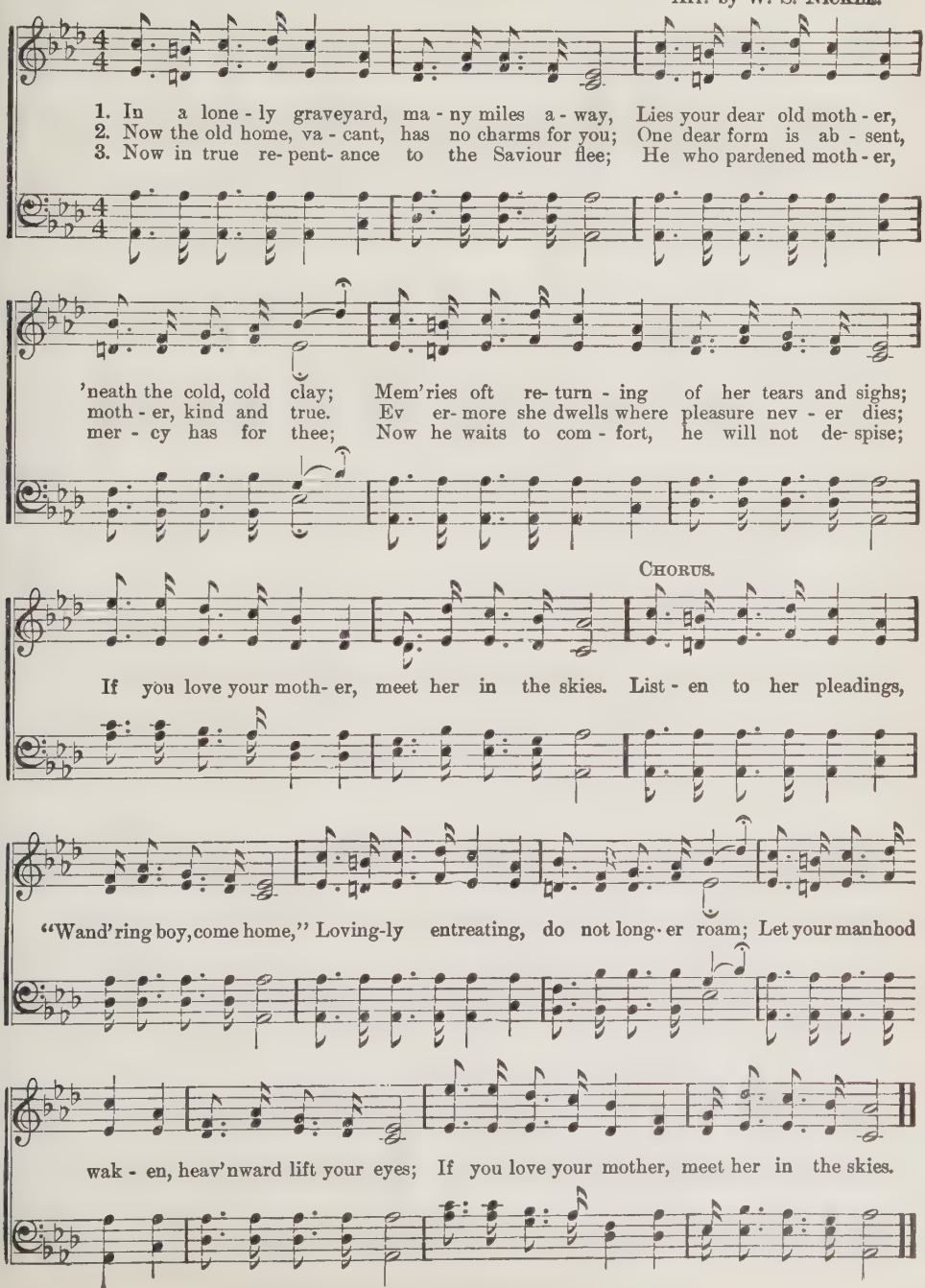
No. 117

Meet Mother in the Skies.

Arr. by W. S. NICKLE.

1. In a lone - ly graveyard, ma - ny miles a - way, Lies your dear old moth - er,
2. Now the old home, va - cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is ab - sent,
3. Now in true re- pent- ance to the Saviour flee; He who pardened moth - er,
'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem'ries oft re- turn - ing of her tears and sighs;
moth - er, kind and true. Ev er- more she dwells where pleasure nev - er dies;
mer - cy has for thee; Now he waits to com - fort, he will not de- spise;
CHORUS.
If you love your moth- er, meet her in the skies. List - en to her pleadings,
"Wand'ring boy, come home," Loving-ly entreating, do not long- er roam; Let your manhood
wak - en, heav'nward lift your eyes; If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

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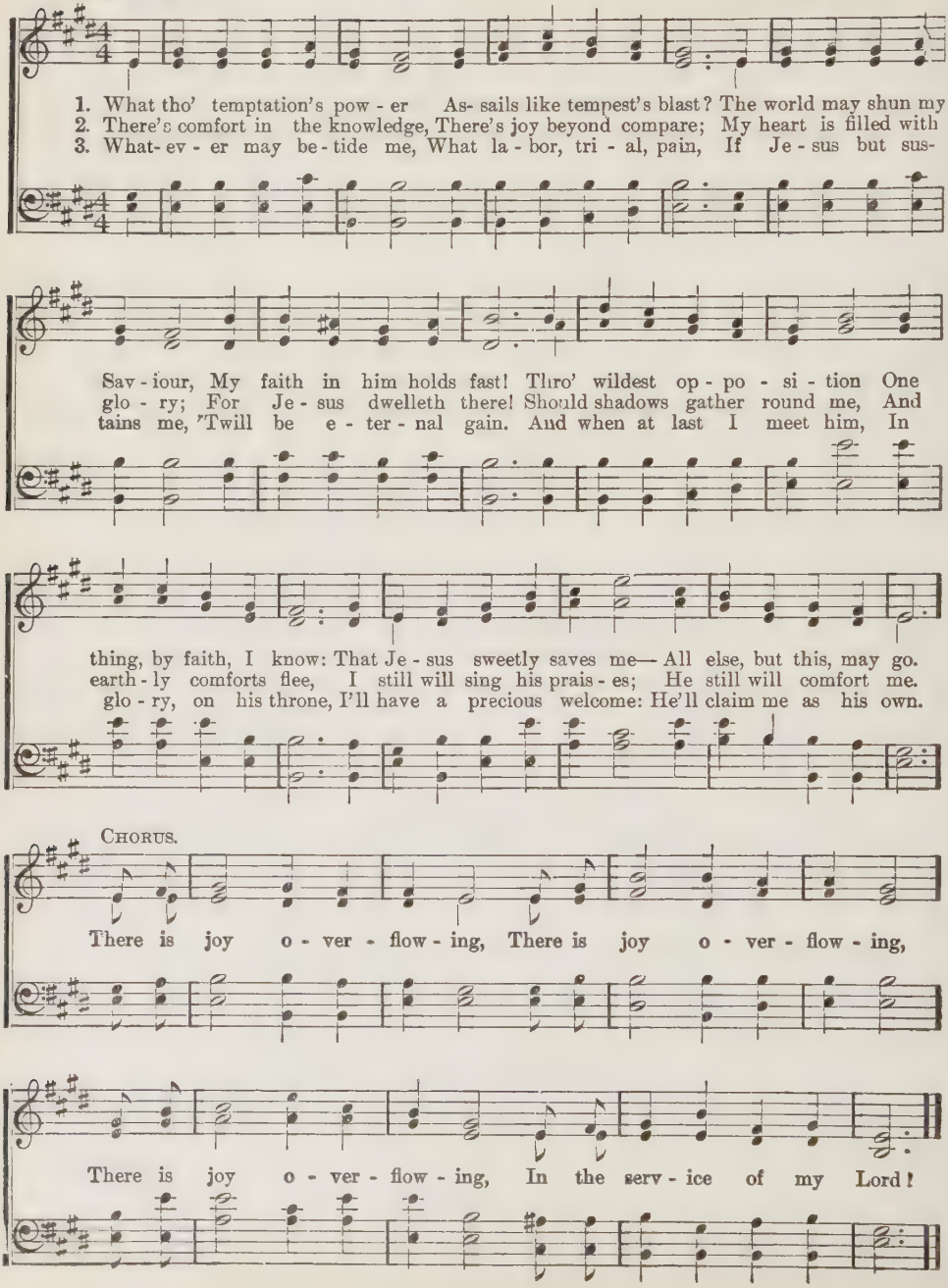
No. 118

Joy Overflowing.

IRVIN H. MACK. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. What tho' temptation's pow - er As- sails like tempest's blast? The world may shun my
2. There's comfort in the knowledge, There's joy beyond compare; My heart is filled with
3. What- ev - er may be - tide me, What la - bor, tri - al, pain, If Je - sus but sus-
Sav - iour, My faith in him holds fast! Thro' wildest op - po - si - tion One
glo - ry; For Je - sus dwelleth there! Should shadows gather round me, And
tains me, 'Twill be e - ter - nal gain. And when at last I meet him, In
thing, by faith, I know: That Je - sus sweetly saves me— All else, but this, may go.
earth - ly comforts flee, I still will sing his prais - es; He still will comfort me.
glo - ry, on his throne, I'll have a precious welcome: He'll claim me as his own.
CHORUS.
There is joy o - ver - flow - ing, There is joy o - ver - flow - ing,
There is joy o - ver - flow - ing, In the serv - ice of my Lord!

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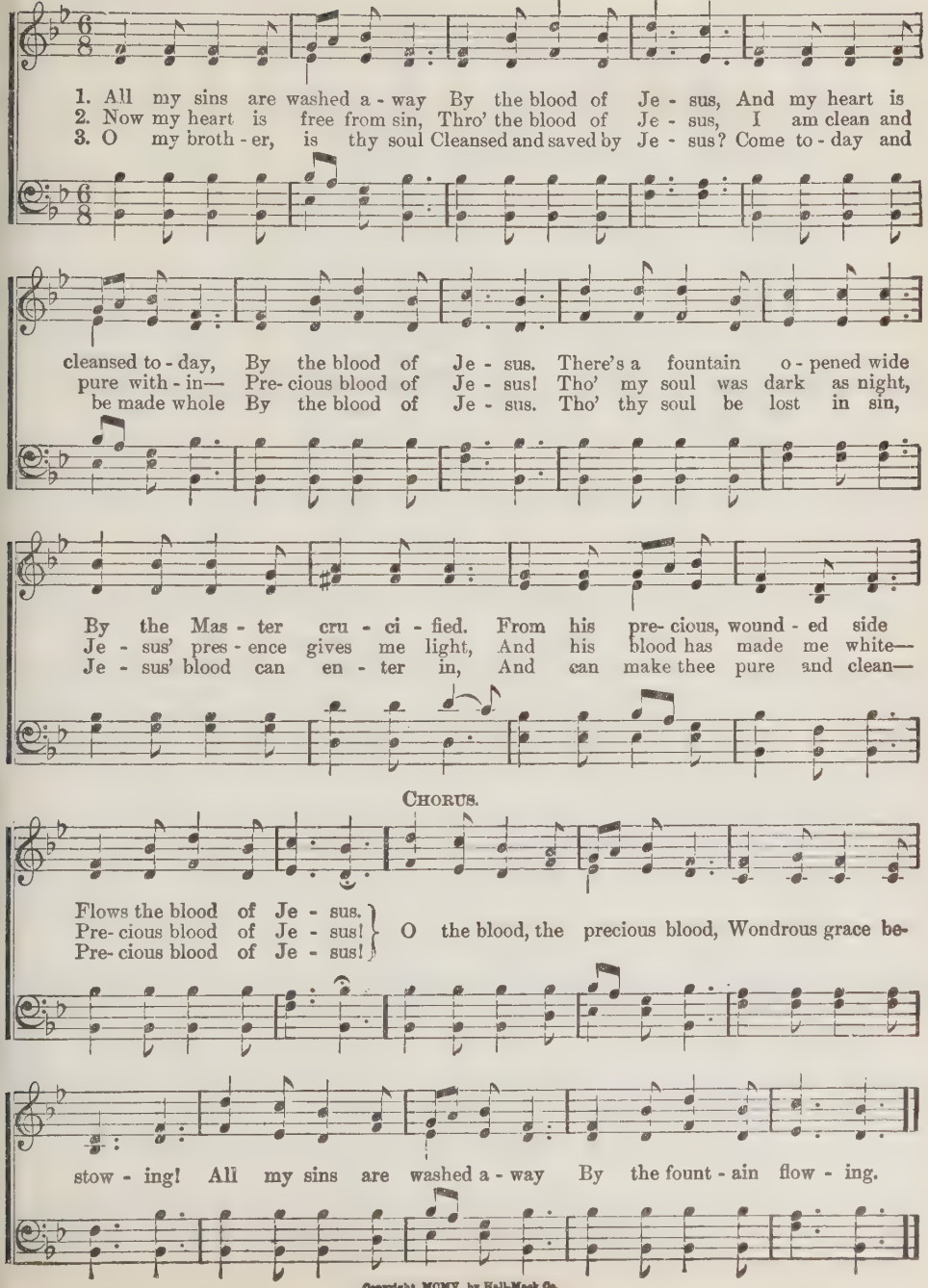
No. 119.

The Blood of Jesus.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN. HERBERT J. LACEY.


1. All my sins are washed a - way By the blood of Je - sus, And my heart is
2. Now my heart is free from sin, Thro' the blood of Je - sus, I am clean and
3. O my broth - er, is thy soul Cleansed and saved by Je - sus? Come to - day and
cleansed to - day, By the blood of Je - sus. There's a fountain o - pened wide
pure with - in— Pre- cious blood of Je - sus! Tho' my soul was dark as night,
be made whole By the blood of Je - sus. Tho' thy soul be lost in sin,
By the Mas - ter cru - ci - fied. From his pre- cious, wound - ed side
Je - sus' pres - ence gives me light, And his blood has made me white—
Je - sus' blood can en - ter in, And can make thee pure and clean—
CHORUS.
Flows the blood of Je - sus.
Pre- cious blood of Je - sus!
Pre- cious blood of Je - sus!
O the blood, the precious blood, Wondrous grace be-
stow - ing! All my sins are washed a - way By the fount - ain flow - ing.

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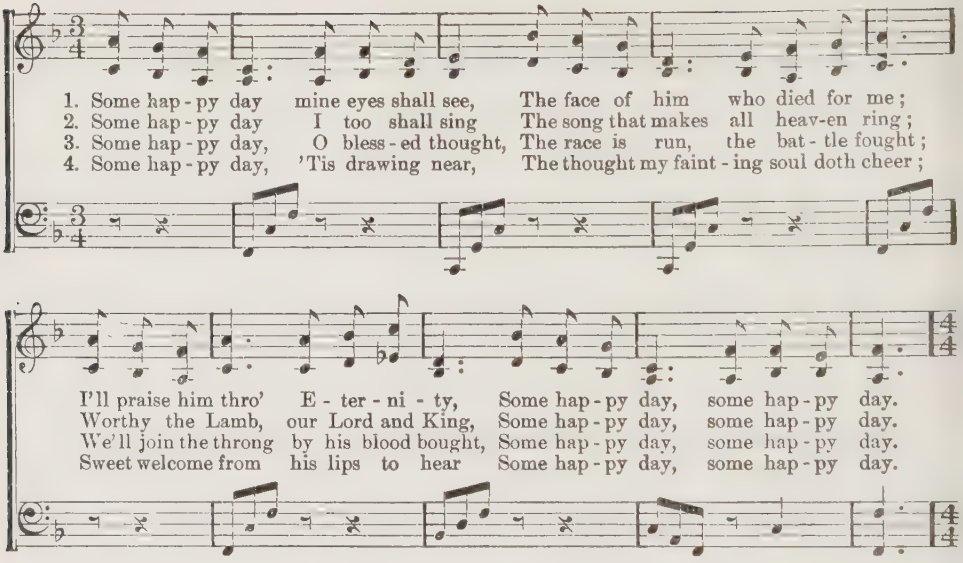
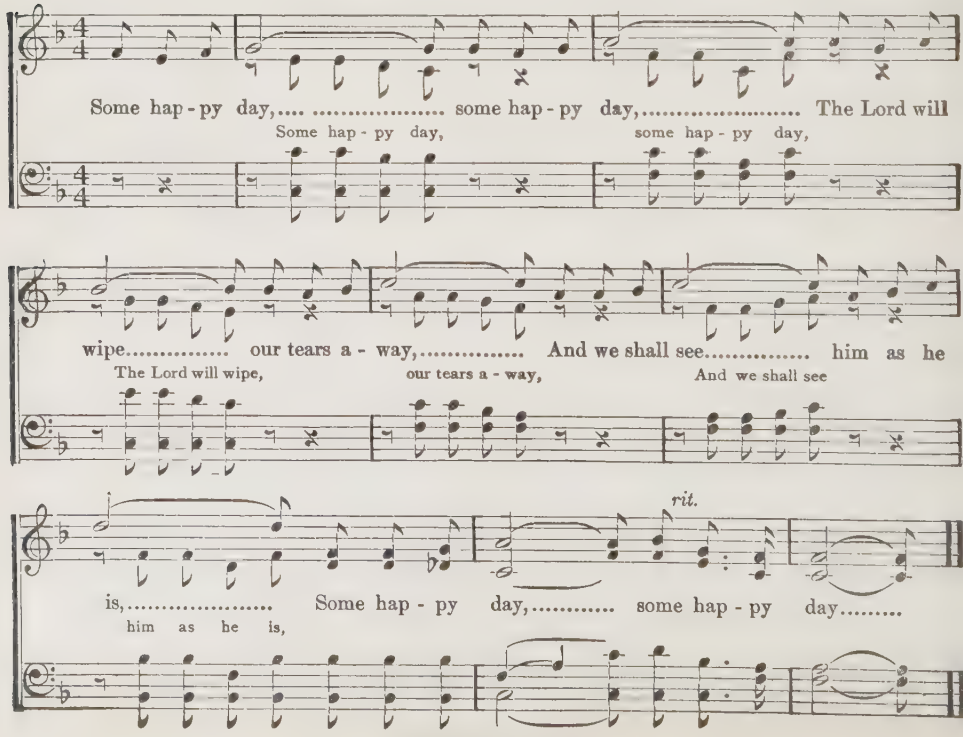
No. 120.

Some Happy Day.

JOHN JAMES. J. J. LOWE.

1. Some hap - py day mine eyes shall see, The face of him who died for me;
2. Some hap - py day I too shall sing The song that makes all heav-en ring;
3. Some hap - py day, O bless - ed thought, The race is run, the bat - tle fought;
4. Some hap - py day, 'Tis drawing near, The thought my faint - ing soul doth cheer;
I'll praise him thro' E - ter - ni - ty, Some hap - py day, some hap - py day.
Worthy the Lamb, our Lord and King, Some hap - py day, some hap - py day.
We'll join the throng by his blood bought, Some hap - py day, some hap - py day.
Sweet welcome from his lips to hear Some hap - py day, some hap - py day.

CHORUS.

Some hap - py day, ... some hap - py day, The Lord will
Some hap - py day, some hap - py day,
wipe.... our tears a - way, ... And we shall see.... him as he
The Lord will wipe, our tears a - way, And we shall see
rit.
is, ... Some hap - py day, ... some hap - py day....
him as he is,

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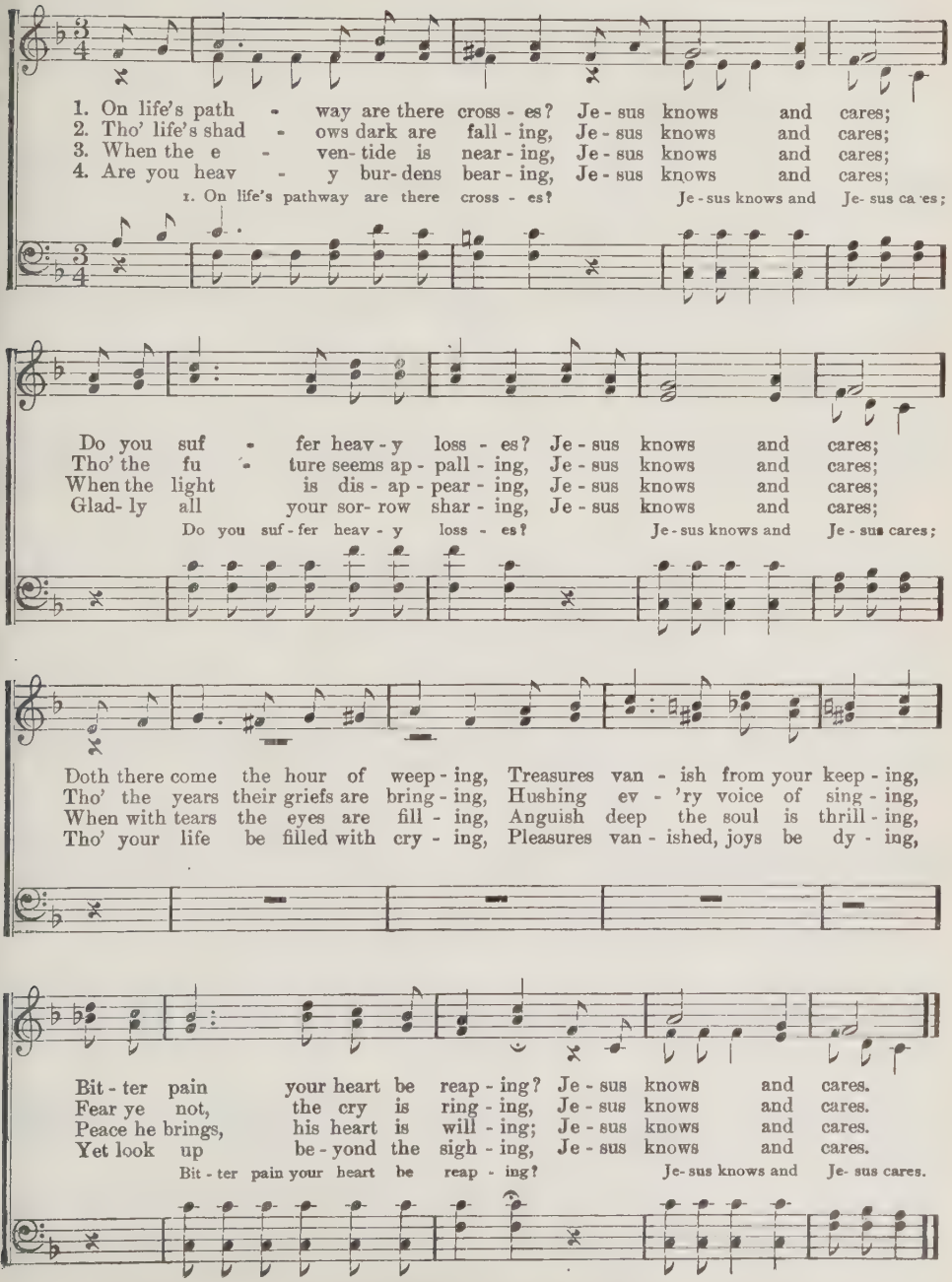
No. 121.

Jesus Knows and Cares.

M. S.

MARGARET SHULTZ.


1. On life's path - way are there cross - es? Je - sus knows and cares;
2. Tho' life's shad - ows dark are fall - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
3. When the e - ven - tide is near - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
4. Are you heav - y bur - dens bear - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
1. On life's pathway are there cross - es? Je - sus knows and Je - sus cares;
Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es? Je - sus knows and cares;
Tho' the fu - ture seems ap - pall - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
When the light is dis - ap - pear - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
Glad - ly all your sor - row shar - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es? Je - sus knows and Je - sus cares;
Doth there come the hour of weep - ing, Treasures van - ish from your keep - ing,
Tho' the years their griefs are bring - ing, Hushing ev - 'ry voice of sing - ing,
When with tears the eyes are fill - ing, Anguish deep the soul is thrill - ing,
Tho' your life be filled with cry - ing, Pleasures van - ished, joys be dy - ing,
Bit - ter pain your heart be reap - ing? Je - sus knows and cares.
Fear ye not, the cry is ring - ing, Je - sus knows and cares.
Peace he brings, his heart is will - ing; Je - sus knows and cares.
Yet look up be - yond the sigh - ing, Je - sus knows and cares.
Bit - ter pain your heart be reap - ing? Je - sus knows and Je - sus cares.

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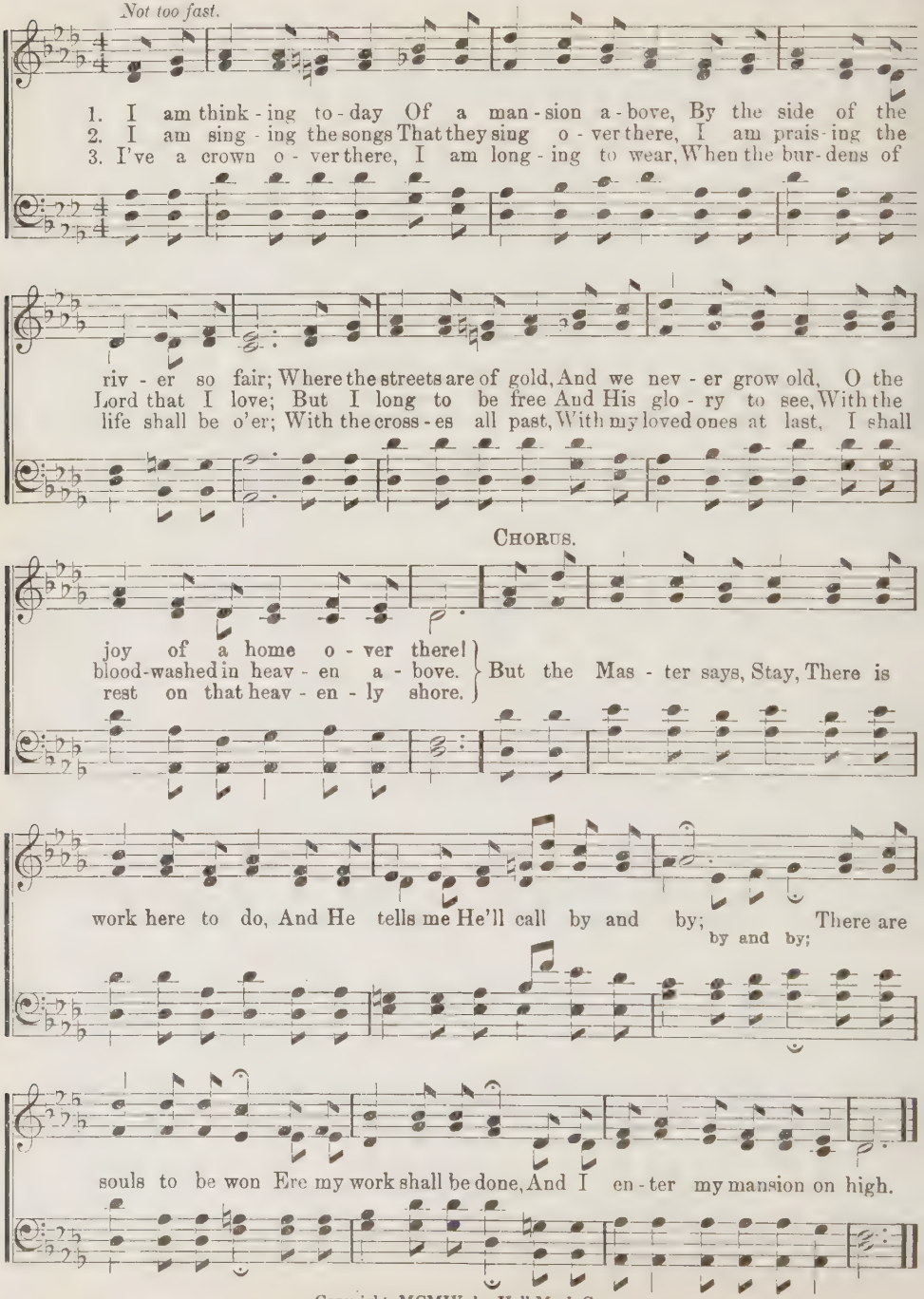
No. 122. Waiting, But Working.

E. Richmond. C. Austin Miles.

Not too fast.

1. I am think - ing to - day Of a man - sion a - bove, By the side of the
2. I am sing - ing the songs That they sing o - ver there, I am prais - ing the
3. I've a crown o - ver there, I am long - ing to wear, When the bur - dens of
riv - er so fair; Where the streets are of gold, And we nev - er grow old, O the
Lord that I love; But I long to be free And His glo - ry to see, With the
life shall be o'er; With the cross - es all past, With my loved ones at last, I shall
Chorus.
joy of a home o - ver there!
blood-washed in heav - en a - bove.
rest on that heav - en - ly shore.
But the Mas - ter says, Stay, There is
work here to do, And He tells me He'll call by and by; There are
by and by;
souls to be won Ere my work shall be done, And I en - ter my mansion on high.

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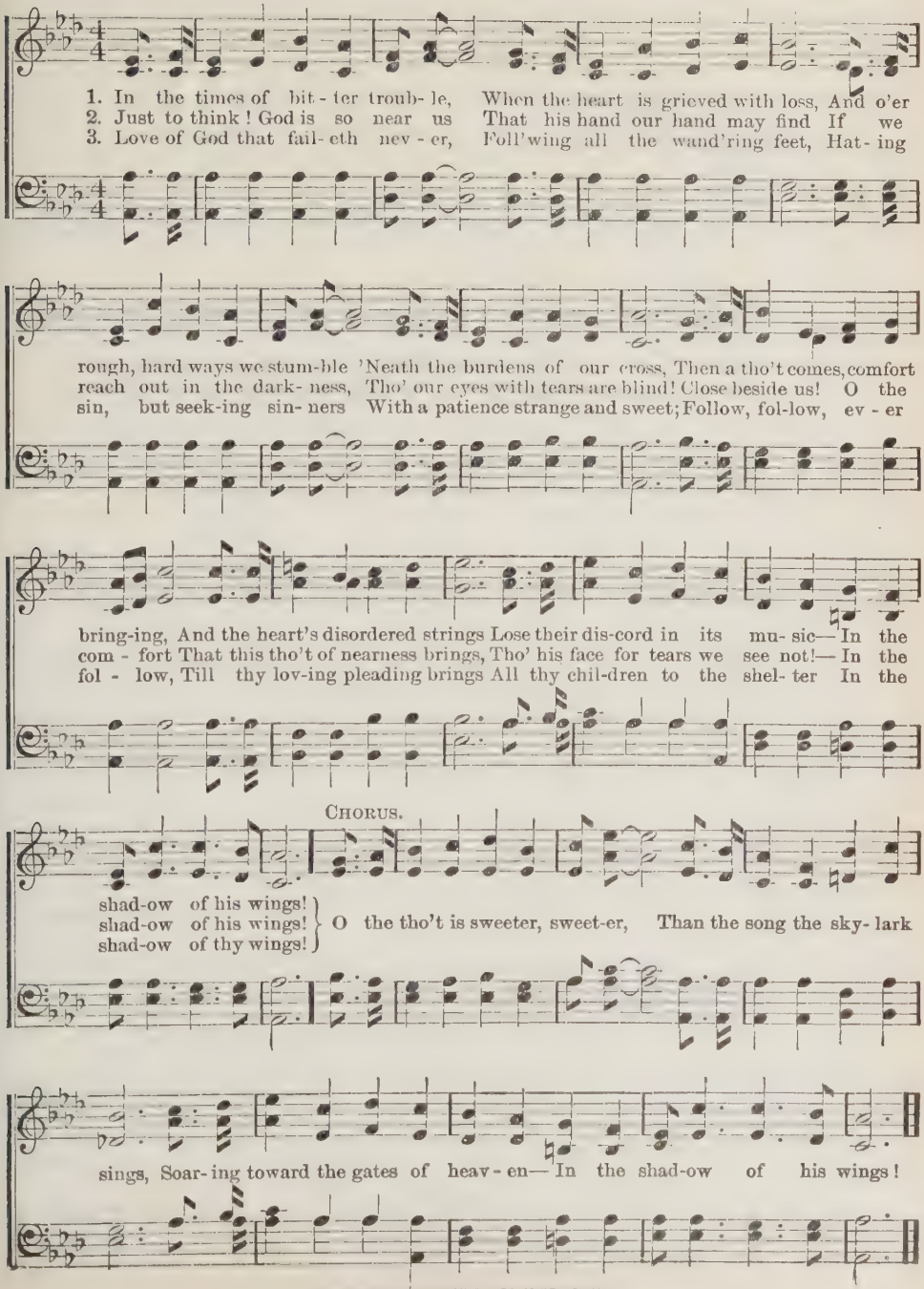
No. 123. In the Shadow of His Wings.

EBEN E. REXFORD. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. In the times of bit - ter troub- le, When the heart is grieved with loss, And o'er
2. Just to think! God is so near us That his hand our hand may find If we
3. Love of God that fail- eth nev - er, Foll'wing all the wand'ring feet, Hat- ing
rough, hard ways we stum-ble 'Neath the burdens of our cross, Then a tho't comes, comfort
reach out in the dark- ness, Tho' our eyes with tears are blind! Close beside us! O the
sin, but seek-ing sin- ners With a patience strange and sweet; Follow, fol-low, ev - er
bring-ing, And the heart's disordered strings Lose their dis-cord in its mu- sic— In the
com - fort That this tho't of nearness brings, Tho' his face for tears we see not!— In the
fol - low, Till thy lov-ing pleading brings All thy chil-dren to the shel- ter In the
CHORUS.
shad-ow of his wings!
shad-ow of his wings!
shad-ow of thy wings!
O the tho't is sweeter, sweet-er, Than the song the sky- lark
sings, Soar-ing toward the gates of heav - en— In the shad-ow of his wings!

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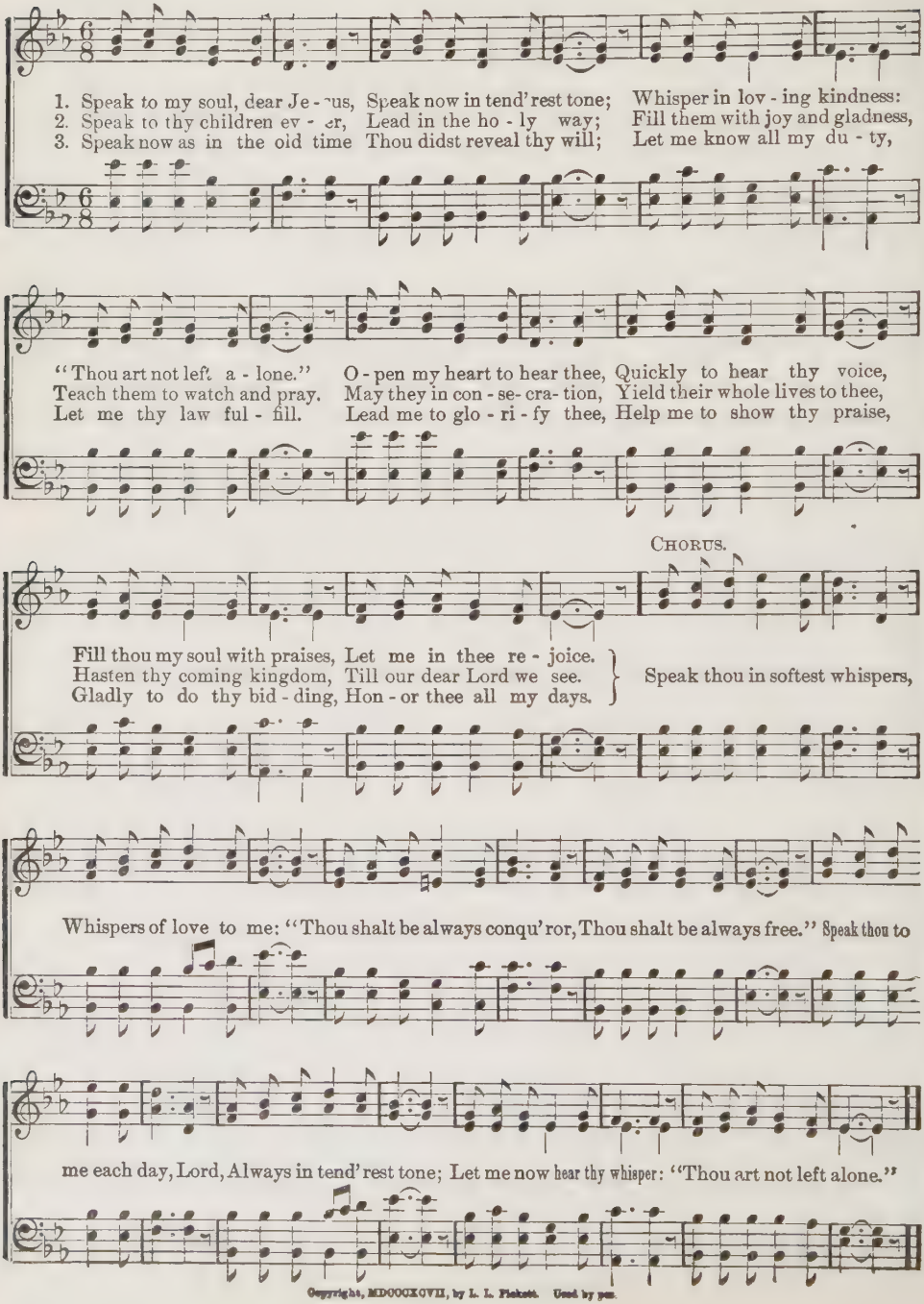
No. 124.

Speak to Me, Jesus.

L. L. P.

Adapted by L. L. Pickett.


1. Speak to my soul, dear Je - sus, Speak now in tend'rest tone; Whisper in lov - ing kindness:
2. Speak to thy children ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way; Fill them with joy and gladness,
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal thy will; Let me know all my du - ty,
"Thou art not left a - lone." O - pen my heart to hear thee, Quickly to hear thy voice,
Teach them to watch and pray. May they in con - se - cra - tion, Yield their whole lives to thee,
Let me thy law ful - fill. Lead me to glo - ri - fy thee, Help me to show thy praise,
Chorus.
Fill thou my soul with praises, Let me in thee re - joice.
Hasten thy coming kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see.
Gladly to do thy bid - ding, Hon - or thee all my days.
Speak thou in softest whispers,
Whispers of love to me: "Thou shalt be always conqu'ror, Thou shalt be always free." Speak thou to
me each day, Lord, Always in tend'rest tone; Let me now hear thy whisper: "Thou art not left alone."

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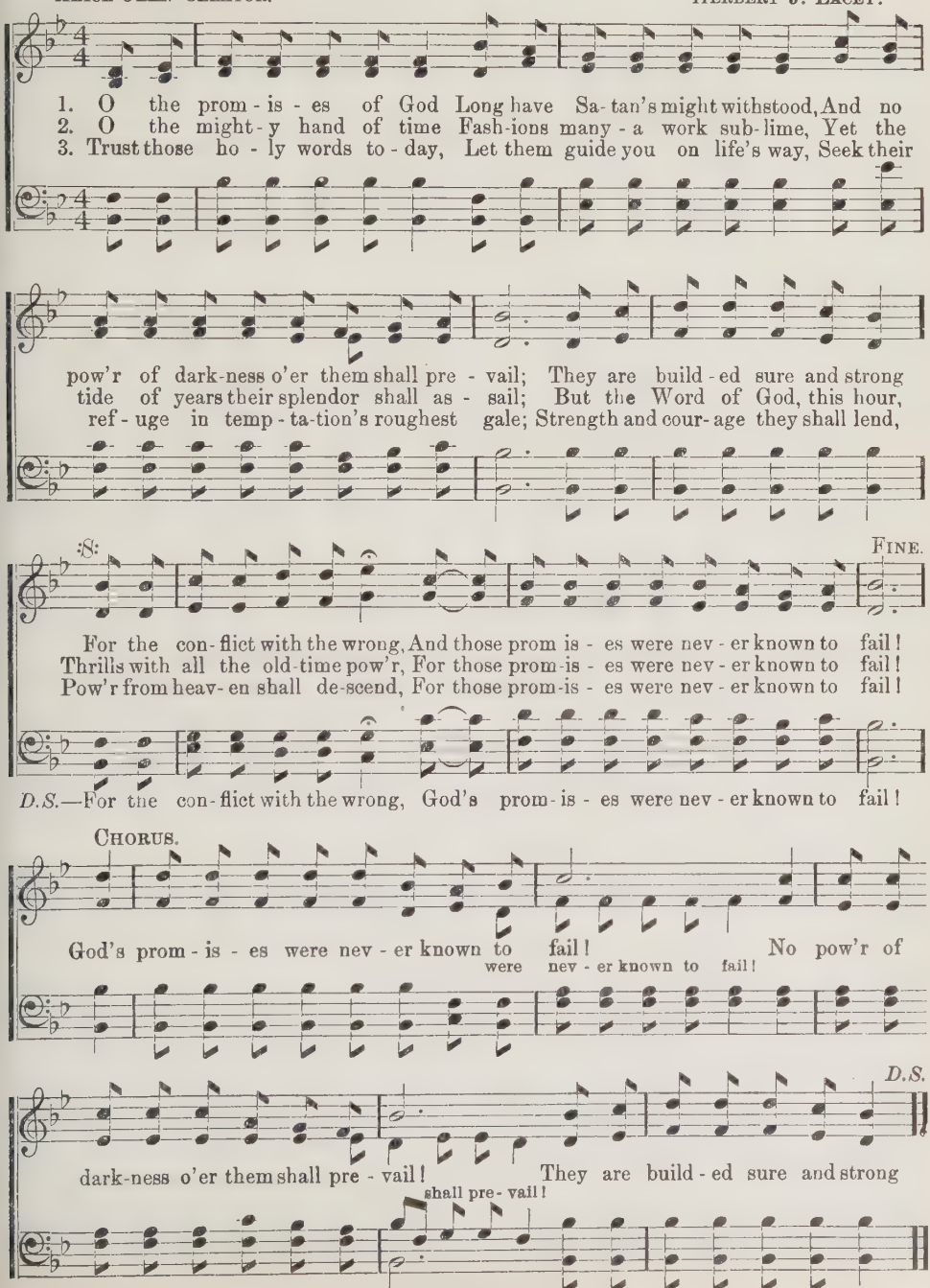
No. 125.

Never Known to Fail.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. O the prom - is - es of God Long have Sa - tan's might withstood, And no
2. O the might - y hand of time Fash - ions many - a work sub - lime, Yet the
3. Trust those ho - ly words to - day, Let them guide you on life's way, Seek their
pow'r of dark - ness o'er them shall pre - vail; They are build - ed sure and strong
tide of years their splendor shall as - sail; But the Word of God, this hour,
ref - uge in temp - ta - tion's roughest gale; Strength and cour - age they shall lend,
:S:
FINE.
For the con - flict with the wrong, And those prom is - es were nev - er known to fail!
Thrills with all the old - time pow'r, For those prom - is - es were nev - er known to fail!
Pow'r from heav - en shall de - scend, For those prom - is - es were nev - er known to fail!
D.S.—For the con - flict with the wrong, God's prom - is - es were nev - er known to fail!
CHORUS.
God's prom - is - es were nev - er known to fail! No pow'r of
were nev - er known to fail!
D.S.
dark - ness o'er them shall pre - vail! They are build - ed sure and strong
shall pre - vail!

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No. 126

There is Something in that Story.

JAMES ROWE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

Slow, with expression.

1. There is something in that sto - ry Of the Saviour's love for men; It appeals to me, my
2. There is something in that sto - ry, For it makes my load grow light; And the world, which seemed so
3. There is something in that sto - ry, For my ver - y soul is stirred; There is kindness in each

brother, Let me hear it told a - gain. Yes, there's something in that sto - ry, For my
drear-y, Now looks beau-ti - ful and bright. Yes, there's something in that sto - ry, For it
sentence, There is love in ev- 'ry word. Yes, there's something in that sto - ry Which has

tears be - gin to roll, And I feel a wave of gladness Sweeping o'er my guilty soul.
lifts my mind a - bove Tho'ts of en - vy, strife and hatred, To a plane of peace and love.
won this heart of mine; Loving Je - sus, I will trust thee; Take my heart, for it is thine.

CHORUS.

There is something in that sto- ry Of the Saviour's love for men; It appeals to me, my

brother, Let me hear it told a - gain. As it tells the love of Je - sus, How he

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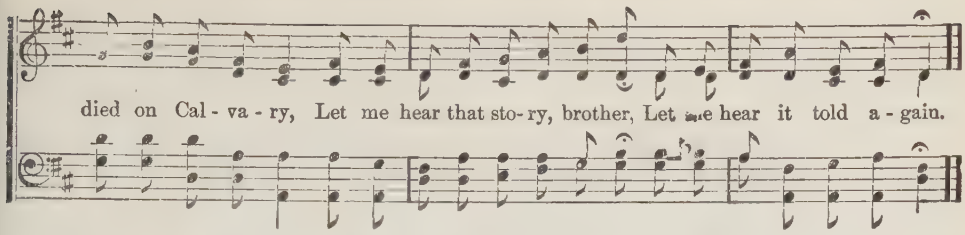
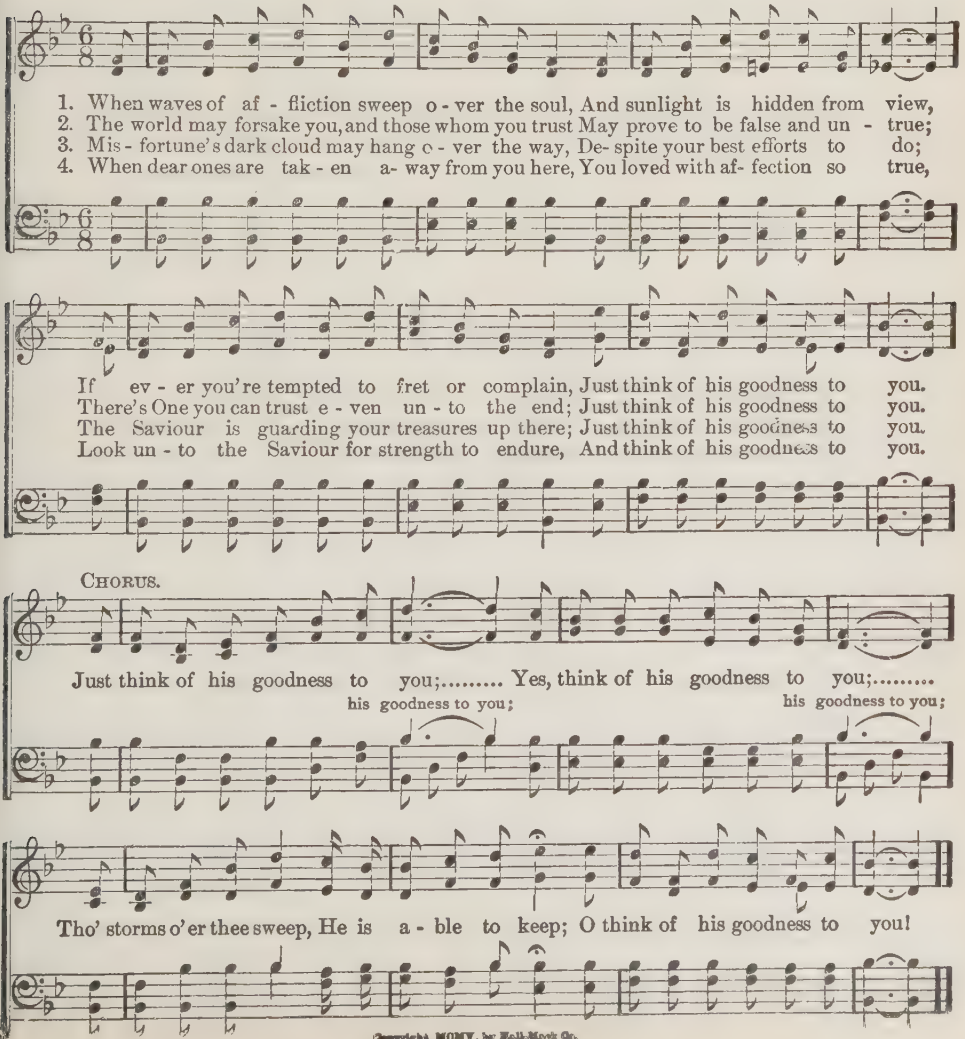
There is Something in that Story.—Concluded.



No. 127 Think of His Goodness to You.

R. C. W. R. C. WARD.

1. When waves of af - fliction sweep o - ver the soul, And sunlight is hidden from view,
2. The world may forsake you, and those whom you trust May prove to be false and un - true;
3. Mis - fortune's dark cloud may hang o - ver the way, De- spite your best efforts to do;
4. When dear ones are tak - en a- way from you here, You loved with af- fection so true,
If ev - er you're tempted to fret or complain, Just think of his goodness to you.
There's One you can trust e - ven un - to the end; Just think of his goodness to you.
The Saviour is guarding your treasures up there; Just think of his goodness to you.
Look un - to the Saviour for strength to endure, And think of his goodness to you.
CHORUS.
Just think of his goodness to you;..... Yes, think of his goodness to you;.....
his goodness to you;
his goodness to you;
Tho' storms o'er thee sweep, He is a - ble to keep; O think of his goodness to you!

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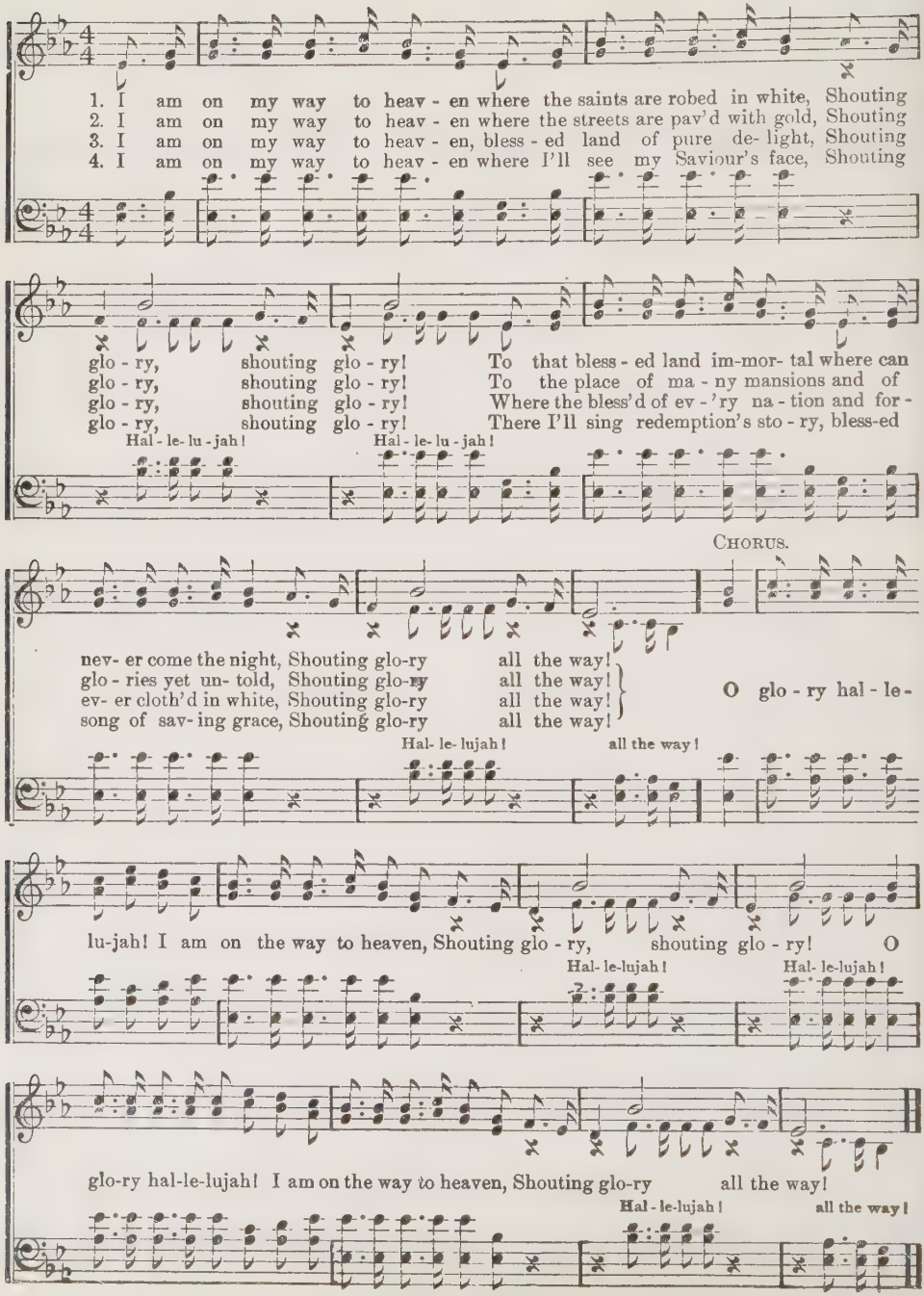
No. 128.

I am On My Way to Heaven.

H. J. L.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. I am on my way to heav - en where the saints are robed in white, Shouting
2. I am on my way to heav - en where the streets are pav'd with gold, Shouting
3. I am on my way to heav - en, bless - ed land of pure de - light, Shouting
4. I am on my way to heav - en where I'll see my Saviour's face, Shouting
glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! To that bless - ed land im-mor- tal where can
glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! To the place of ma - ny mansions and of
glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! Where the bless'd of ev - 'ry na - tion and for -
glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! There I'll sing redemption's sto - ry, bless-ed
Hal - le- lu - jah! Hal - le- lu - jah!
CHORUS.
nev- er come the night, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
glo - ries yet un- told, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
ev- er cloth'd in white, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
song of sav- ing grace, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
O glo - ry hal - le-
Hal- le- lujah! all the way!
lu-jah! I am on the way to heaven, Shouting glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! O
Hal- le-lujah! Hal- le-lujah!
glo-ry hal-le-lujah! I am on the way to heaven, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
Hal - le-lujah! all the way!

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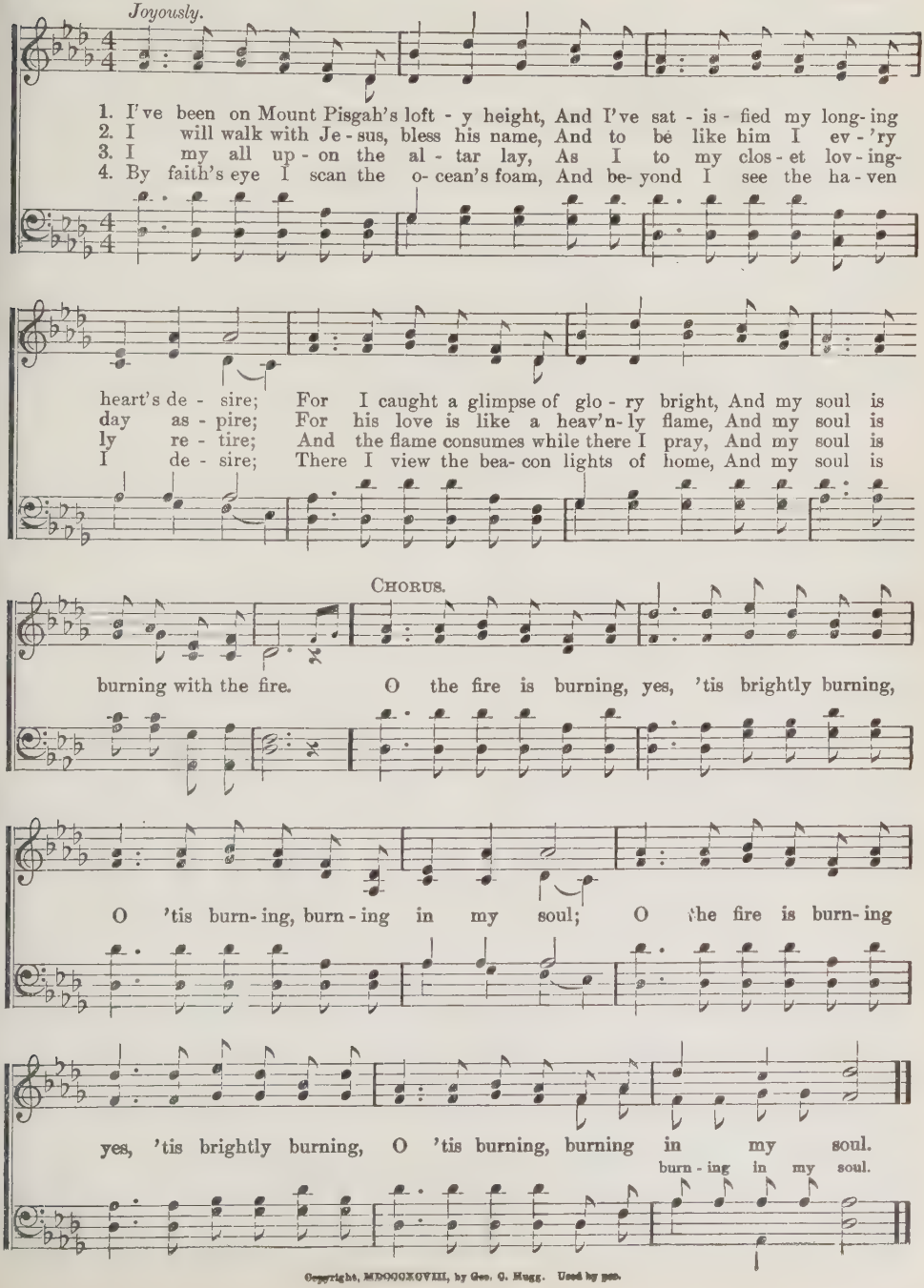
No. 129.

The Fire is Burning.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

Joyously.

1. I've been on Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, And I've sat - is - fied my long - ing
2. I will walk with Je - sus, bless his name, And to be like him I ev - 'ry
3. I my all up - on the al - tar lay, As I to my clos - et lov - ing-
4. By faith's eye I scan the o - cean's foam, And be - yond I see the ha - ven
heart's de - sire; For I caught a glimpse of glo - ry bright, And my soul is
day as - pire; For his love is like a heav'n - ly flame, And my soul is
ly re - tire; And the flame consumes while there I pray, And my soul is
I de - sire; There I view the bea - con lights of home, And my soul is
Chorus.
burning with the fire. O the fire is burning, yes, 'tis brightly burning,
O 'tis burn - ing, burn - ing in my soul; O the fire is burn - ing
yes, 'tis brightly burning, O 'tis burning, burning in my soul.
burn - ing in my soul.

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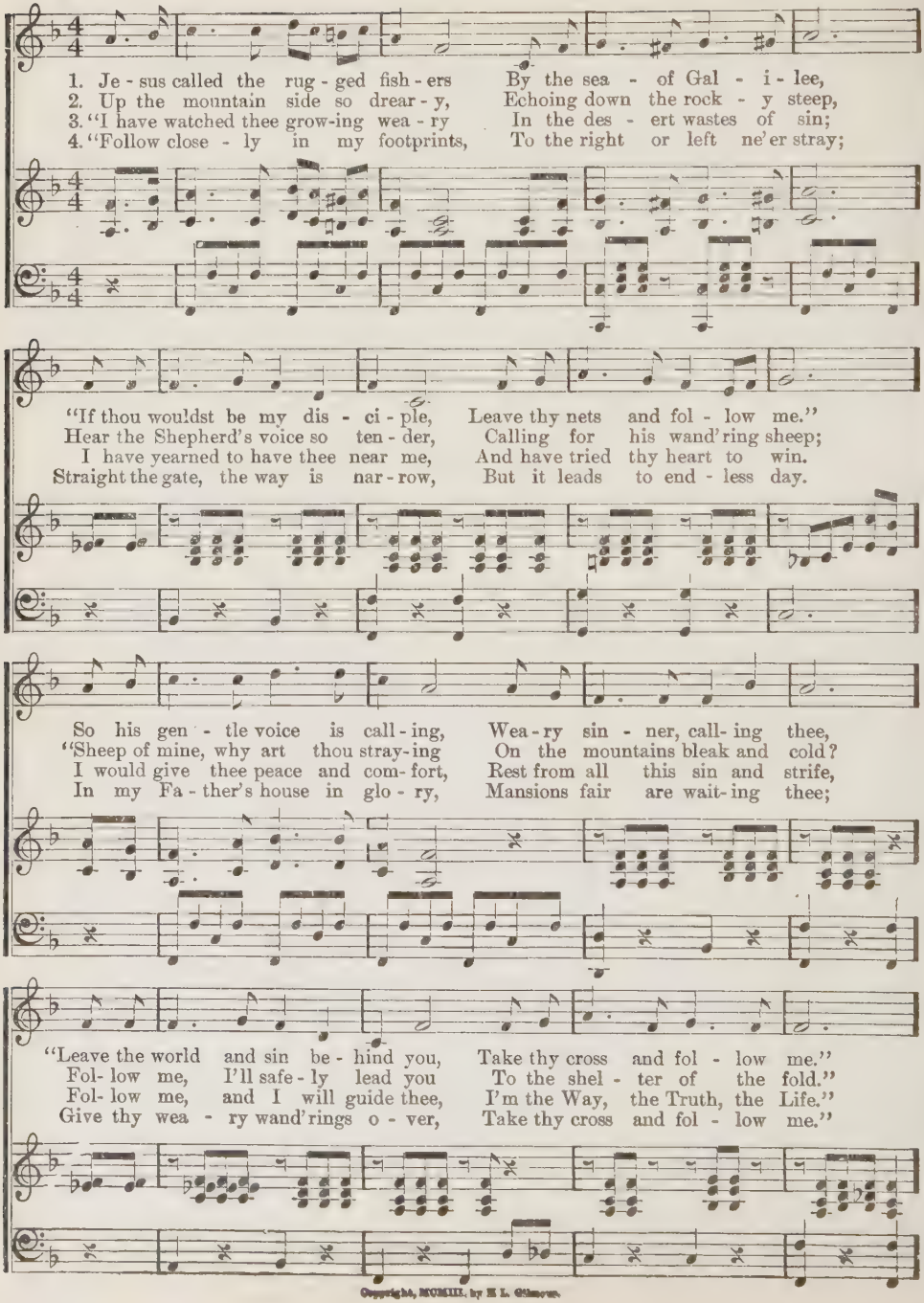
No. 130. Follow Me.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.


1. Je - sus called the rug - ged fish - ers By the sea - of Gal - i - lee,
2. Up the mountain side so drear - y, Echoing down the rock - y steep,
3. "I have watched thee grow-ing wea - ry In the des - ert wastes of sin;
4. "Follow close - ly in my footprints, To the right or left ne'er stray;
"If thou wouldst be my dis - ci - ple, Leave thy nets and fol - low me."
Hear the Shepherd's voice so ten - der, Calling for his wand'ring sheep;
I have yearned to have thee near me, And have tried thy heart to win.
Straight the gate, the way is nar - row, But it leads to end - less day.
So his gen - tle voice is call - ing, Wea - ry sin - ner, call - ing thee,
"Sheep of mine, why art thou stray-ing On the mountains bleak and cold?
I would give thee peace and com- fort, Rest from all this sin and strife,
In my Fa - ther's house in glo - ry, Mansions fair are wait-ing thee;
"Leave the world and sin be - hind you, Take thy cross and fol - low me."
Fol- low me, I'll safe - ly lead you To the shel - ter of the fold."
Fol- low me, and I will guide thee, I'm the Way, the Truth, the Life."
Give thy wea - ry wand'rings o - ver, Take thy cross and fol - low me."

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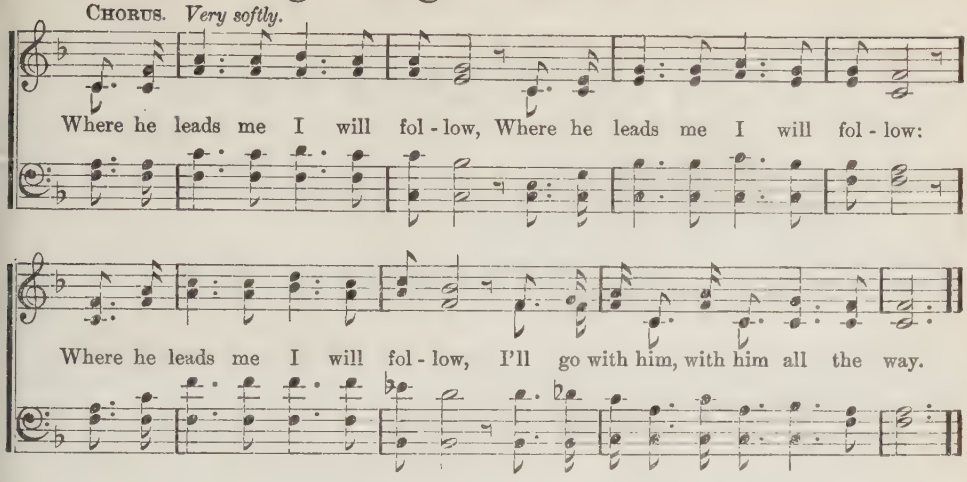
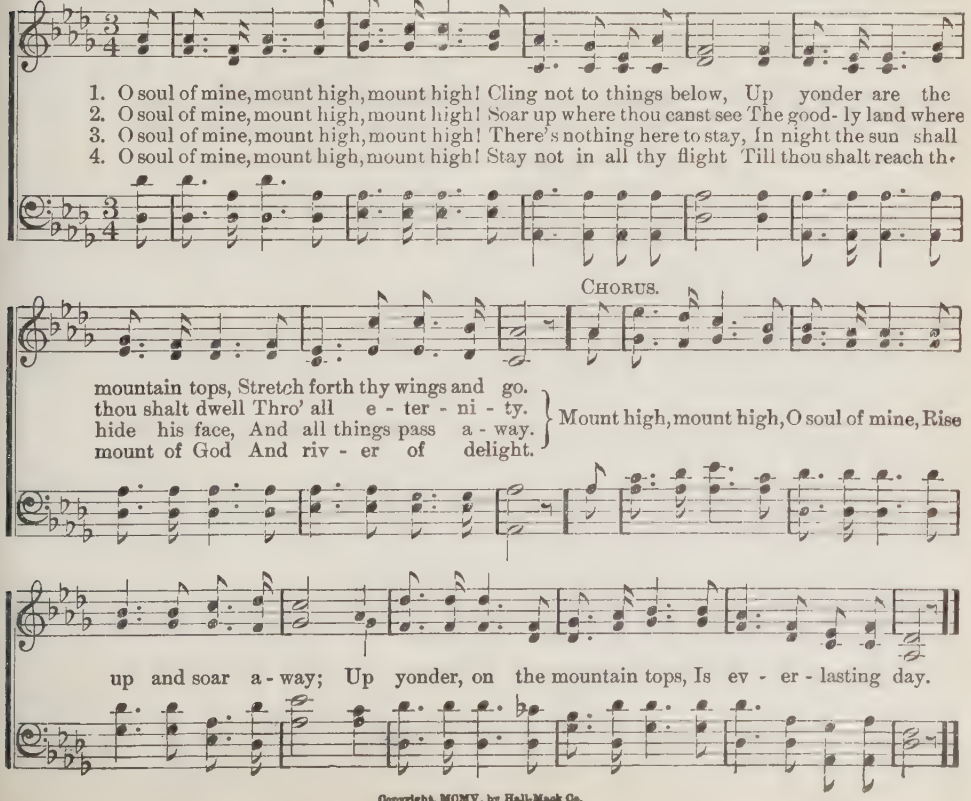
Follow Me.—Concluded.

Chorus. Very softly.
Where he leads me I will fol - low, Where he leads me I will fol - low:
Where he leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

No. 131 Mount High.

T. M. Eastwood. Arthur Wilton.


1. O soul of mine, mount high, mount high! Cling not to things below, Up yonder are the
2. O soul of mine, mount high, mount high! Soar up where thou canst see The good- ly land where
3. O soul of mine, mount high, mount high! There's nothing here to stay, In night the sun shall
4. O soul of mine, mount high, mount high! Stay not in all thy flight Till thou shalt reach th·
Chorus.
mountain tops, Stretch forth thy wings and go.
thou shalt dwell Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
hide his face, And all things pass a - way.
mount of God And riv - er of delight.
Mount high, mount high, O soul of mine, Rise
up and soar a - way; Up yonder, on the mountain tops, Is ev - er - lasting day.

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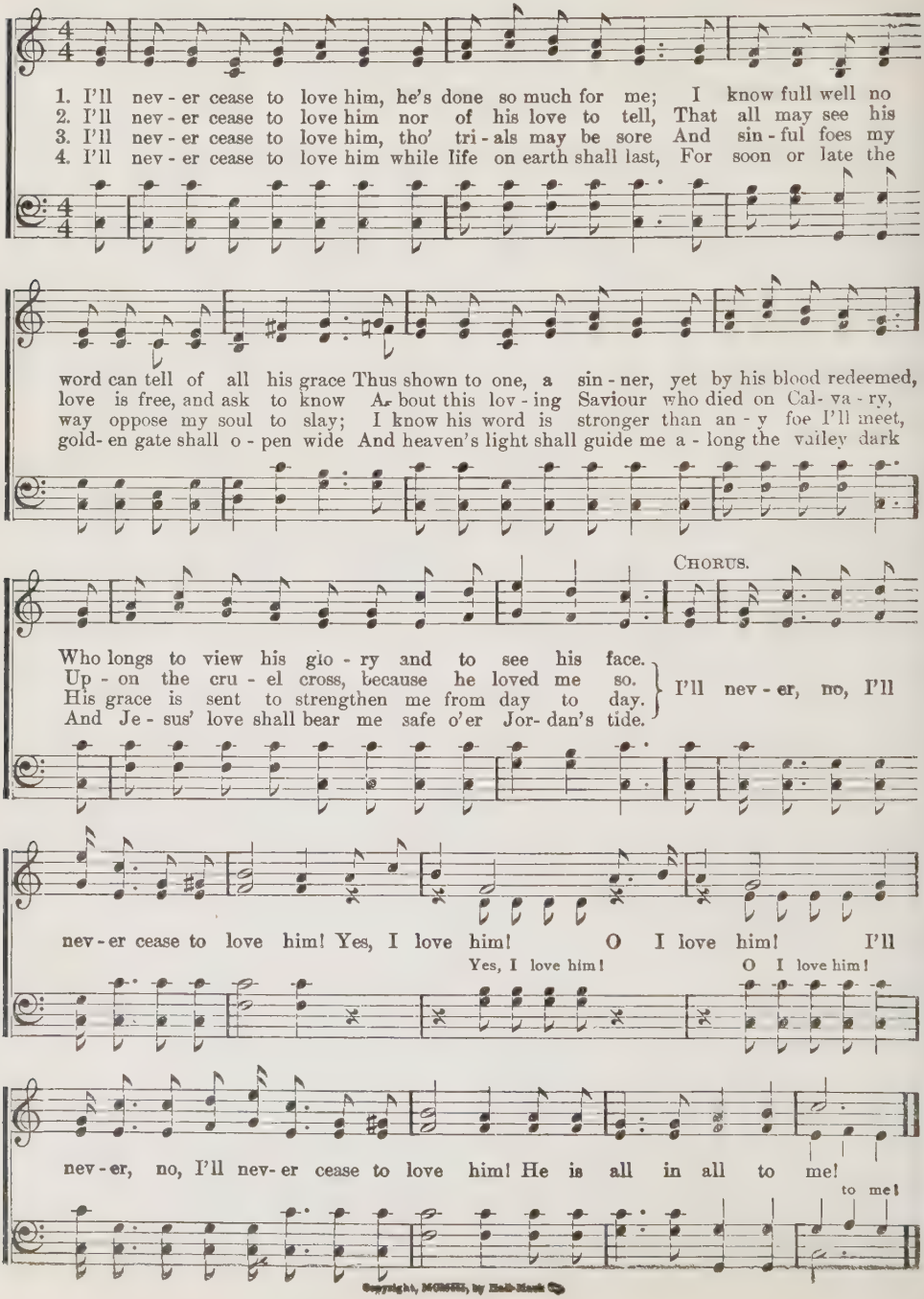
No. 132.

I'll Never Cease to Love Him.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. I'll nev - er cease to love him, he's done so much for me; I know full well no
2. I'll nev - er cease to love him nor of his love to tell, That all may see his
3. I'll nev - er cease to love him, tho' tri - als may be sore And sin - ful foes my
4. I'll nev - er cease to love him while life on earth shall last, For soon or late the
word can tell of all his grace Thus shown to one, a sin - ner, yet by his blood redeemed,
love is free, and ask to know A- bout this lov - ing Saviour who died on Cal- va - ry,
way oppose my soul to slay; I know his word is stronger than an - y foe I'll meet,
gold- en gate shall o - pen wide And heaven's light shall guide me a - long the valley dark
Chorus.
Who longs to view his glo - ry and to see his face.
Up - on the cru - el cross, because he loved me so.
His grace is sent to strengthen me from day to day.
And Je - sus' love shall bear me safe o'er Jor- dan's tide.
I'll nev - er, no, I'll
nev - er cease to love him! Yes, I love him! O I love him! I'll
Yes, I love him!
O I love him!
nev - er, no, I'll nev - er cease to love him! He is all in all to me!
to me!

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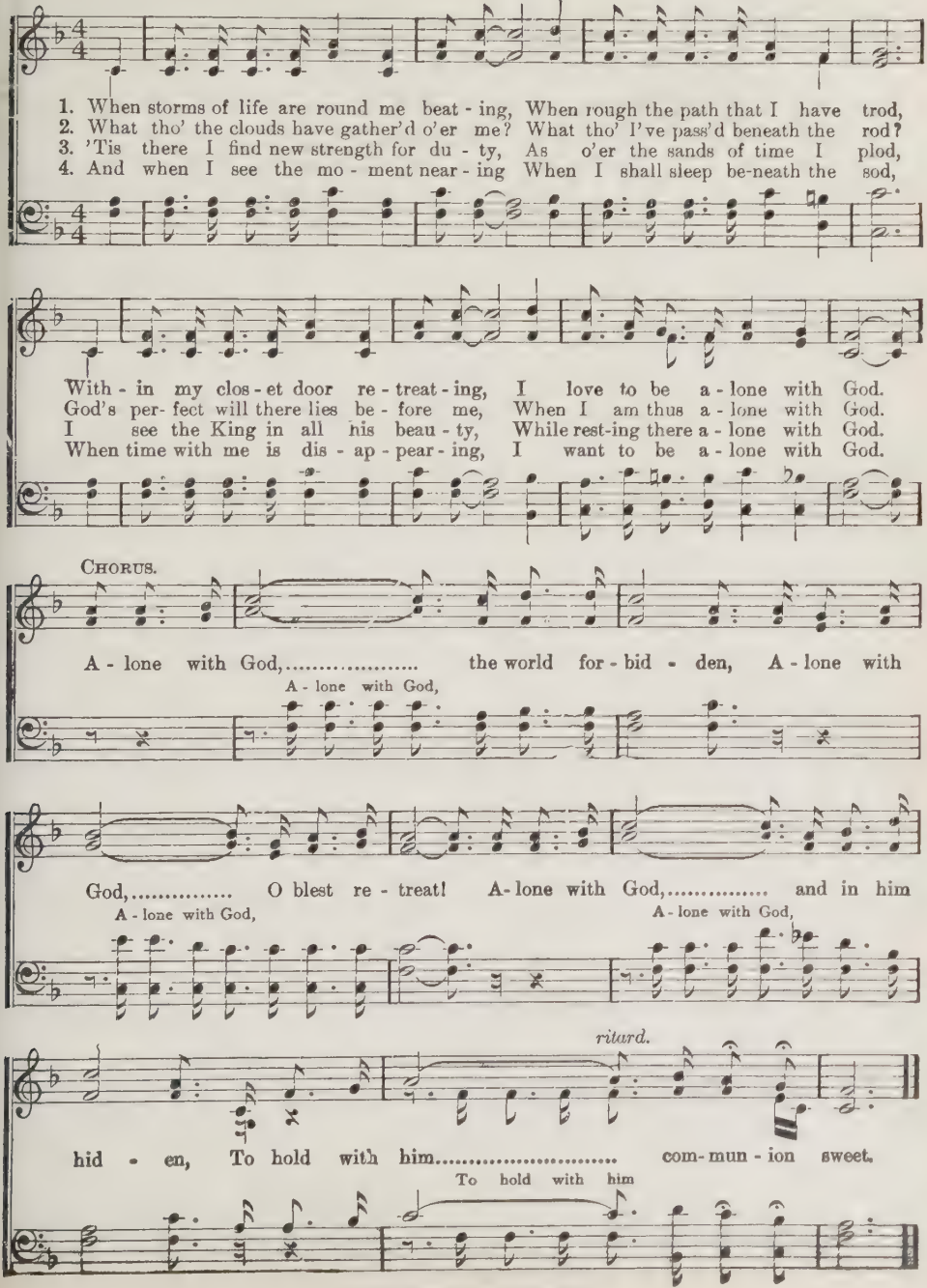
No. 133.

Alone with God.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When storms of life are round me beat - ing, When rough the path that I have trod,
2. What tho' the clouds have gather'd o'er me? What tho' I've pass'd beneath the rod?
3. 'Tis there I find new strength for du - ty, As o'er the sands of time I plod,
4. And when I see the mo - ment near - ing When I shall sleep be-neath the sod,
With - in my clos - et door re - treat - ing, I love to be a - lone with God.
God's per- fect will there lies be - fore me, When I am thus a - lone with God.
I see the King in all his beau - ty, While rest-ing there a - lone with God.
When time with me is dis - ap - pear - ing, I want to be a - lone with God.
Chorus.
A - lone with God,..... the world for - bid - den, A - lone with
A - lone with God,
God,..... O blest re - treat! A - lone with God,..... and in him
A - lone with God,
A - lone with God,
ritard.
hid - en, To hold with him..... com - mun - ion sweet.
To hold with him

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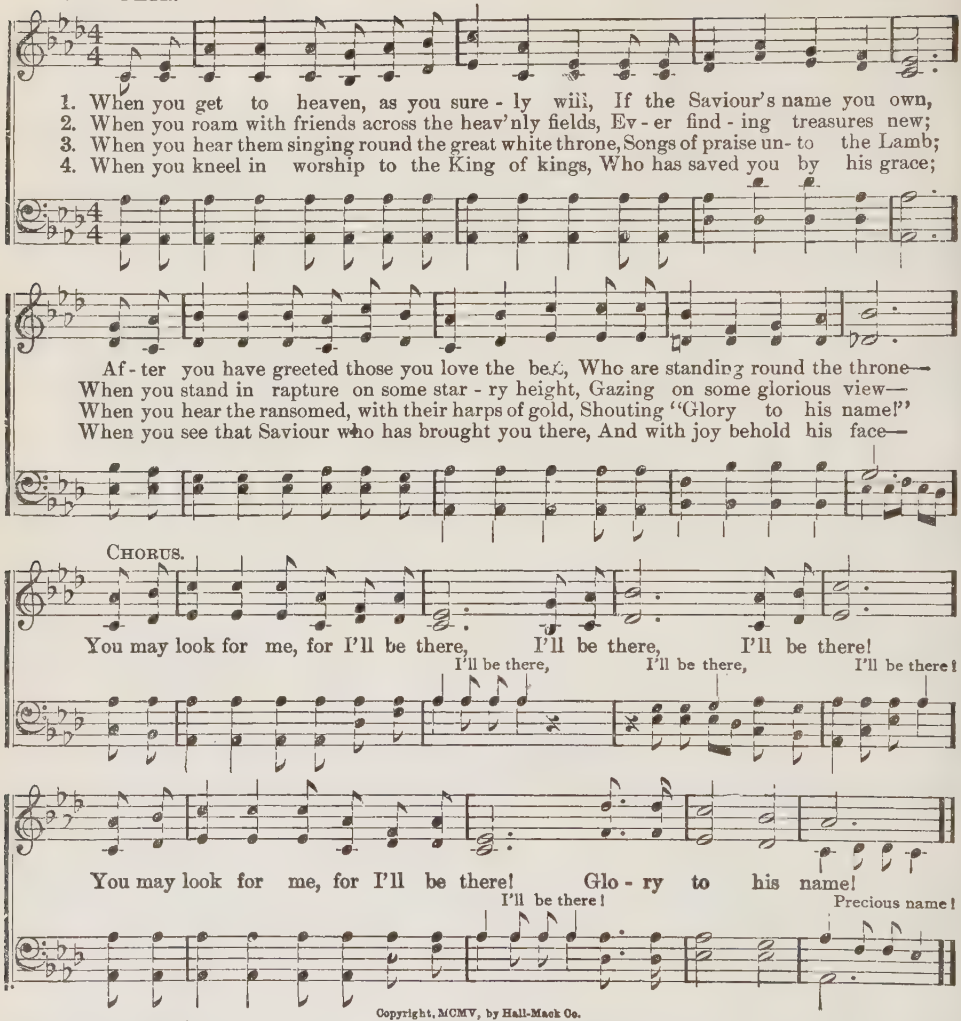
No. 134.

Look for Me!

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When you get to heaven, as you sure - ly will, If the Saviour's name you own,
2. When you roam with friends across the heav'nly fields, Ev - er find - ing treasures new;
3. When you hear them singing round the great white throne, Songs of praise un - to the Lamb;
4. When you kneel in worship to the King of kings, Who has saved you by his grace;
Af - ter you have greeted those you love the best, Who are standing round the throne—
When you stand in rapture on some star - ry height, Gazing on some glorious view—
When you hear the ransomed, with their harps of gold, Shouting "Glory to his name!"
When you see that Saviour who has brought you there, And with joy behold his face—
CHORUS.
You may look for me, for I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!
I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!
You may look for me, for I'll be there! Glo - ry to his name!
I'll be there! Precious name!

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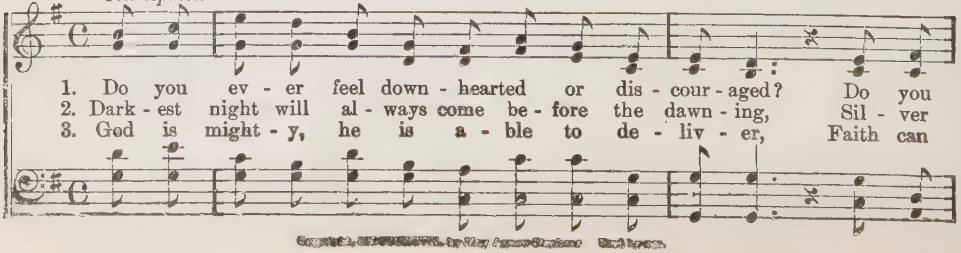
No. 135.

Have Faith in God.

M. A. S. MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

Con espress.


1. Do you ev - er feel down - hearted or dis - cour - aged? Do you
2. Dark - est night will al - ways come be - fore the dawn - ing, Sil - ver
3. God is might - y, he is a - ble to de - liv - er, Faith can

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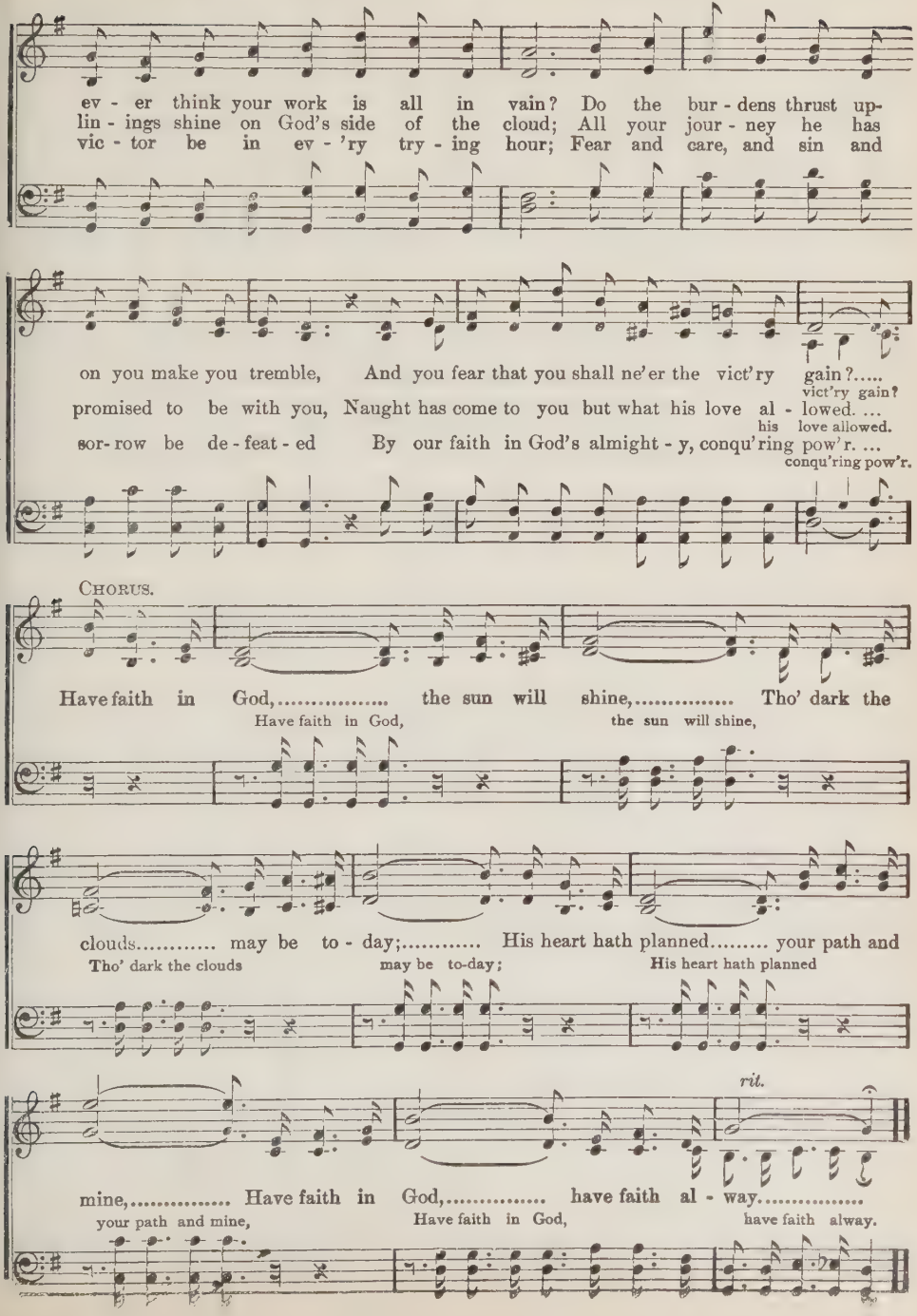
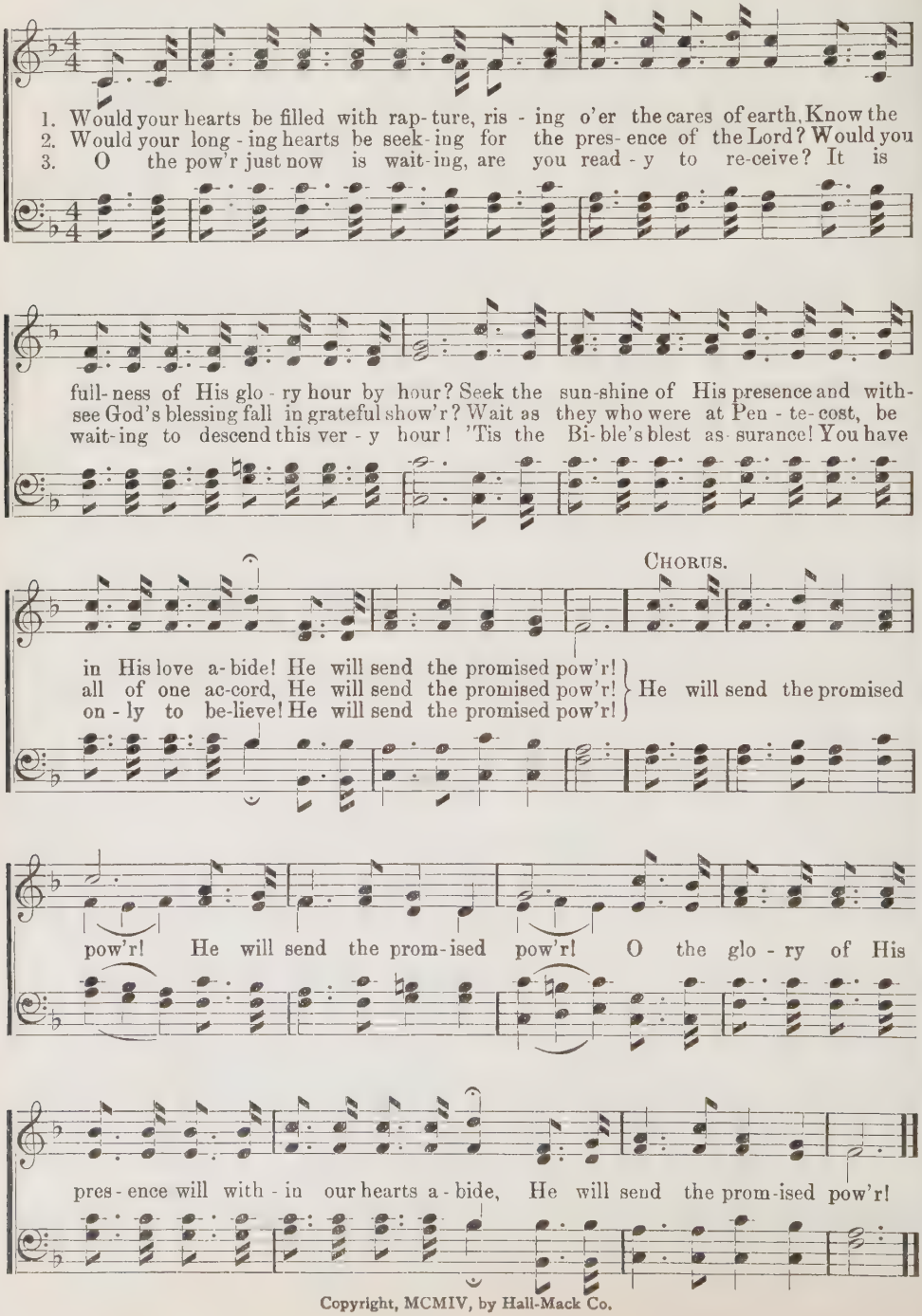
Have Faith in God.—Concluded.


ev - er think your work is all in vain? Do the bur - dens thrust up-
lin - ings shine on God's side of the cloud; All your jour - ney he has
vic - tor be in ev - 'ry try - ing hour; Fear and care, and sin and
on you make you tremble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vict'ry gain?.....
vict'ry gain?
promised to be with you, Naught has come to you but what his love al - lowed. ...
his love allowed.
sor-row be de-feat-ed By our faith in God's almight - y, conqu'ring pow'r. ...
conqu'ring pow'r.
CHORUS.
Have faith in God,..... the sun will shine,..... Tho' dark the
Have faith in God,
the sun will shine,
clouds..... may be to - day;..... His heart hath planned..... your path and
Tho' dark the clouds
may be to-day;
His heart hath planned
rit.
mine,..... Have faith in God,..... have faith al - way.....
your path and mine,
Have faith in God,
have faith alway.

No. 136. He Will Send the Promised Power.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. Would your hearts be filled with rap-ture, ris-ing o'er the cares of earth, Know the
2. Would your long-ing hearts be seek-ing for the pres-ence of the Lord? Would you
3. O the pow'r just now is wait-ing, are you read-y to re-ceive? It is
full-ness of His glo-ry hour by hour? Seek the sun-shine of His presence and with-
see God's blessing fall in grateful show'r? Wait as they who were at Pen-te-cost, be
wait-ing to descend this ver-y hour! 'Tis the Bi-ble's blest as-surance! You have
CHORUS.
in His love a-bide! He will send the promised pow'r!
all of one ac-cord, He will send the promised pow'r!
on-ly to be-lieve! He will send the promised pow'r!
He will send the promised
pow'r! He will send the prom-ised pow'r! O the glo-ry of His
pres-ence will with-in our hearts a-bide, He will send the prom-ised pow'r!

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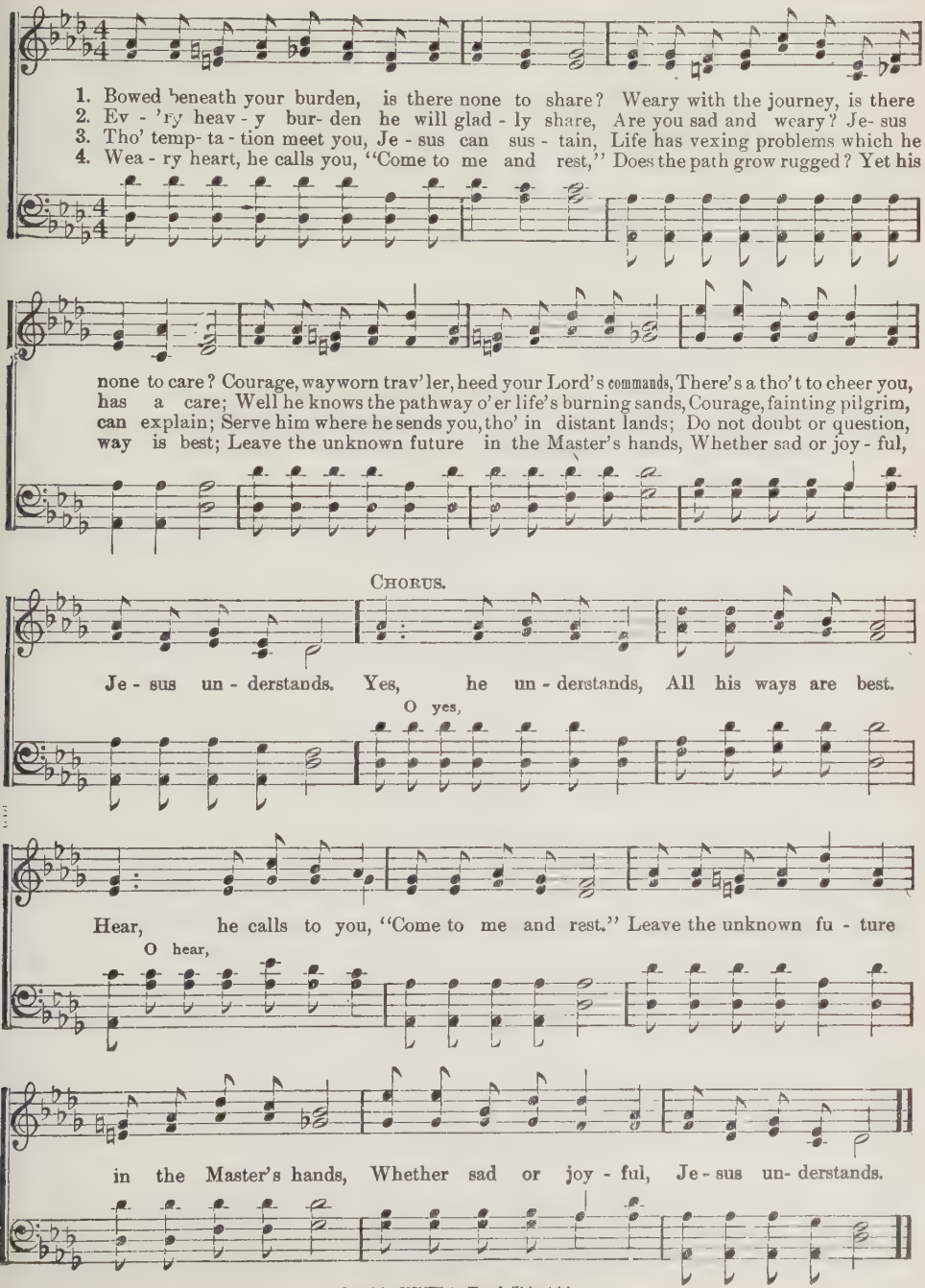
No. 137.

Jesus Understands.

BIRDIE BELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bowed beneath your burden, is there none to share? Weary with the journey, is there none to care? Courage, wayworn trav'ler, heed your Lord's commands, There's a tho't to cheer you,
2. Ev - 'ry heav - y bur- den he will glad - ly share, Are you sad and weary? Je- sus has a care; Well he knows the pathway o'er life's burning sands, Courage, fainting pilgrim,
3. Tho' temp- ta - tion meet you, Je - sus can sus - tain, Life has vexing problems which he can explain; Serve him where he sends you, tho' in distant lands; Do not doubt or question,
4. Wea - ry heart, he calls you, "Come to me and rest," Does the path grow rugged? Yet his way is best; Leave the unknown future in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy - ful,
CHORUS.
Je - sus un - derstands. Yes, he un - derstands, All his ways are best.
O yes,
Hear, he calls to you, "Come to me and rest." Leave the unknown fu - ture
O hear,
in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je - sus un- derstands.

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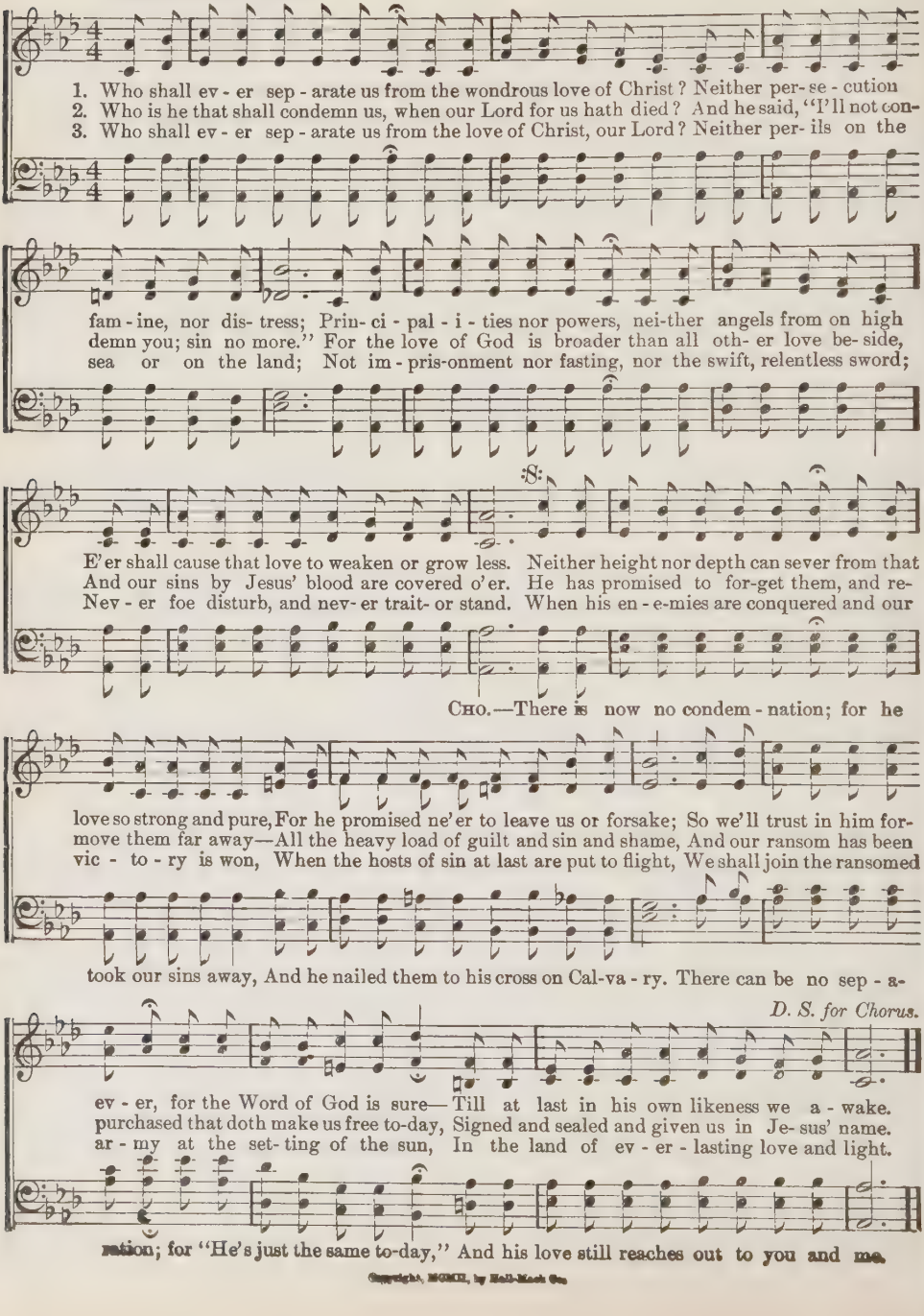
No. 138. No Condemnation, No Separation.

JENNIE EVELYN HUSSEY. To my esteemed friend, Prof. W. S. Weeden. J. LINCOLN HALL.

EFFECTIVE AS A SOLO.

1. Who shall ev - er sep - arate us from the wondrous love of Christ? Neither per- se - cution
2. Who is he that shall condemn us, when our Lord for us hath died? And he said, "I'll not con-
3. Who shall ev - er sep - arate us from the love of Christ, our Lord? Neither per- ils on the
fam - ine, nor dis- tress; Prin- ci - pal - i - ties nor powers, nei-ther angels from on high
demn you; sin no more." For the love of God is broader than all oth- er love be- side,
sea or on the land; Not im - pris-onment nor fasting, nor the swift, relentless sword;
S:
E'er shall cause that love to weaken or grow less. Neither height nor depth can sever from that
And our sins by Jesus' blood are covered o'er. He has promised to for-get them, and re-
Nev - er foe disturb, and nev- er trait- or stand. When his en - e-mies are conquered and our
CHO.—There is now no condem - nation; for he
love so strong and pure, For he promised ne'er to leave us or forsake; So we'll trust in him for-
move them far away—All the heavy load of guilt and sin and shame, And our ransom has been
vic - to - ry is won, When the hosts of sin at last are put to flight, We shall join the ransomed
took our sins away, And he nailed them to his cross on Cal-va - ry. There can be no sep - a-
D. S. for Chorus.
ev - er, for the Word of God is sure— Till at last in his own likeness we a - wake.
purchased that doth make us free to-day, Signed and sealed and given us in Je- sus' name.
ar - my at the set- ting of the sun, In the land of ev - er - lasting love and light.
ration; for "He's just the same to-day," And his love still reaches out to you and me.

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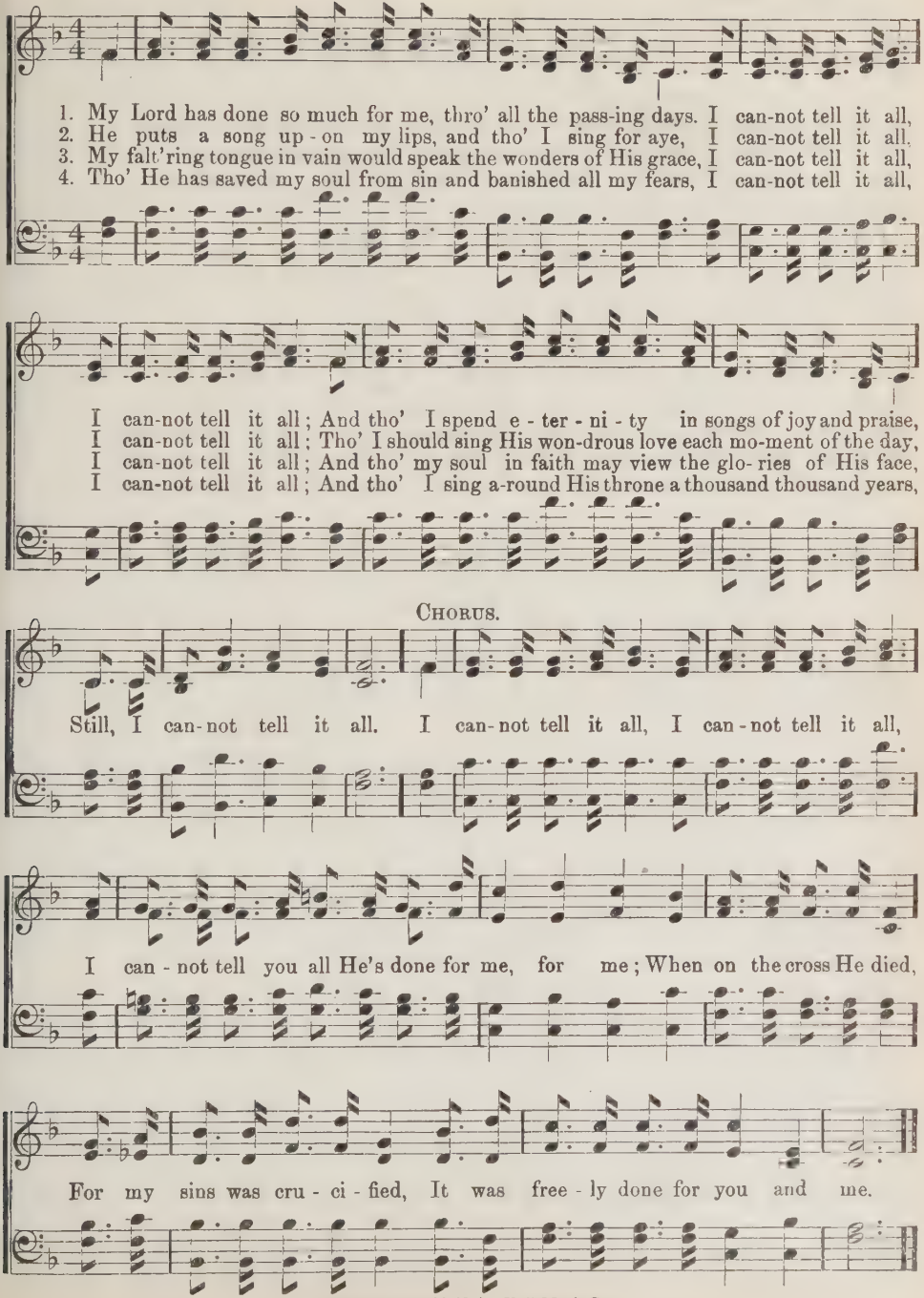
No. 139. I Cannot Tell It All.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.


1. My Lord has done so much for me, thro' all the pass-ing days. I can-not tell it all,
2. He puts a song up-on my lips, and tho' I sing for aye, I can-not tell it all.
3. My falt'ring tongue in vain would speak the wonders of His grace, I can-not tell it all,
4. Tho' He has saved my soul from sin and banished all my fears, I can-not tell it all,
I can-not tell it all; And tho' I spend e-ter-ni-ty in songs of joy and praise,
I can-not tell it all; Tho' I should sing His won-drous love each mo-ment of the day,
I can-not tell it all; And tho' my soul in faith may view the glo-ries of His face,
I can-not tell it all; And tho' I sing a-round His throne a thousand thousand years,
Chorus.
Still, I can-not tell it all. I can-not tell it all, I can-not tell it all,
I can-not tell you all He's done for me, for me; When on the cross He died,
For my sins was cru-ci-fied, It was free-ly done for you and me.

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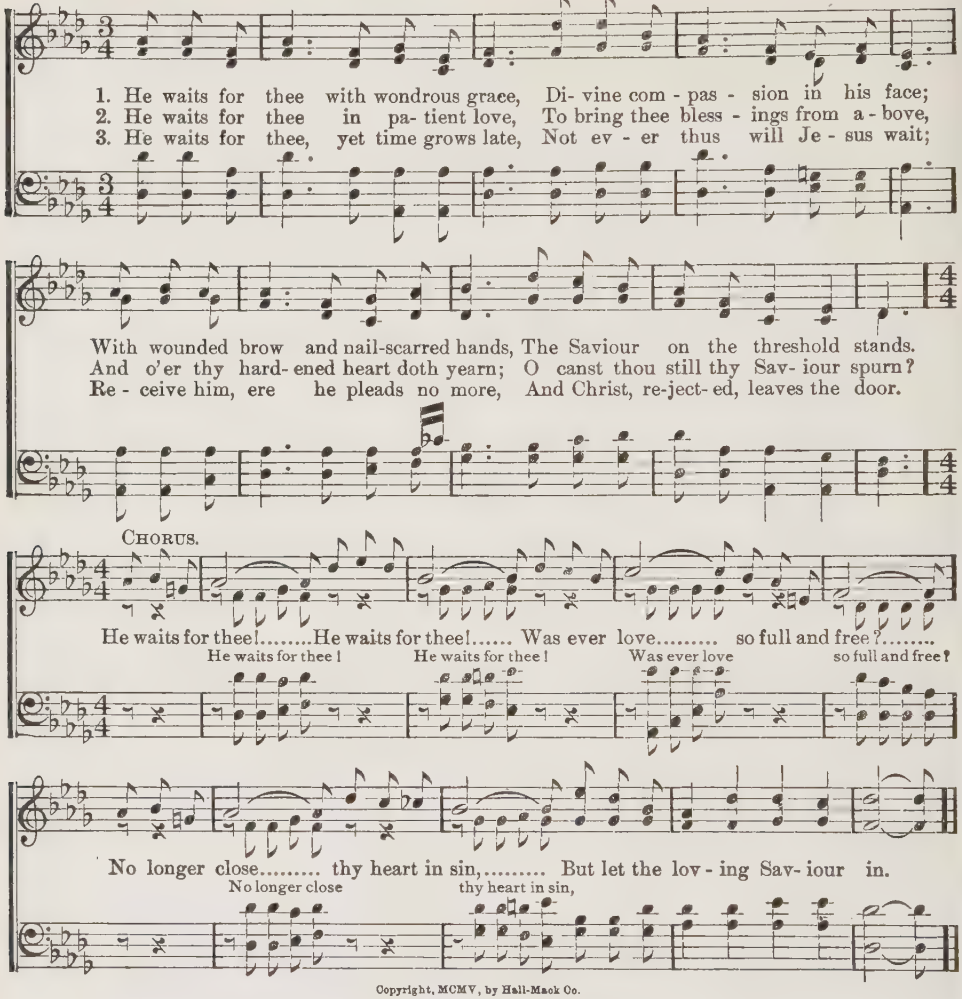
No. 140.

He Waits for Thee.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. HERBERT J. LACEY.


1. He waits for thee with wondrous grace, Di- vine com - pas - sion in his face;
2. He waits for thee in pa- tient love, To bring thee bless - ings from a - bove,
3. He waits for thee, yet time grows late, Not ev - er thus will Je - sus wait;
With wounded brow and nail-scarred hands, The Saviour on the threshold stands.
And o'er thy hard- ened heart doth yearn; O canst thou still thy Sav- iour spurn?
Re - ceive him, ere he pleads no more, And Christ, re-ject- ed, leaves the door.
CHORUS.
He waits for thee!.....He waits for thee!..... Was ever love..... so full and free?.....
He waits for thee! He waits for thee! Was ever love so full and free?
No longer close..... thy heart in sin,..... But let the lov - ing Sav- iour in.
No longer close thy heart in sin,

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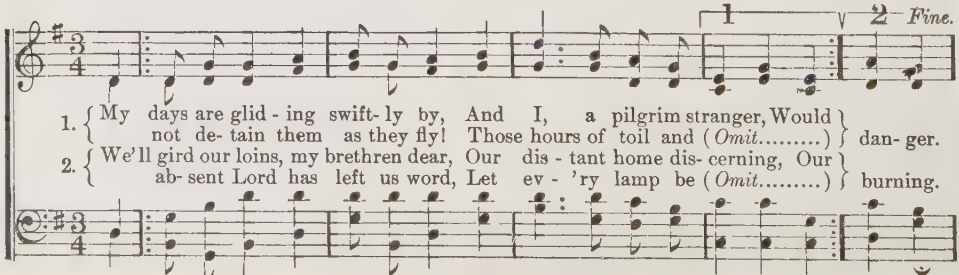
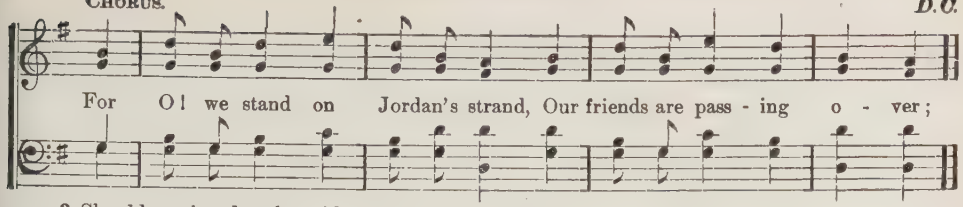
No 141.

The Shining Shore.

G. F. ROOT.


1 2 Fine.
1. My days are glid - ing swift- ly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not de- tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and (Omit.....) dan- ger.
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our dis - tant home dis- cerning, Our ab- sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - 'ry lamp be (Omit.....) burning.
D.C.—And just be - fore, the shining shore We may al- most dis- (Omit.....) cov - er.

The Shining Shore.—Concluded.

CHORUS. D.C.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

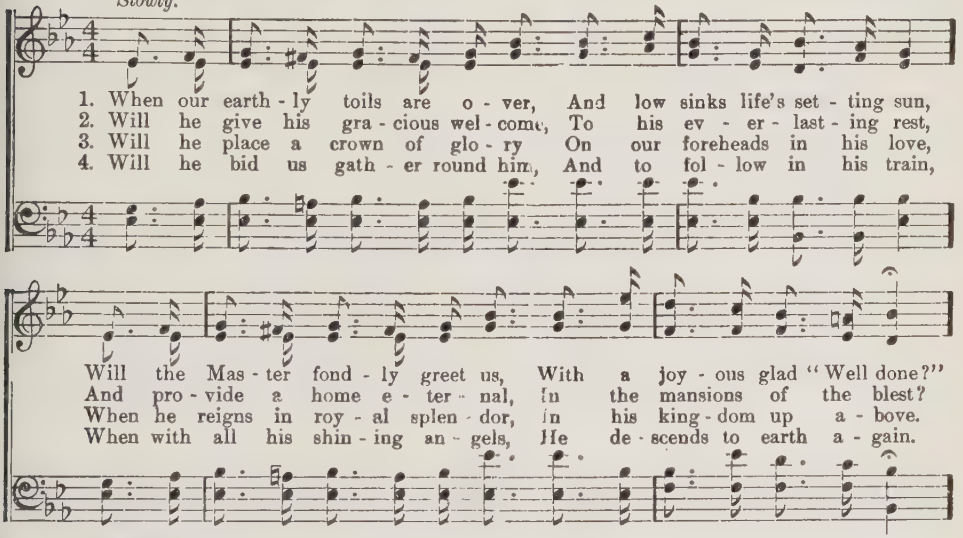
4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home,
Forever, O forever!

No. 142.

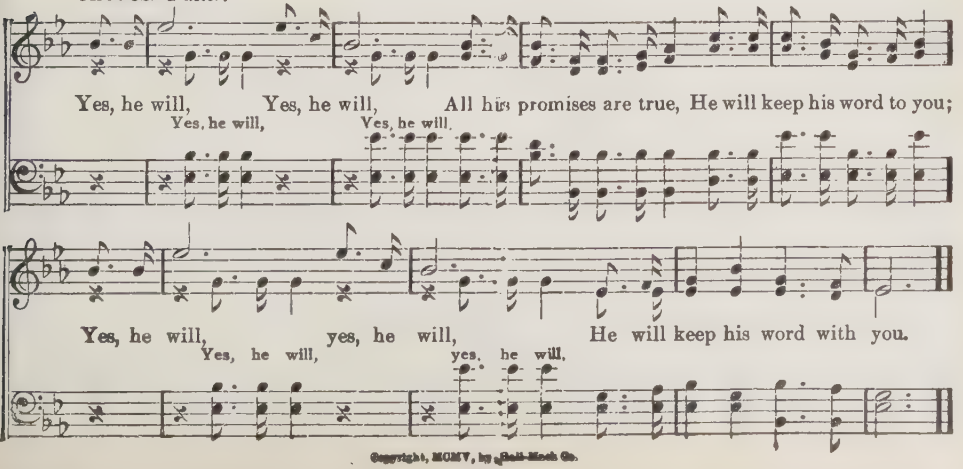
Yes, He Will.

T. M. EASTWOOD. C. AUSTIN MILES.

Slowly.


1. When our earth - ly toils are o - ver, And low sinks life's set - ting sun,
2. Will he give his gra - cious wel - come, To his ev - er - last - ing rest,
3. Will he place a crown of glo - ry On our foreheads in his love,
4. Will he bid us gath - er round him, And to fol - low in his train,
Will the Mas - ter fond - ly greet us, With a joy - ous glad "Well done?"
And pro - vide a home e - ter - nal, In the mansions of the blest?
When he reigns in roy - al splen - dor, In his king - dom up a - bove.
When with all his shin - ing an - gels, He de - scends to earth a - gain.

CHORUS. *Faster.*


Yes, he will, Yes, he will, All his promises are true, He will keep his word to you;
Yes, he will, Yes, he will,
Yes, he will, yes, he will, He will keep his word with you.
Yes, he will, yes, he will,

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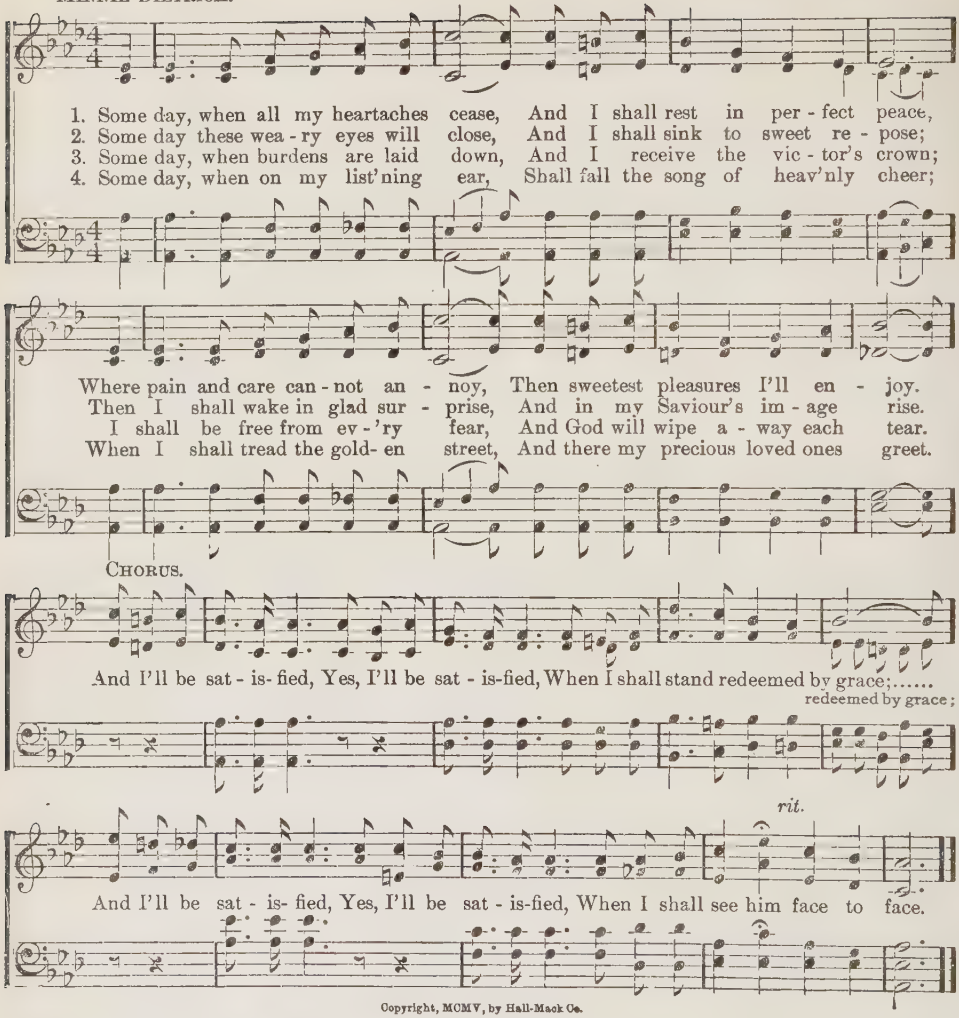
No. 143.

Satisfied.

MINNIE DIETRICH. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Some day, when all my heartaches cease, And I shall rest in per - fect peace,
2. Some day these wea - ry eyes will close, And I shall sink to sweet re - pose;
3. Some day, when burdens are laid down, And I receive the vic - tor's crown;
4. Some day, when on my list'ning ear, Shall fall the song of heav'nly cheer;
Where pain and care can - not an - noy, Then sweetest pleasures I'll en - joy.
Then I shall wake in glad sur - prise, And in my Saviour's im - age rise.
I shall be free from ev - 'ry fear, And God will wipe a - way each tear.
When I shall tread the gold- en street, And there my precious loved ones greet.
CHORUS.
And I'll be sat - is- fied, Yes, I'll be sat - is-fied, When I shall stand redeemed by grace;.....
redeemed by grace;
rit.
And I'll be sat - is- fied, Yes, I'll be sat - is-fied, When I shall see him face to face.

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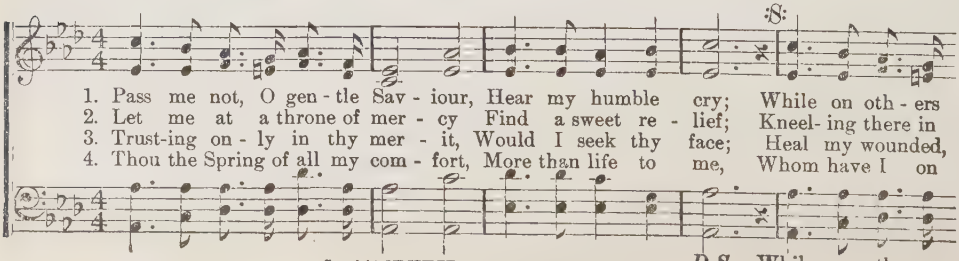
No. 144.

Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my humble cry; While on oth - ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel- ing there in
3. Trust-ing on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on
D.S.—While on oth - ers

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Pass Me Not.—Concluded.

Fine. CHORUS. D.S.

thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con- tri - tion, Help my un-be - lief.
brok- en spir - it, Save me by thy grace.
earth beside thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?

} Saviour, Saviour, Hear my humble cry,

thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

No. 145. A Wonderful Saviour.

JOHN JAMES. J. J. LOWE.

1. A won- der - ful Saviour is Je - sus, A won- der - ful friend he will be;
2. A won- der - ful Saviour is Je - sus, To all who his name have con - fessed;
3. A won- der - ful Saviour is Je - sus, He calls, "Come to me and find rest,"
4. A won- der - ful Saviour is Je - sus, That he should leave heaven a - bove

To all who re- ceive him and trust him, He saves thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
His par- don and peace he be - stow - eth; He gives them his own bless- ed rest.
To all who are la - den and wea - ry, By sor - row and sin are op - pressed.
To suf - fer and die to re - deem us; What won- der - ful, won- der- ful love!

CHORUS.

A won - der- ful Saviour is Je - sus, A won- der - ful love he be - stows;

When tempted and tried, he is with us, And helps us to conquer our foes.

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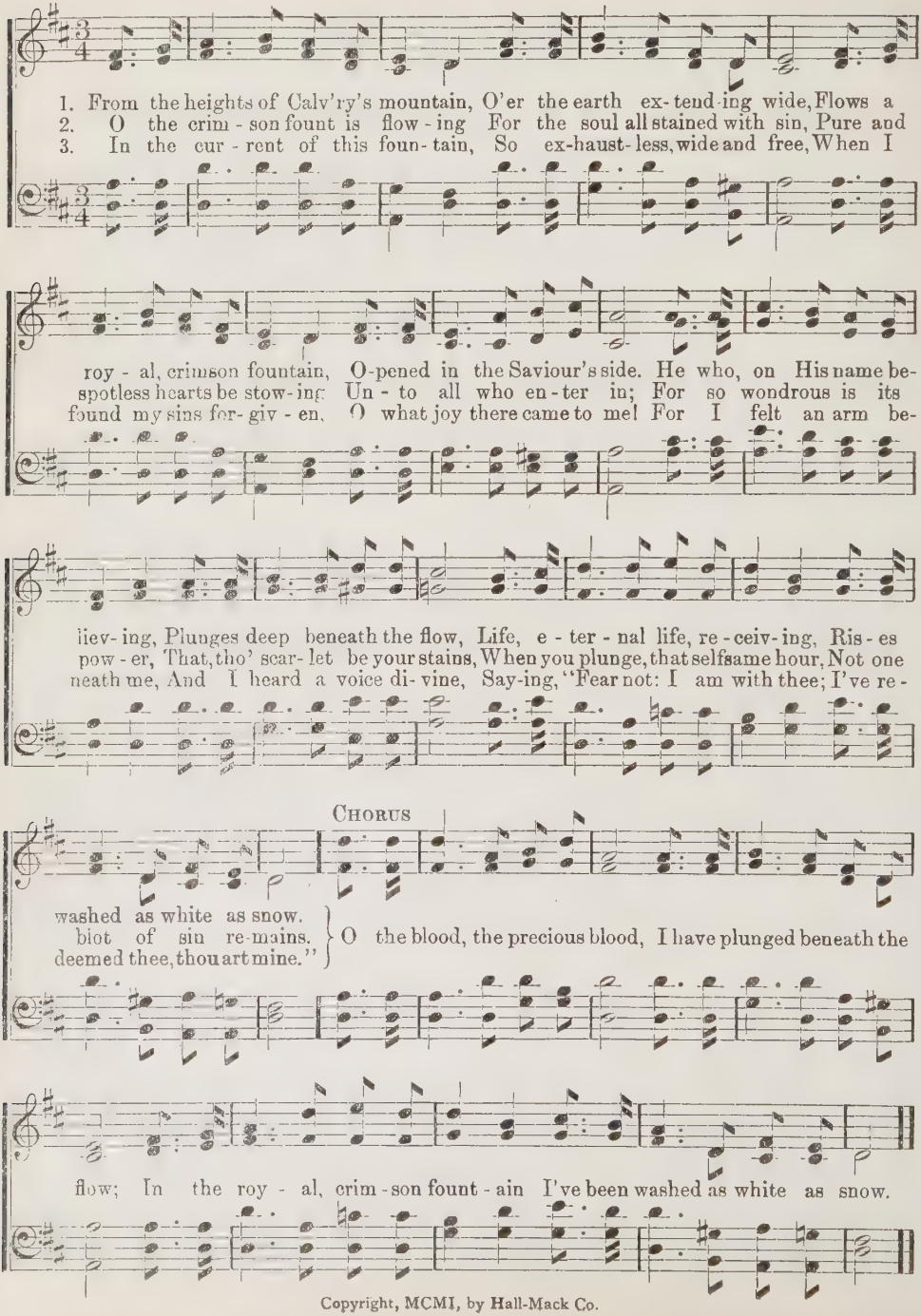
No. 146. The Royal, Crimson Fountain.

J. B. MACKAY. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. From the heights of Calv'ry's mountain, O'er the earth ex-tend-ing wide, Flows a
2. O the crim-son fount is flow-ing For the soul all stained with sin, Pure and
3. In the cur-rent of this foun-tain, So ex-haust-less, wide and free, When I
roy-al, crimson fountain, O-pened in the Saviour's side. He who, on His name be-
spotless hearts be stow-ing Un-to all who en-ter in; For so wondrous is its
found my sins for-giv-en, O what joy there came to me! For I felt an arm be-
liev-ing, Plunges deep beneath the flow, Life, e-ter-nal life, re-ceiv-ing, Ris-es
pow-er, That, tho' scar-let be your stains, When you plunge, that selfsame hour, Not one
neath me, And I heard a voice di-vine, Say-ing, "Fear not: I am with thee; I've re-
CHORUS
washed as white as snow.
biot of sin re-mains.
deemed thee, thou art mine."
O the blood, the precious blood, I have plunged beneath the
flow; In the roy-al, crim-son fount-ain I've been washed as white as snow.

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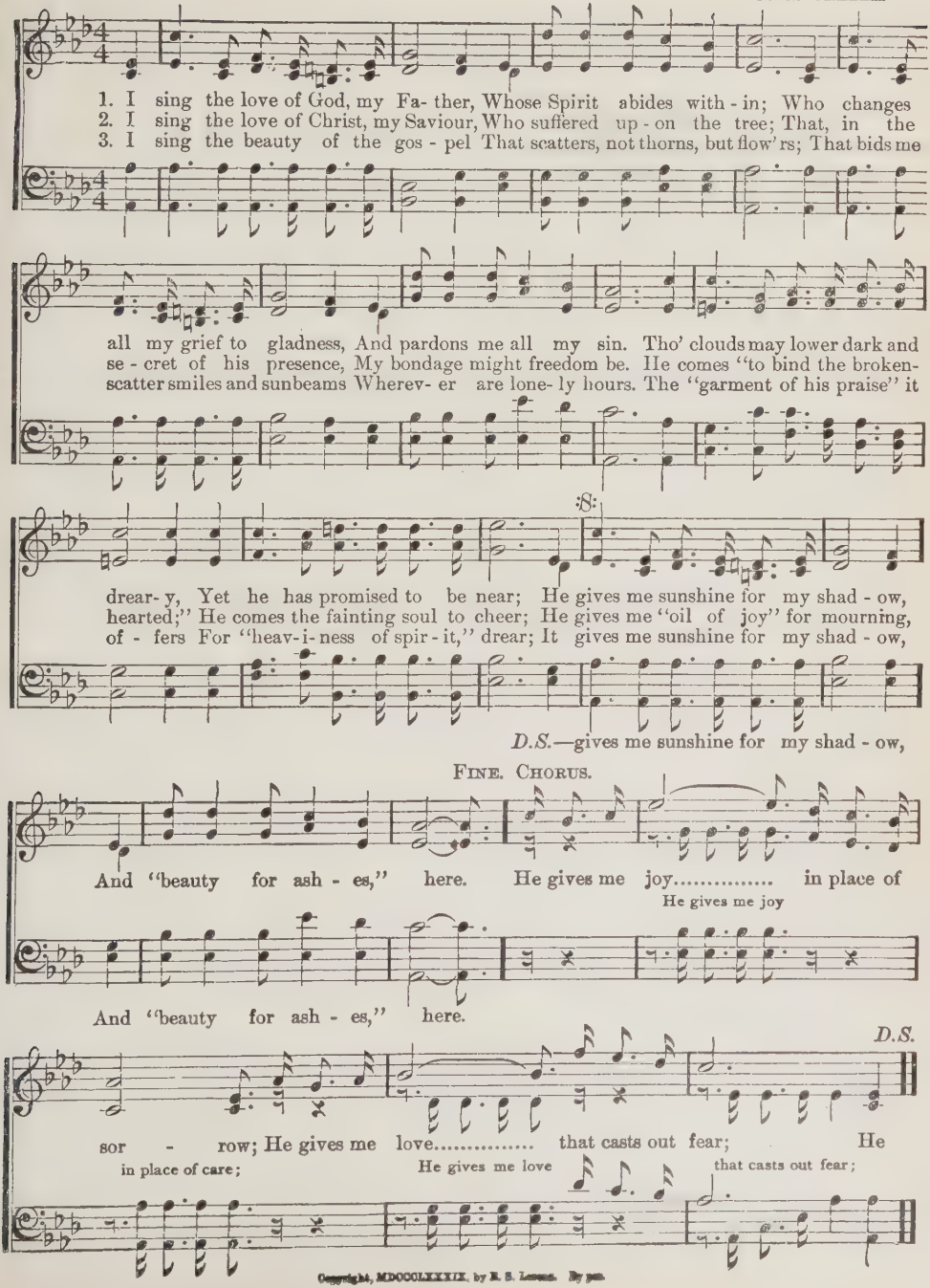
No. 147.

Beauty for Ashes.

J. G. C.

J. G. CRABBE.

1. I sing the love of God, my Fa- ther, Whose Spirit abides with - in; Who changes
2. I sing the love of Christ, my Saviour, Who suffered up - on the tree; That, in the
3. I sing the beauty of the gos - pel That scatters, not thorns, but flow'rs; That bids me
all my grief to gladness, And pardons me all my sin. Tho' clouds may lower dark and
se - cret of his presence, My bondage might freedom be. He comes "to bind the broken-
scatter smiles and sunbeams Wherev- er are lone- ly hours. The "garment of his praise" it
:S:
drear- y, Yet he has promised to be near; He gives me sunshine for my shad - ow,
hearted;" He comes the fainting soul to cheer; He gives me "oil of joy" for mourning,
of - fers For "heav-i- ness of spir - it," drear; It gives me sunshine for my shad - ow,
D.S.—gives me sunshine for my shad - ow,
FINE. CHORUS.
And "beauty for ash - es," here. He gives me joy..... in place of
He gives me joy
And "beauty for ash - es," here.
D.S.
sor - row; He gives me love..... that casts out fear; He
in place of care;
He gives me love
that casts out fear;

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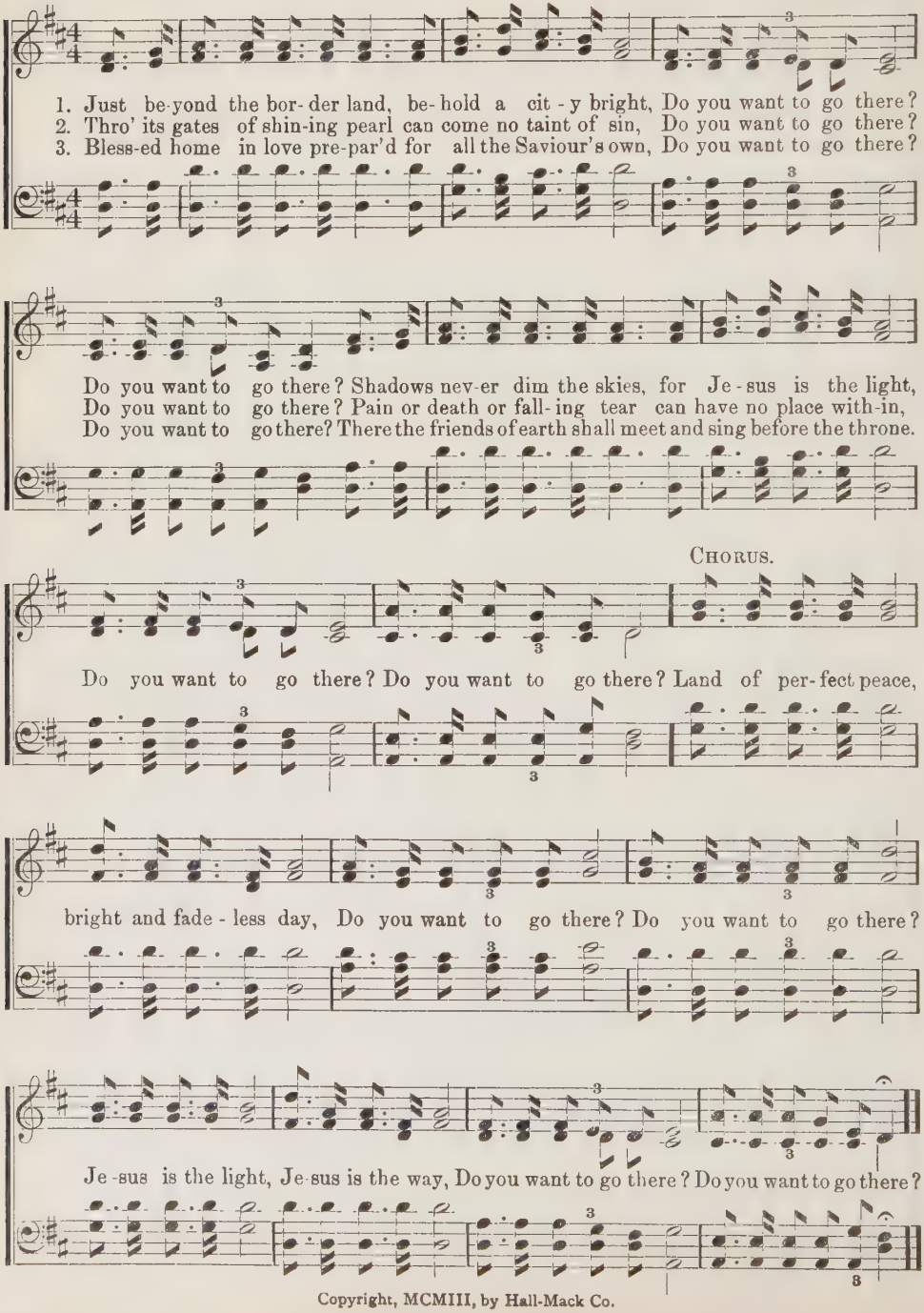
No. 148. Do You Want to Go There?

J. E. Lewis. L. E. Jones.

1. Just be-yond the bor-der land, be-hold a cit-y bright, Do you want to go there?
2. Thro' its gates of shin-ing pearl can come no taint of sin, Do you want to go there?
3. Bless-ed home in love pre-par'd for all the Saviour's own, Do you want to go there?
Do you want to go there? Shadows nev-er dim the skies, for Je-sus is the light,
Do you want to go there? Pain or death or fall-ing tear can have no place with-in,
Do you want to go there? There the friends of earth shall meet and sing before the throne.
Chorus.
Do you want to go there? Do you want to go there? Land of per-fect peace,
bright and fade-less day, Do you want to go there? Do you want to go there?
Je-sus is the light, Je-sus is the way, Do you want to go there? Do you want to go there?

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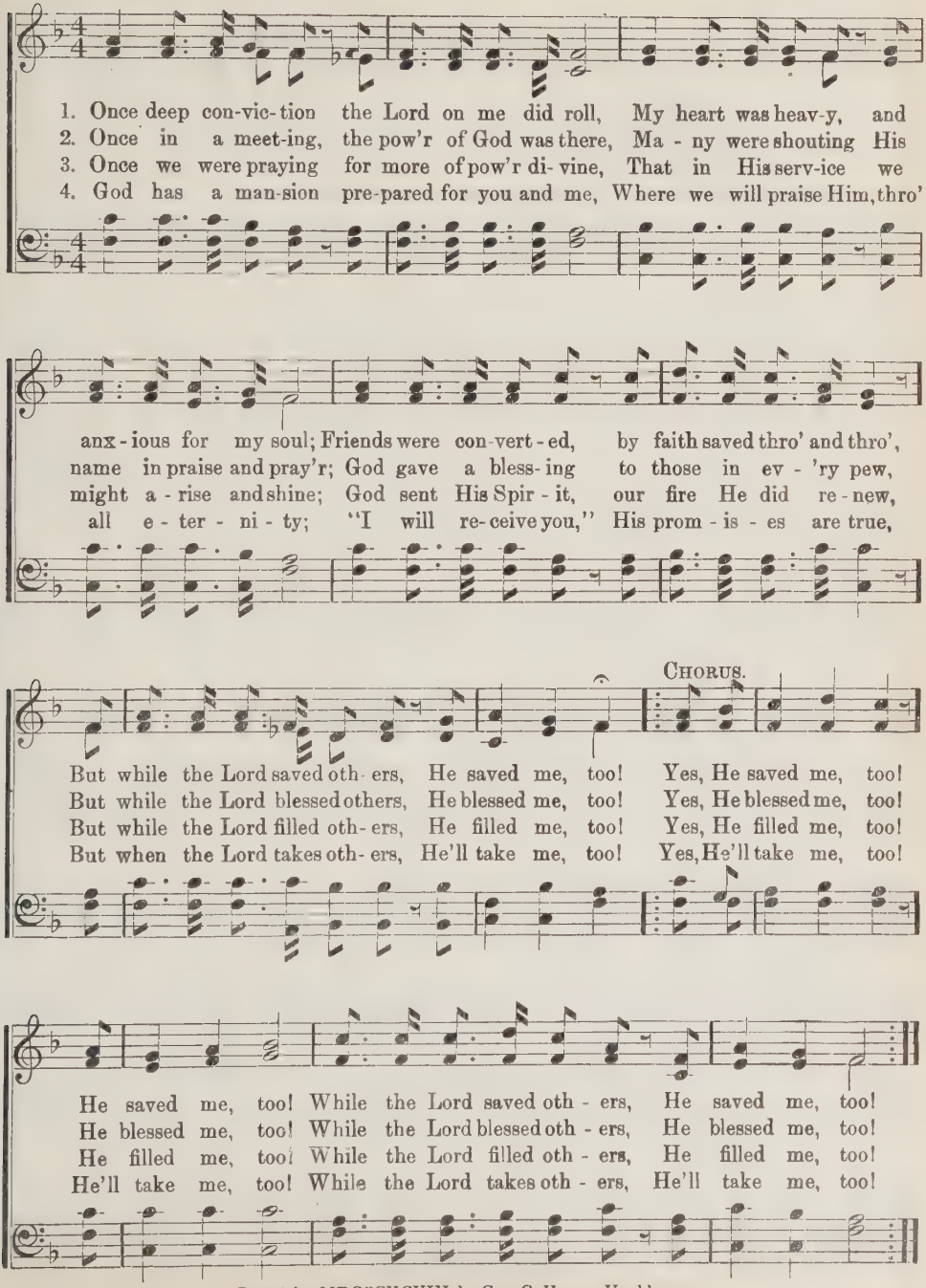
No. 149. He Saved Me, Too.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Once deep con-vic-tion the Lord on me did roll, My heart was heav-y, and
anx-ious for my soul; Friends were con-vert-ed, by faith saved thro' and thro',
2. Once in a meet-ing, the pow'r of God was there, Ma-ny were shouting His
name in praise and pray'r; God gave a bless-ing to those in ev-'ry pew,
3. Once we were praying for more of pow'r di-vine, That in His serv-ice we
might a-rise and shine; God sent His Spir-it, our fire He did re-new,
4. God has a man-sion pre-pared for you and me, Where we will praise Him, thro'
all e-ter-ni-ty; "I will re-ceive you," His prom-is-es are true,
Chorus.
But while the Lord saved oth-ers, He saved me, too! Yes, He saved me, too!
But while the Lord blessed others, He blessed me, too! Yes, He blessed me, too!
But while the Lord filled oth-ers, He filled me, too! Yes, He filled me, too!
But when the Lord takes oth-ers, He'll take me, too! Yes, He'll take me, too!
He saved me, too! While the Lord saved oth-ers, He saved me, too!
He blessed me, too! While the Lord blessed oth-ers, He blessed me, too!
He filled me, too! While the Lord filled oth-ers, He filled me, too!
He'll take me, too! While the Lord takes oth-ers, He'll take me, too!

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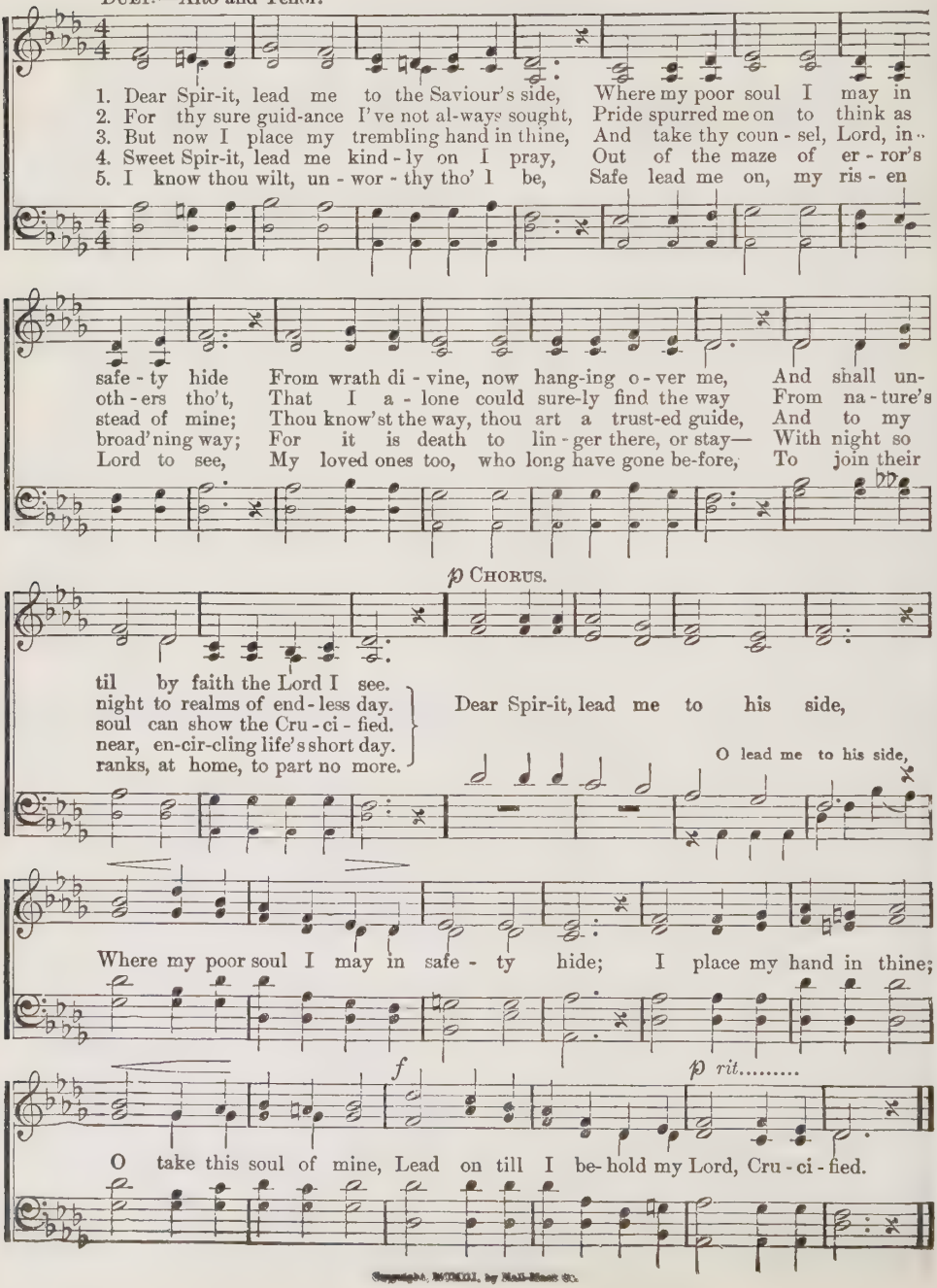
No. 150.

Dear Spirit, Lead Thou Me.

JOHN BELL. C. AUSTIN MILES.

DUET.—Alto and Tenor.

1. Dear Spir-it, lead me to the Saviour's side, Where my poor soul I may in
2. For thy sure guid-ance I've not al-ways sought, Pride spurred me on to think as
3. But now I place my trembling hand in thine, And take thy coun - sel, Lord, in -
4. Sweet Spir-it, lead me kind - ly on I pray, Out of the maze of er - ror's
5. I know thou wilt, un - wor - thy tho' I be, Safe lead me on, my ris - en
safe - ty hide From wrath di - vine, now hang-ing o - ver me, And shall un-
oth - ers tho't, That I a - lone could sure-ly find the way From na - ture's
stead of mine; Thou know'st the way, thou art a trust-ed guide, And to my
broad'ning way; For it is death to lin - ger there, or stay— With night so
Lord to see, My loved ones too, who long have gone be-fore, To join their
p CHORUS.
til by faith the Lord I see.
night to realms of end - less day.
soul can show the Cru - ci - fied.
near, en-cir-cling life's short day.
ranks, at home, to part no more.
Dear Spir-it, lead me to his side,
O lead me to his side,
Where my poor soul I may in safe - ty hide; I place my hand in thine;
f
p rit.....
O take this soul of mine, Lead on till I be-hold my Lord, Cru - ci - fied.

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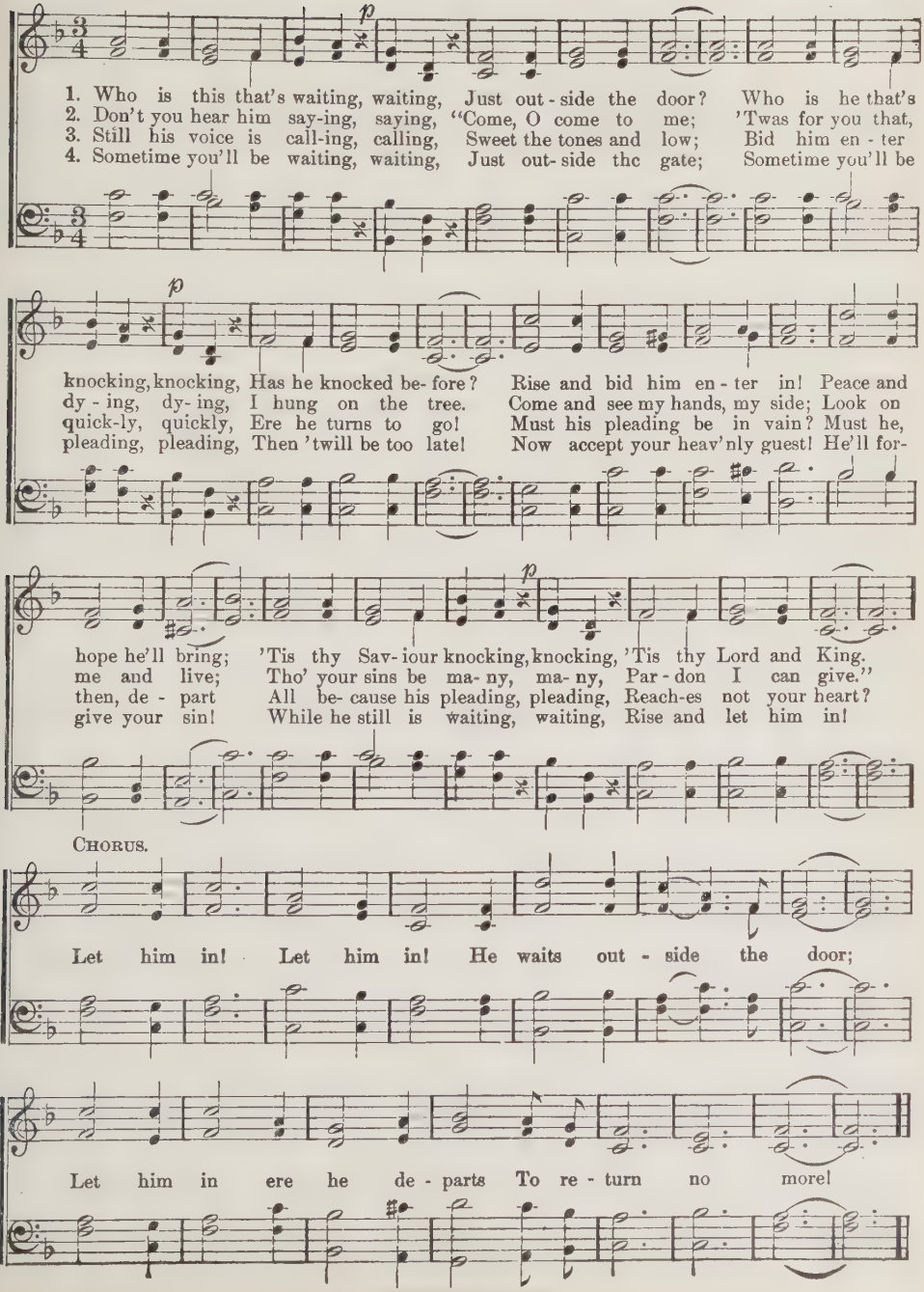
No. 151.

Let Him In.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.


1. Who is this that's waiting, waiting, Just out-side the door? Who is he that's
2. Don't you hear him say-ing, saying, "Come, O come to me; 'Twas for you that,
3. Still his voice is call-ing, calling, Sweet the tones and low; Bid him en-ter
4. Sometime you'll be waiting, waiting, Just out-side the gate; Sometime you'll be
knocking, knocking, Has he knocked be-fore? Rise and bid him en-ter in! Peace and
dy-ing, dy-ing, I hung on the tree. Come and see my hands, my side; Look on
quick-ly, quickly, Ere he turns to go! Must his pleading be in vain? Must he,
pleading, pleading, Then 'twill be too late! Now accept your heav'nly guest! He'll for-
hope he'll bring; 'Tis thy Sav-iour knocking, knocking, 'Tis thy Lord and King.
me and live; Tho' your sins be ma-ny, ma-ny, Par-don I can give."
then, de-part All be-cause his pleading, pleading, Reach-es not your heart?
give your sin! While he still is waiting, waiting, Rise and let him in!
Chorus.
Let him in! Let him in! He waits out-side the door;
Let him in ere he de-parts To re-turn no more!

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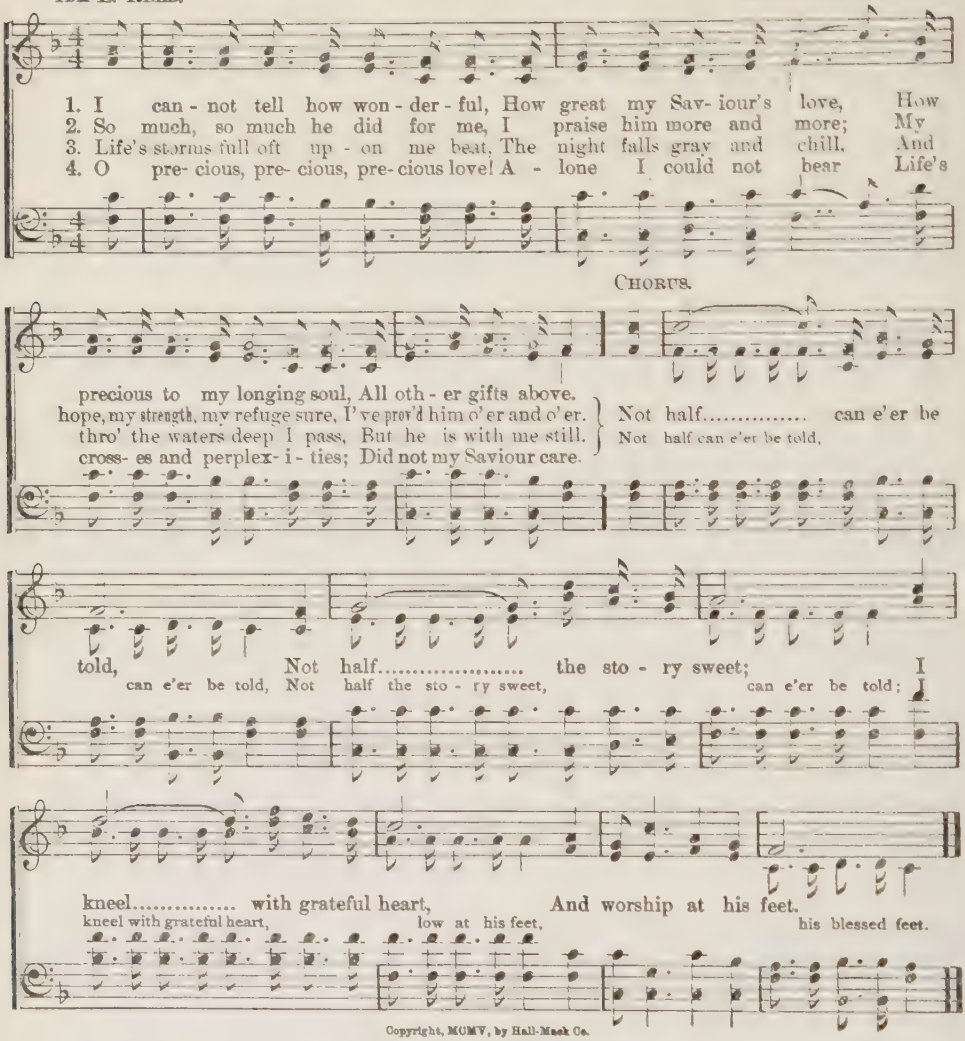
No. 152. Not Half the Story Sweet.

IDA L. REED. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. I can - not tell how won - der - ful, How great my Sav- iour's love, How
2. So much, so much he did for me, I praise him more and more; My
3. Life's storms full oft up - on me beat, The night falls gray and chill, And
4. O pre- cious, pre- cious, pre- cious love! A - lone I could not bear Life's
CHORUS.
precious to my longing soul, All oth - er gifts above.
hope, my strength, my refuge sure, I've prov'd him o'er and o'er.
thro' the waters deep I pass, But he is with me still.
cross- es and perplex- i - ties; Did not my Saviour care.
Not half..... can e'er be
Not half can e'er be told,
told, Not half..... the sto - ry sweet; I
can e'er be told, Not half the sto - ry sweet, can e'er be told; I
kneel..... with grateful heart, And worship at his feet.
kneel with grateful heart, low at his feet, his blessed feet.

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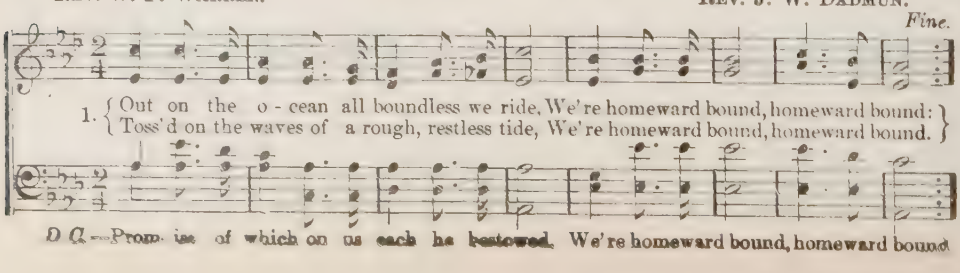
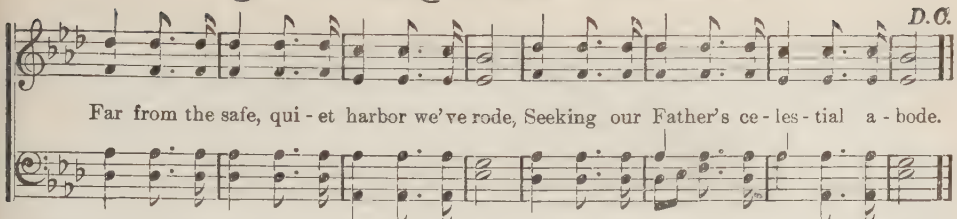
No. 153. Homeward Bound.

REV. W. F. WARREN. REV. J. W. DADMUN.


Fine.
1. Out on the o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound:
Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
D. C.—Prom- ise of which on us each he bestowed. We're homeward bound, homeward bound

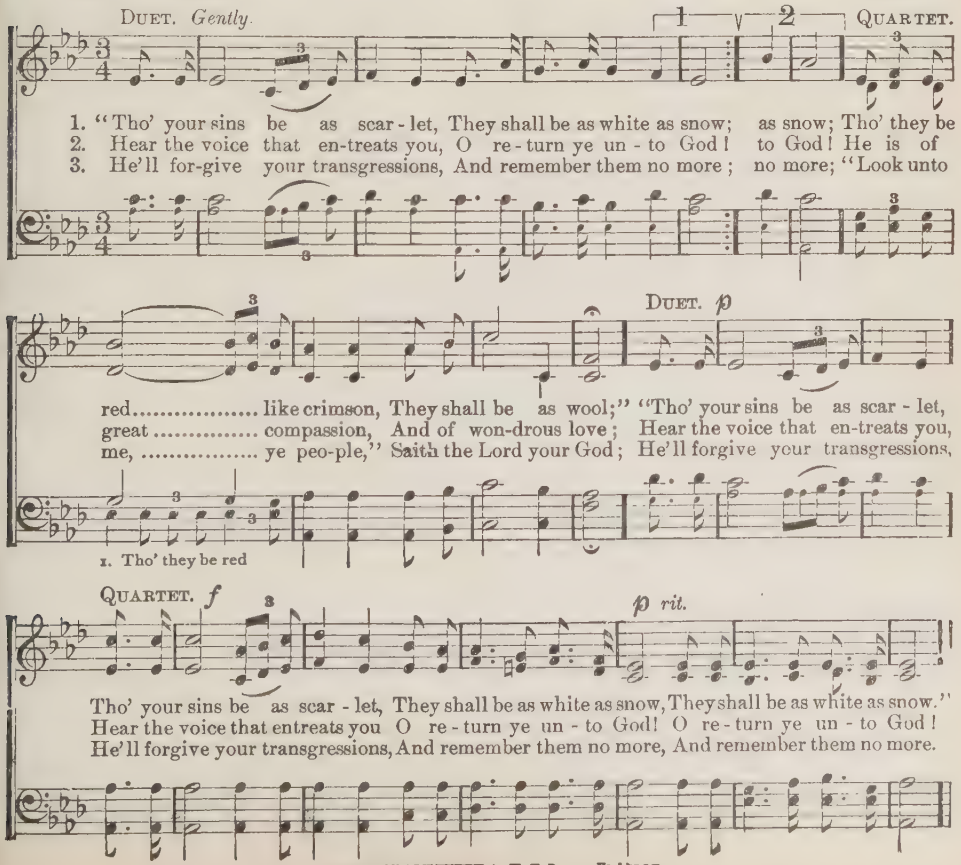
Homeward Bound.—Concluded.



2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
Look! Yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Steady, O pilot! Stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! We soon shall outweather the gale;
O, how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail;
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heav'n now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God! All our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! We will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

No. 154. Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

DUET. Gently.
1
2
QUARTET.
1. "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow; Tho' they be
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, O re - turn ye un - to God! to God! He is of
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more; "Look unto
DUET. p
red..... like crimson, They shall be as wool;" "Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
great..... compassion, And of won-drous love; Hear the voice that en-treats you,
me, ... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God; He'll forgive your transgressions,
1. Tho' they be red
QUARTET. f
p rit.
Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Hear the voice that entreats you O re - turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!
He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more, And remember them no more.

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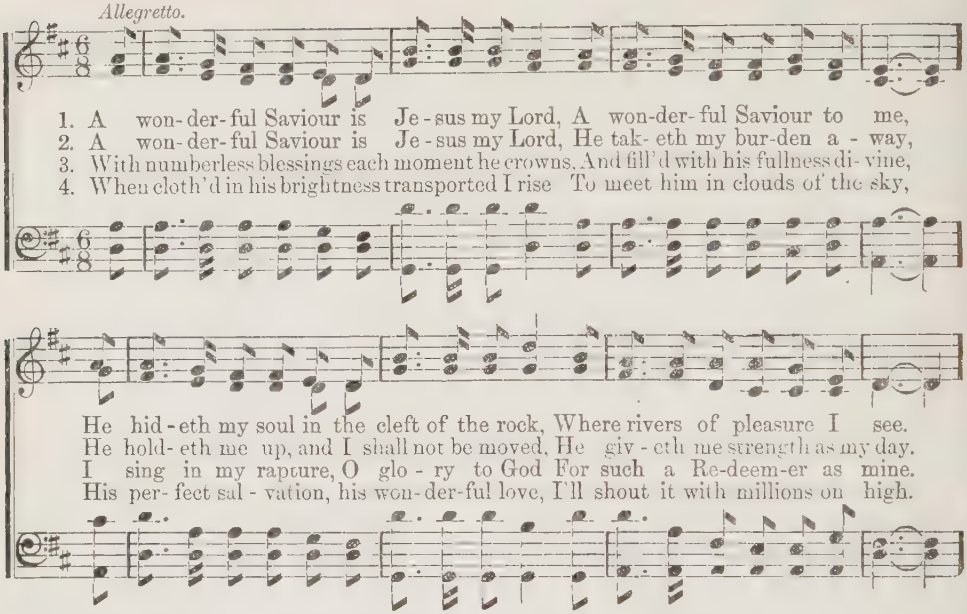
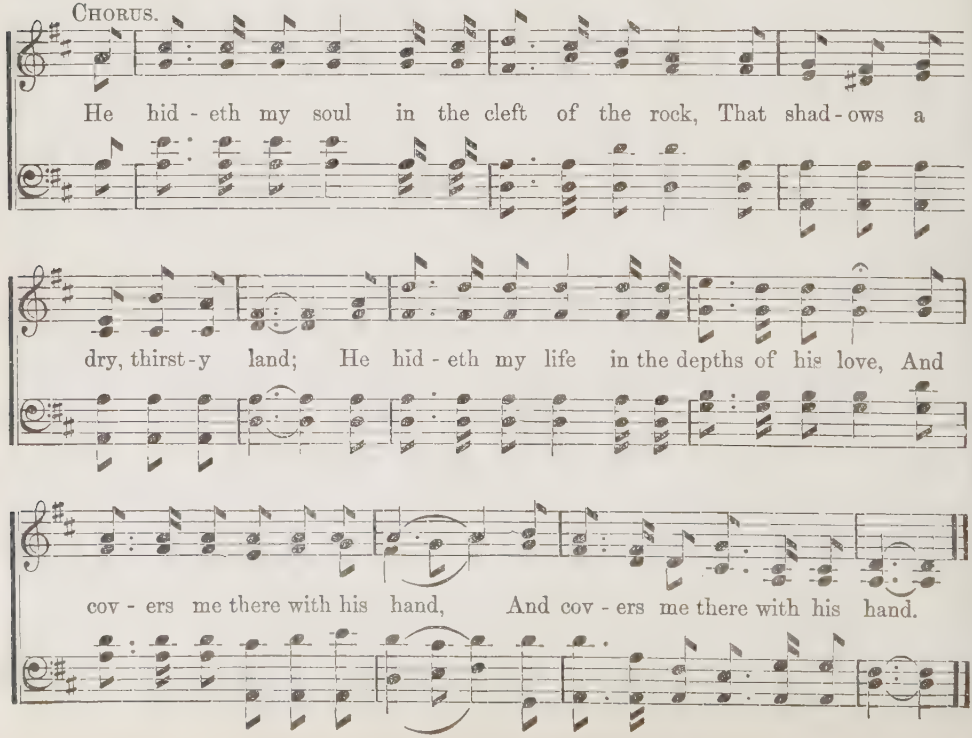
No. 155. He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.


1. A won-der-ful Saviour is Je-sus my Lord, A won-der-ful Saviour to me,
2. A won-der-ful Saviour is Je-sus my Lord, He tak-eth my bur-den a-way,
3. With numberless blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his fullness di-vine,
4. When cloth'd in his brightness transported I rise To meet him in clouds of the sky,
He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where rivers of pleasure I see.
He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giv-eth me strength as my day.
I sing in my rapture, O glo-ry to God For such a Re-deem-er as mine.
His per-fect sal-vation, his won-der-ful love, I'll shout it with millions on high.

CHORUS.


He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That shad-ows a
dry, thirst-y land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of his love, And
cov-ers me there with his hand, And cov-ers me there with his hand.

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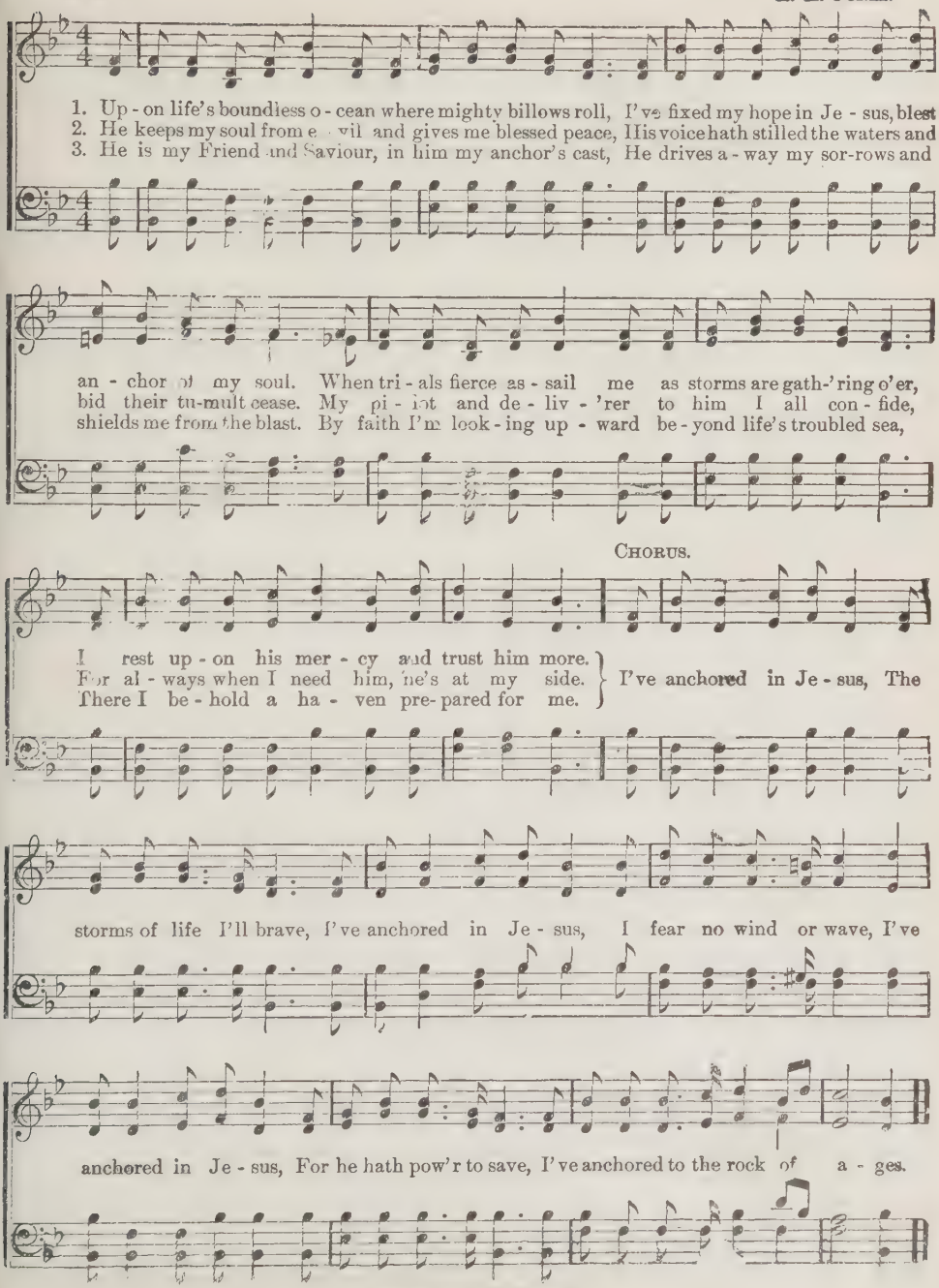
No. 156

I've Anchored in Jesus.

L. E. J.

L. E. Jones.

1. Up - on life's boundless o - cean where mighty billows roll, I've fixed my hope in Je - sus, blest
2. He keeps my soul from e - vil and gives me blessed peace, His voice hath stilled the waters and
3. He is my Friend and Saviour, in him my anchor's cast, He drives a - way my sor-rows and
an - chor of my soul. When tri - als fierce as - sail me as storms are gath-'ring o'er,
bid their tu-mult cease. My pi - lot and de - liv - 'rer to him I all con - fide,
shields me from the blast. By faith I'm look - ing up - ward be - yond life's troubled sea,
Chorus.
I rest up - on his mer - cy and trust him more.
For al - ways when I need him, he's at my side.
There I be - hold a ha - ven pre-pared for me.
I've anchored in Je - sus, The
storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in Je - sus, I fear no wind or wave, I've
anchored in Je - sus, For he hath pow'r to save, I've anchored to the rock of a - ges.

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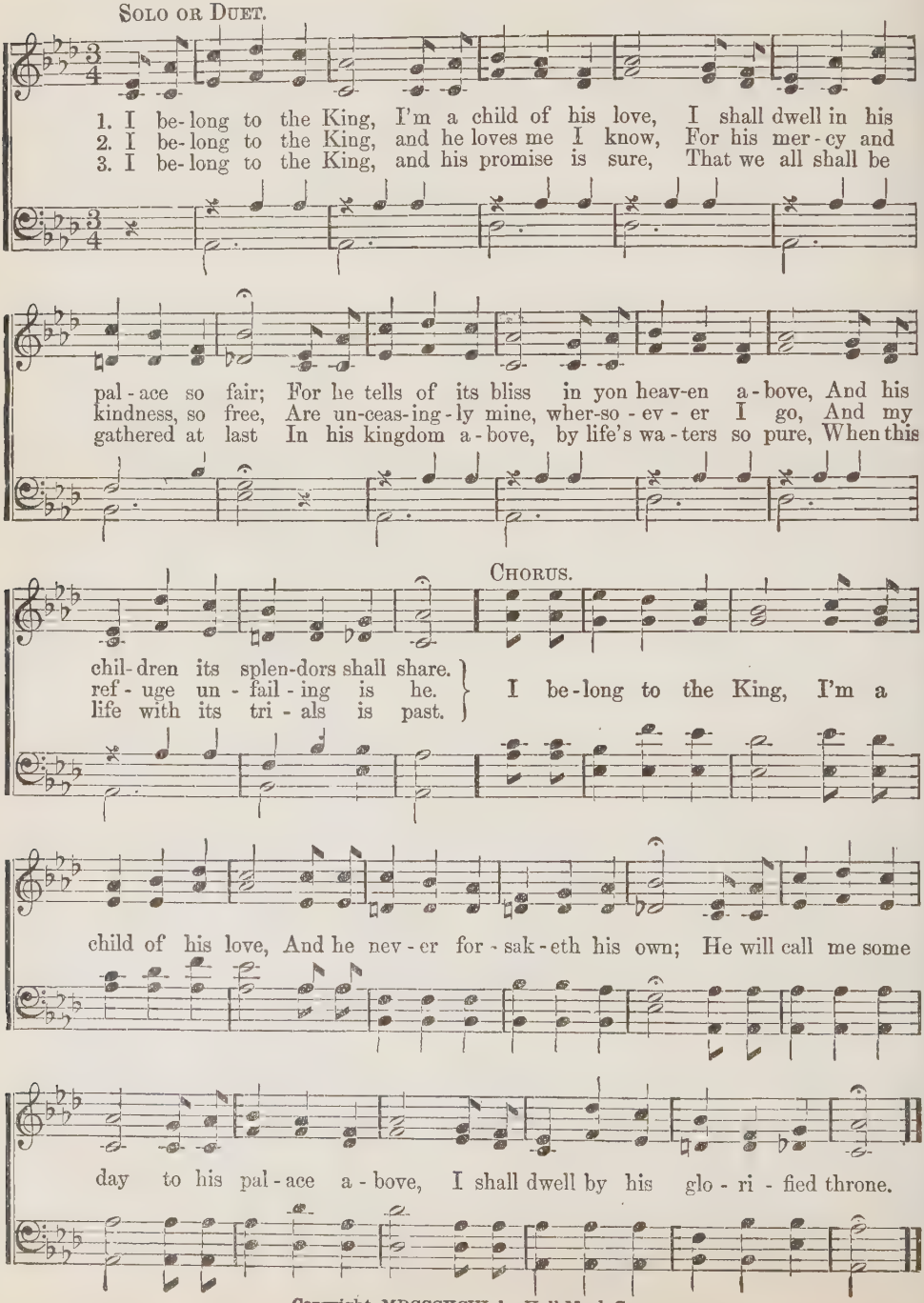
No. 157. I Belong to the King.

IDA L. REED. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of his love, I shall dwell in his
2. I be-long to the King, and he loves me I know, For his mer-cy and
3. I be-long to the King, and his promise is sure, That we all shall be
pal-ace so fair; For he tells of its bliss in yon heav-en a-bove, And his
kindness, so free, Are un-ceas-ing-ly mine, wher-so-ev-er I go, And my
gathered at last In his kingdom a-bove, by life's wa-ters so pure, When this
CHORUS.
chil-dren its splen-dors shall share.
ref-uge un-fail-ing is he.
life with its tri-als is past.
I be-long to the King, I'm a
child of his love, And he nev-er for-sak-eth his own; He will call me some
day to his pal-ace a-bove, I shall dwell by his glo-ri-fied throne.

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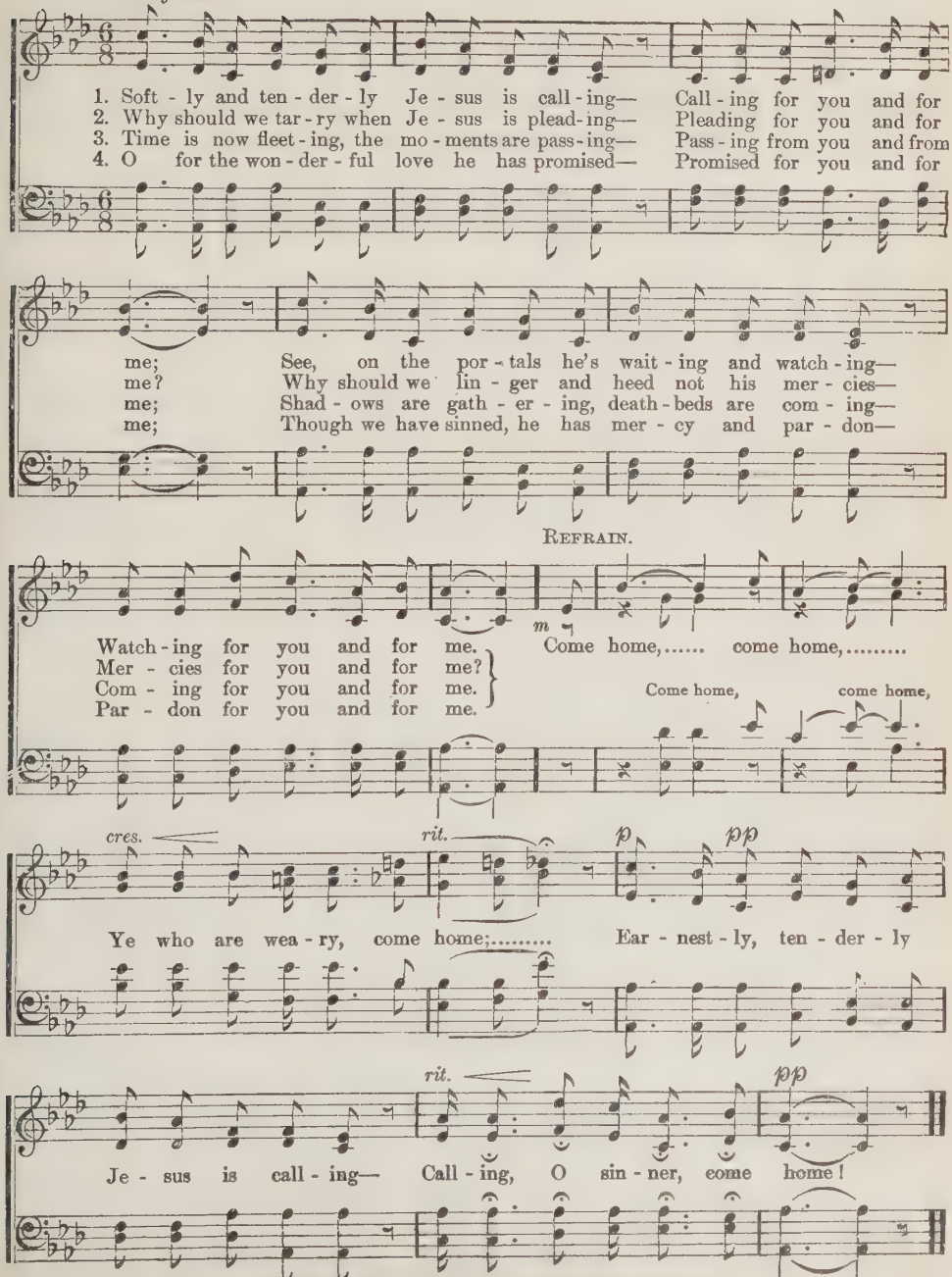
No. 158

For You and for Me.

W. L. T.

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

Very slow.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing— Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing— Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing— Pass - ing from you and from me;
4. O for the won - der - ful love he has promised— Promised for you and for me;
See, on the por - tals he's wait - ing and watch - ing—
Why should we lin - ger and heed not his mer - cies—
Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing—
Though we have sinned, he has mer - cy and par - don—
REFRAIN.
Watch - ing for you and for me.
Mer - cies for you and for me?
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.
Come home,..... come home,.....
Come home, come home,
cres.
rit.
p
pp
Ye who are wea - ry, come home;.....
Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly
rit.
pp
Je - sus is call - ing— Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

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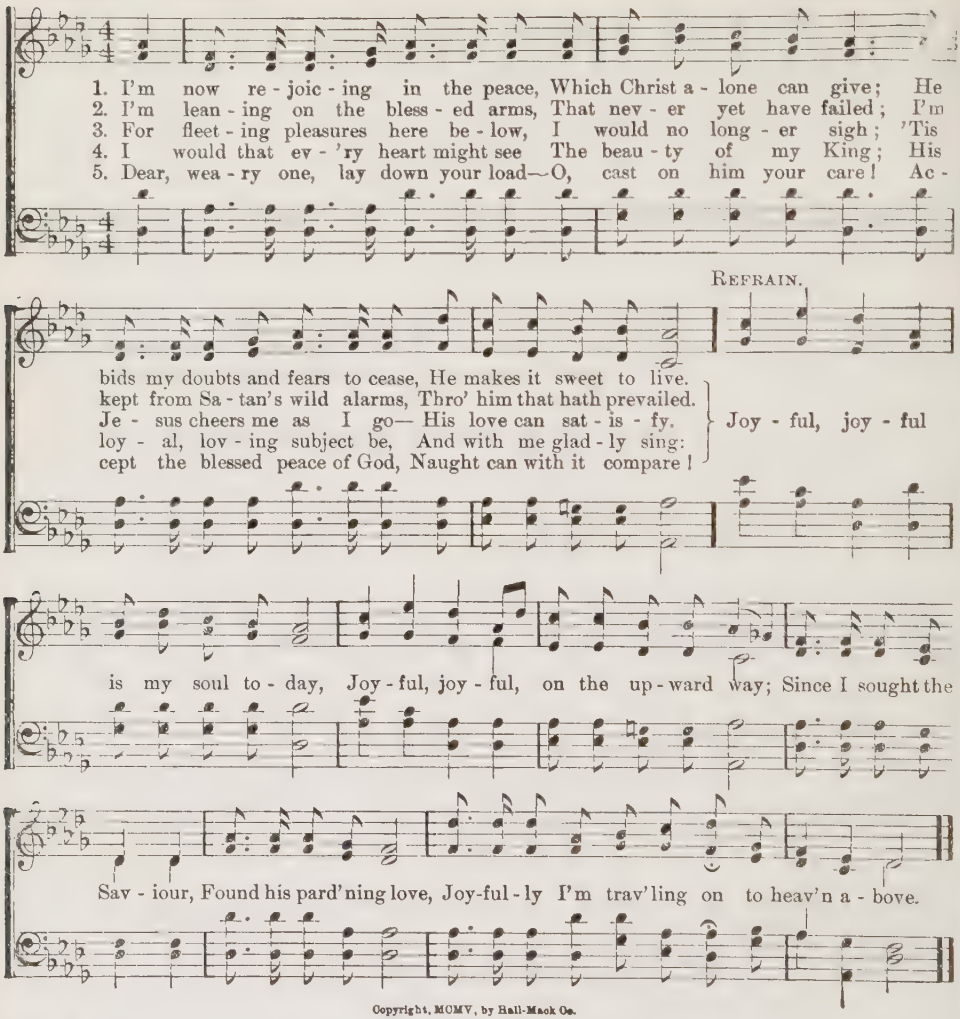
No. 159.

Joyful is My Soul To-day.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I'm now re - joic - ing in the peace, Which Christ a - lone can give; He
2. I'm lean - ing on the bless - ed arms, That nev - er yet have failed; I'm
3. For fleet - ing pleasures here be - low, I would no long - er sigh; 'Tis
4. I would that ev - 'ry heart might see The beau - ty of my King; His
5. Dear, wea - ry one, lay down your load—O, cast on him your care! Ac -
REFRAIN.
bids my doubts and fears to cease, He makes it sweet to live.
kept from Sa - tan's wild alarms, Thro' him that hath prevailed.
Je - sus cheers me as I go— His love can sat - is - fy.
loy - al, lov - ing subject be, And with me glad - ly sing:
cept the blessed peace of God, Naught can with it compare!
Joy - ful, joy - ful
is my soul to - day, Joy - ful, joy - ful, on the up - ward way; Since I sought the
Sav - iour, Found his pard'ning love, Joy-ful - ly I'm trav'ling on to heav'n a - bove.

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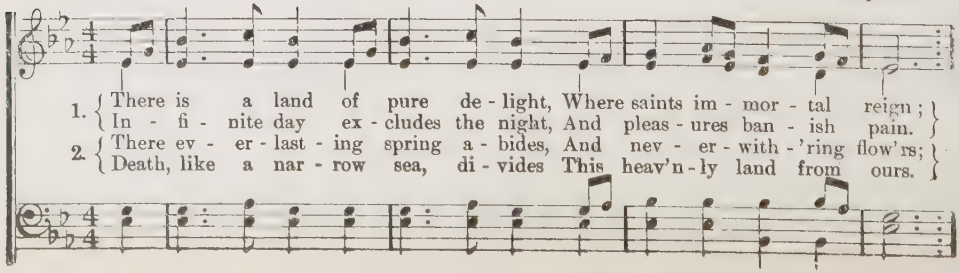
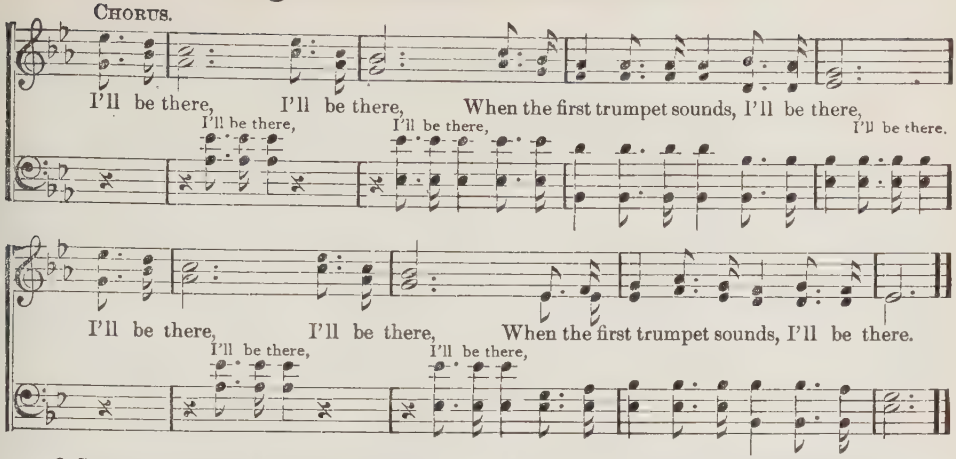
No. 160.

I'll be There.

ISAAC WATTS. Adapted.


1. { There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
{ In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
2. { There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with - 'ring flow'rs;
{ Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'n - ly land from ours.

I'll be There.—Concluded.


Chorus.
I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds, I'll be there,
I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there.
I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds, I'll be there.
I'll be there, I'll be there,

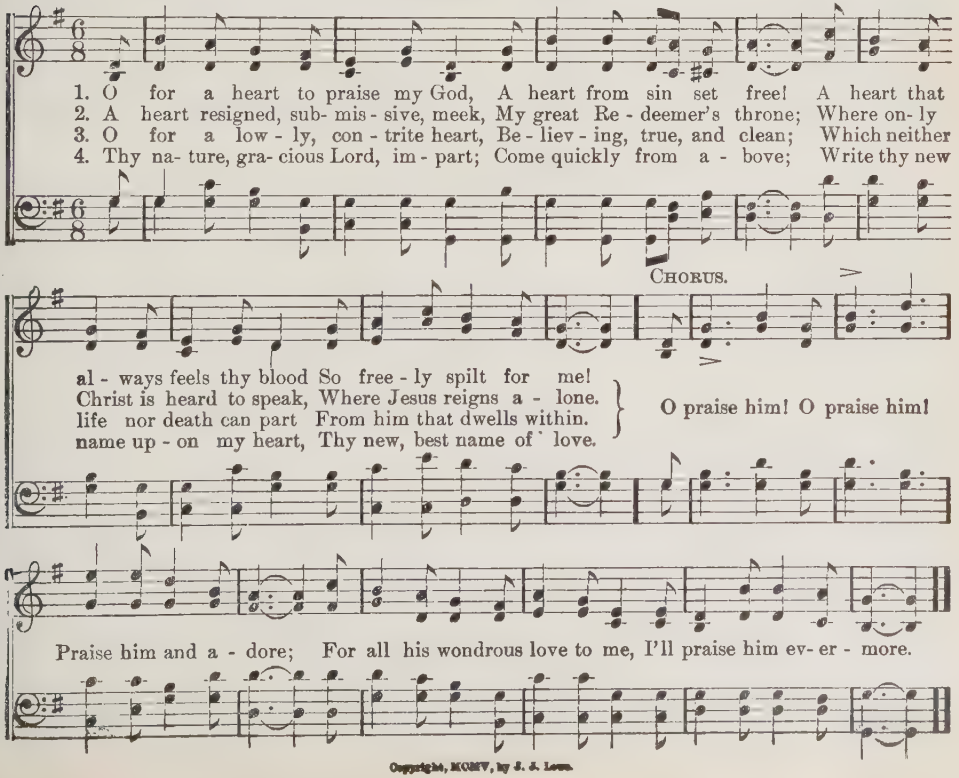
3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

No. 161.

O Praise Him!

Charles Wesley. J. J. Lowe.


1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free! A heart that
2. A heart resigned, sub- mis - sive, meek, My great Re - deemer's throne; Where on- ly
3. O for a low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true, and clean; Which neither
4. Thy na- ture, gra- cious Lord, im - part; Come quickly from a - bove; Write thy new
Chorus.
al - ways feels thy blood So free - ly spilt for me!
Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns a - lone.
life nor death can part From him that dwells within.
name up - on my heart, Thy new, best name of love.
O praise him! O praise him!
Praise him and a - dore; For all his wondrous love to me, I'll praise him ev- er - more.

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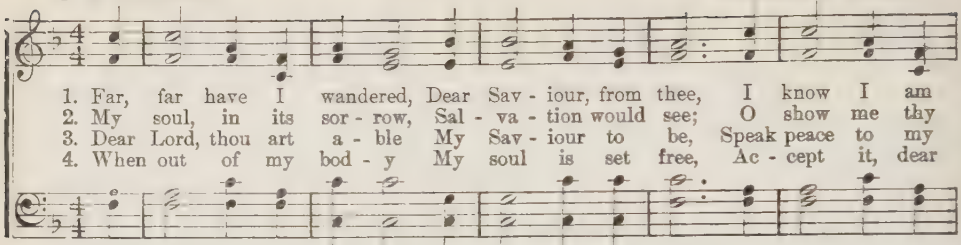
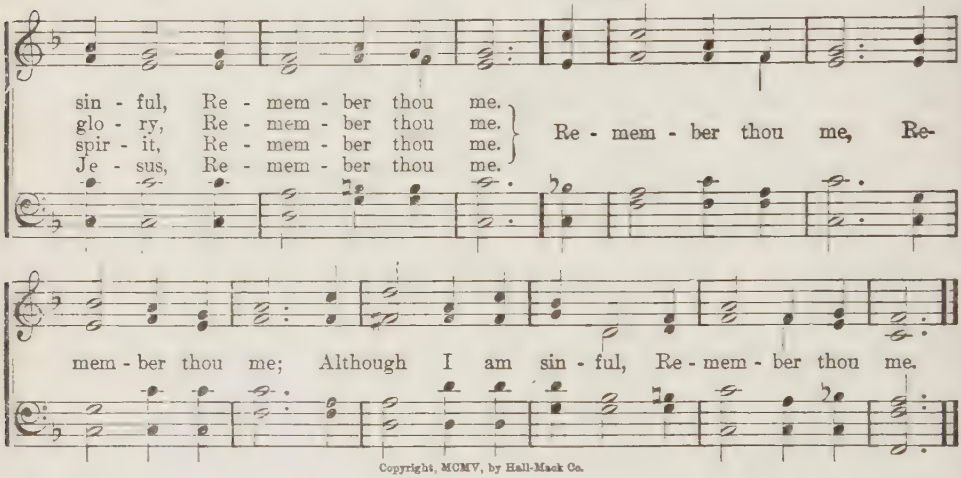
No. 162.

Remember Me.

T. M. EASTWOOD. HERBERT J. LACEY.


1. Far, far have I wandered, Dear Sav - iour, from thee, I know I am
2. My soul, in its sor - row, Sal - va - tion would see; O show me thy
3. Dear Lord, thou art a - ble My Sav - iour to be, Speak peace to my
4. When out of my bod - y My soul is set free, Ac - cept it, dear

CHORUS.

sin - ful, Re - mem - ber thou me.
glo - ry, Re - mem - ber thou me.
spir - it, Re - mem - ber thou me.
Je - sus, Re - mem - ber thou me.
Re - mem - ber thou me, Re-
mem - ber thou me; Although I am sin - ful, Re - mem - ber thou me.

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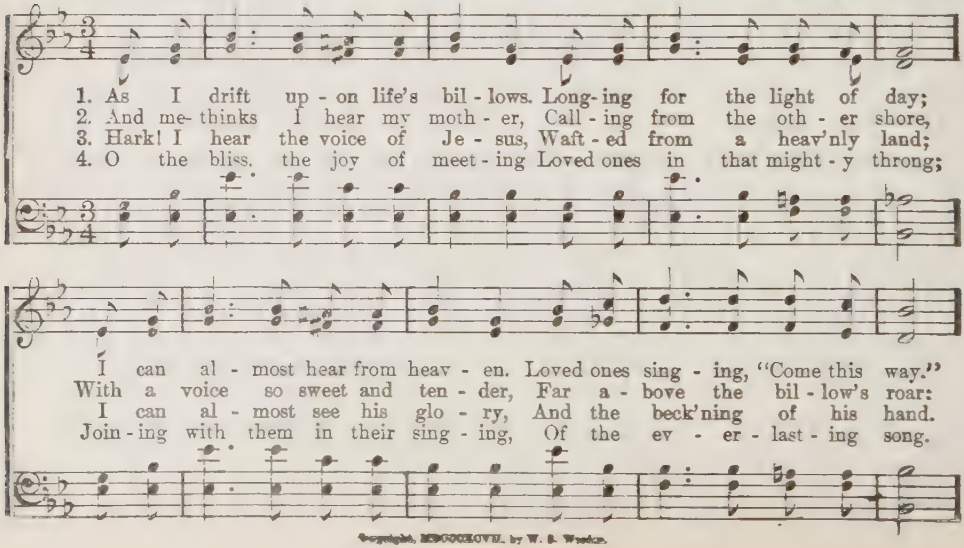
No. 163

Come This Way.

DAVID H. KING, D. D. W. S. WEEDEN.


1. As I drift up - on life's bil - lows. Long - ing for the light of day;
2. And me - thinks I hear my moth - er, Call - ing from the oth - er shore,
3. Hark! I hear the voice of Je - sus, Waft - ed from a heav'nly land;
4. O the bliss, the joy of meet - ing Loved ones in that might - y throng;
I can al - most hear from heav - en. Loved ones sing - ing, "Come this way."
With a voice so sweet and ten - der, Far a - bove the bil - low's roar:
I can al - most see his glo - ry, And the beck'ning of his hand.
Join - ing with them in their sing - ing, Of the ev - er - last - ing song.

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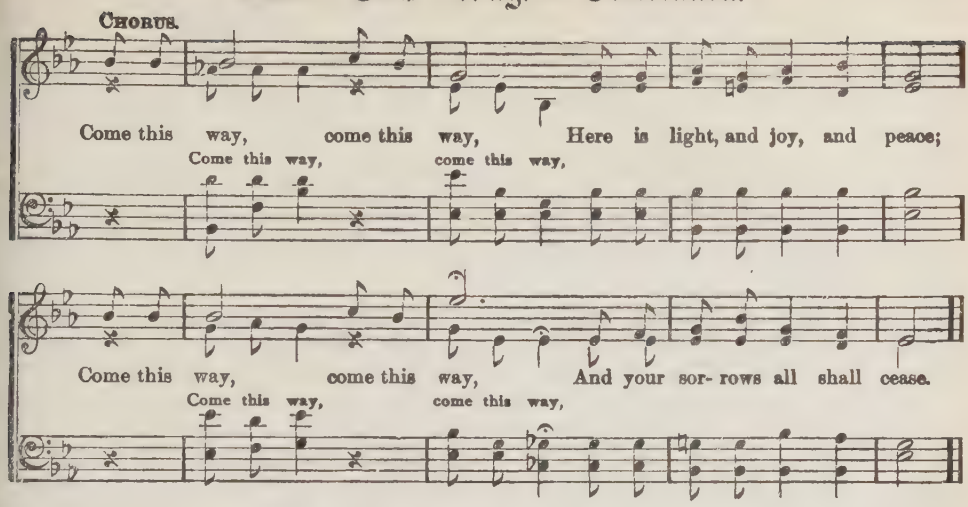
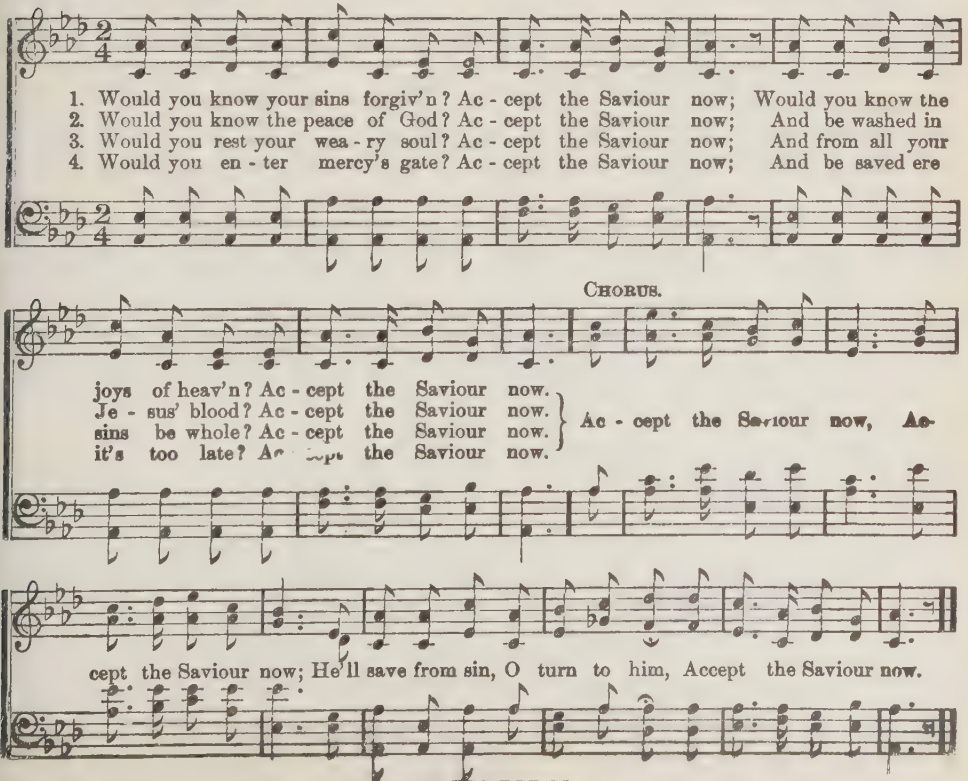
Come This Way.—Concluded.


Chorus.
Come this way, come this way, Here is light, and joy, and peace;
Come this way, come this way,
Come this way, come this way, And your sor- rows all shall cease.
Come this way, come this way,

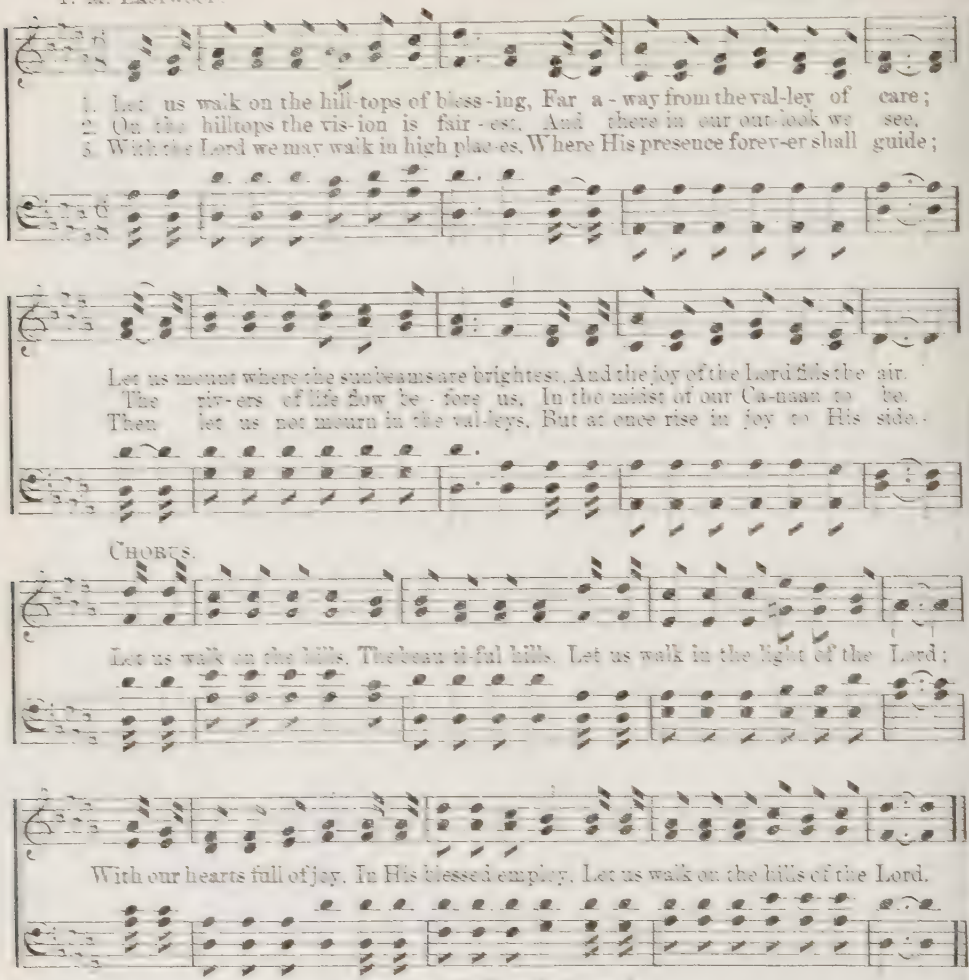
No. 164

Accept the Saviour Now.

Rev. F. L. Snyder. Howard E. Smith.


1. Would you know your sins forgiv'n? Ac - cept the Saviour now; Would you know the
2. Would you know the peace of God? Ac - cept the Saviour now; And be washed in
3. Would you rest your wea - ry soul? Ac - cept the Saviour now; And from all your
4. Would you en - ter mercy's gate? Ac - cept the Saviour now; And be saved ere
Chorus.
joys of heav'n? Ac - cept the Saviour now.
Je - sus' blood? Ac - cept the Saviour now.
sins be whole? Ac - cept the Saviour now.
it's too late? Ac - cept the Saviour now.
Ac - cept the Saviour now, Ac-
cept the Saviour now; He'll save from sin, O turn to him, Accept the Saviour now.

No. 165. On the Hilltops.

T. M. EASTWOOD. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. Let us walk on the hill-tops of bless-ing, Far a-way from the val-ley of care;
2. On the hilltops the vis-ion is fair-est, And there in our out-look we see,
3. With the Lord we may walk in high plac-es, Where His presence forev-er shall guide;
Let us mount where the sunbeams are brightest, And the joy of the Lord fills the air.
The riv-ers of life flow be-fore us, In the midst of our Ca-naan to be.
Then let us not mourn in the val-leys, But at once rise in joy to His side.
CHORUS.
Let us walk on the hills, The beau-ti-ful hills, Let us walk in the light of the Lord;
With our hearts full of joy, In His blessed employ, Let us walk on the hills of the Lord.

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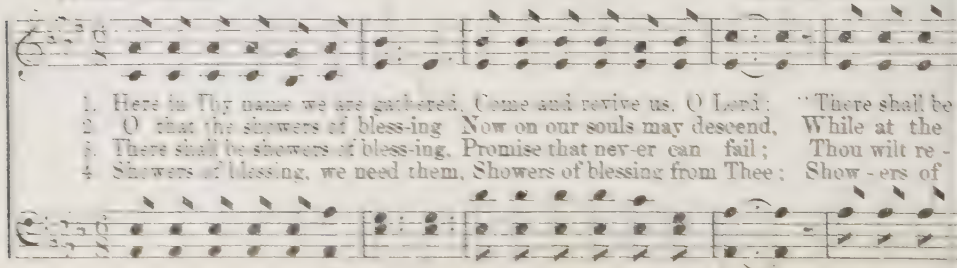
No. 166. Showers of Blessing.

"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season." —Ezekiel 34: 26

JENNIE GARNER. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Here in Thy name we are gathered, Come and revive us, O Lord; There shall be
2. O that the showers of bless-ing Now on our souls may descend, While at the
3. There shall be showers of bless-ing, Promise that nev-er can fail; Thou wilt re-
4. Showers of blessing, we need them, Showers of blessing from Thee; Show-ers of

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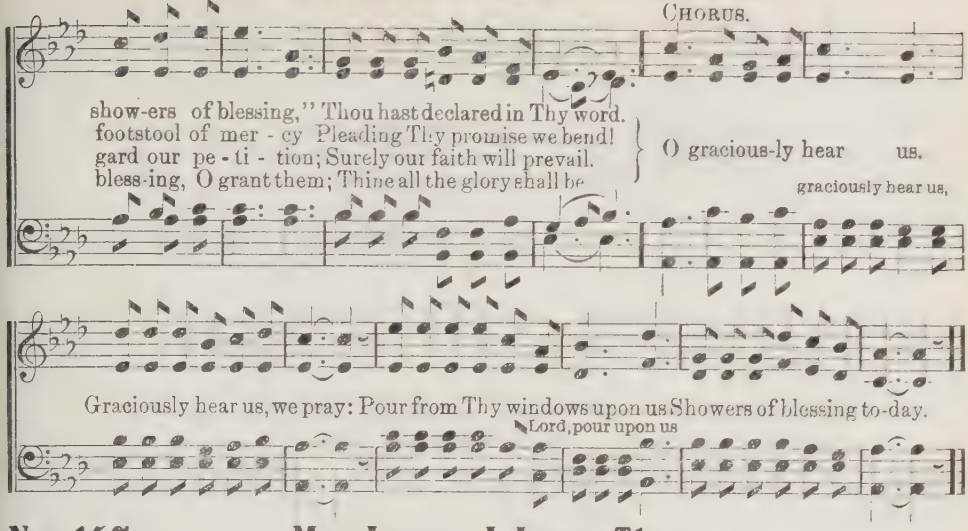
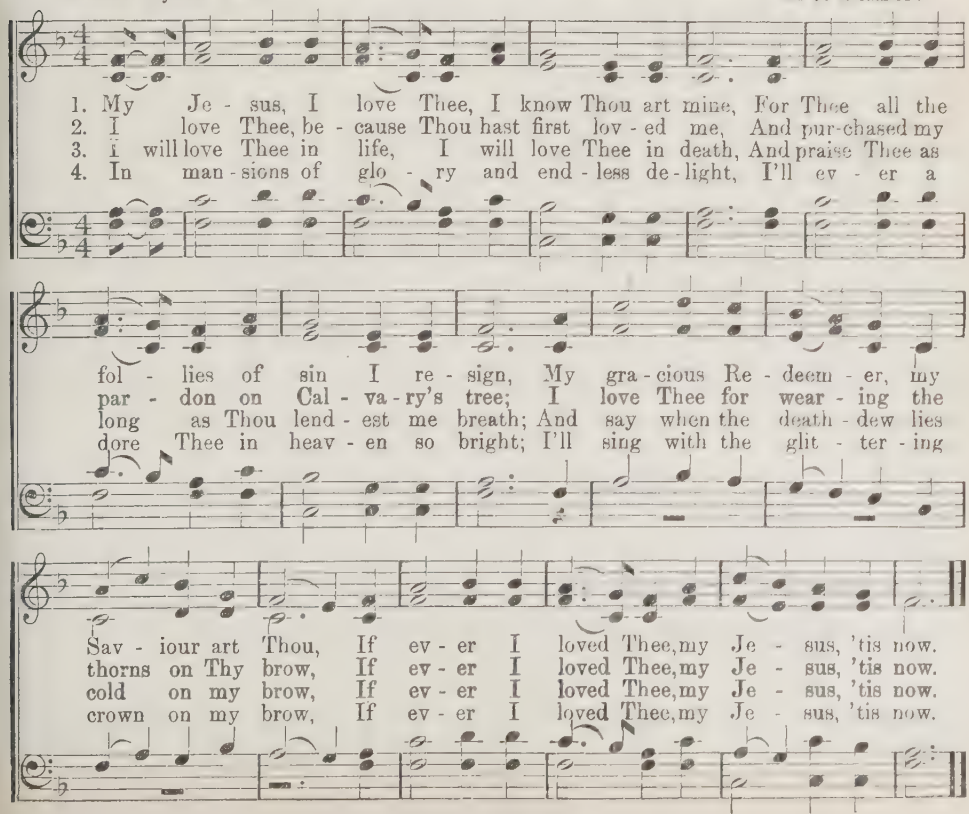
Showers of Blessing.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
show-ers of blessing," Thou hast declared in Thy word.
footstool of mer - cy Pleading Thy promise we bend!
gard our pe - ti - tion; Surely our faith will prevail.
bless-ing, O grant them; Thine all the glory shall be
O gracious-ly hear us.
graciously hear us,
Graciously hear us, we pray: Pour from Thy windows upon us Showers of blessing to-day.
Lord, pour upon us

No. 167. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur-chased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a
fol - lies of sin I re - sign, My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

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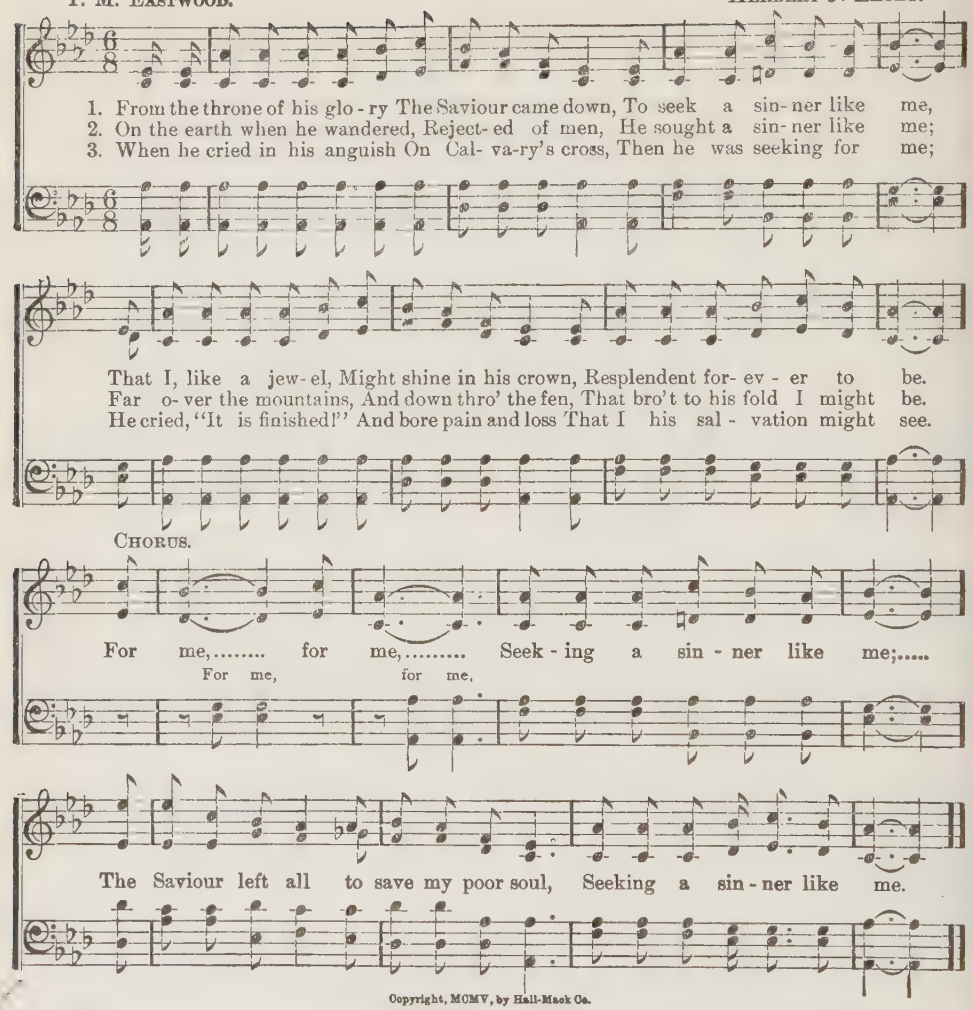
No. 168. For Me.

T. M. EASTWOOD. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. From the throne of his glo - ry The Saviour came down, To seek a sin - ner like me,
2. On the earth when he wandered, Reject - ed of men, He sought a sin - ner like me;
3. When he cried in his anguish On Cal - va - ry's cross, Then he was seeking for me;
That I, like a jew - el, Might shine in his crown, Resplendent for - ev - er to be.
Far o - ver the mountains, And down thro' the fen, That bro't to his fold I might be.
He cried, "It is finished!" And bore pain and loss That I his sal - vation might see.
CHORUS.
For me,..... for me,..... Seek - ing a sin - ner like me;.....
For me, for me,
The Saviour left all to save my poor soul, Seeking a sin - ner like me.

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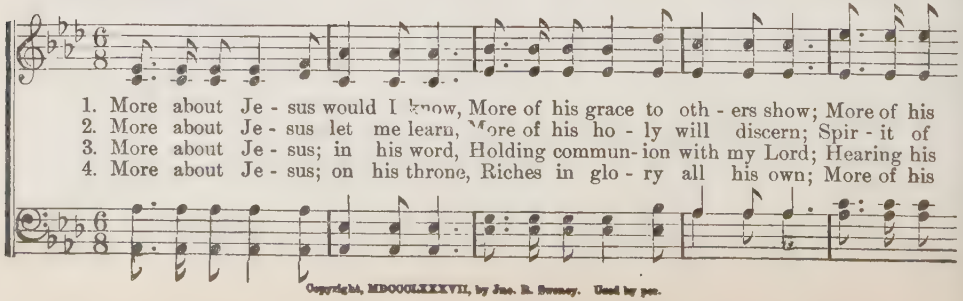
No. 169. More About Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. More about Je - sus would I know, More of his grace to oth - ers show; More of his
2. More about Je - sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will discern; Spir - it of
3. More about Je - sus; in his word, Holding commun - ion with my Lord; Hearing his
4. More about Je - sus; on his throne, Riches in glo - ry all his own; More of his

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More About Jesus.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

sav - ing fullness see, More of his love who died for me.
God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak- ing each faithful say - ing mine.
kingdom's sure increase, More of his com-ing, Prince of Peace.

More, more a-bout Je - sus,

More, more about Je - sus; More, of his saving fullness see, More of his love who died for me.

No. 170. Crucified!

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. They nail'd my Lord upon the tree And left him, dy- ing, there: Thro' love he suf-fered
2. Up - on his head a crown of thorns, Up - on his heart my shame; For me he prayed, for
3. "Forgive him, O forgive!" he cried, Then bow'd his sacred head; "O Lamb of God! My
4. His voice I hear, his love I know; I wor-ship at his feet; And kneeling there, at

CHORUS.

there for me; 'Twas love be-yond com - pare.
me he died, And, dy - ing, spoke my name.
sac - ri - fice?" For me thy blood was shed.
Cal- v'ry's cross, Re- demp- tion is com - plete.

Cru - ci - fied! Cru - ci - fied! And

rit.

nailed up- on the tree! With pierc-ed hands and feet and side! For you! for me!

For you! for me!

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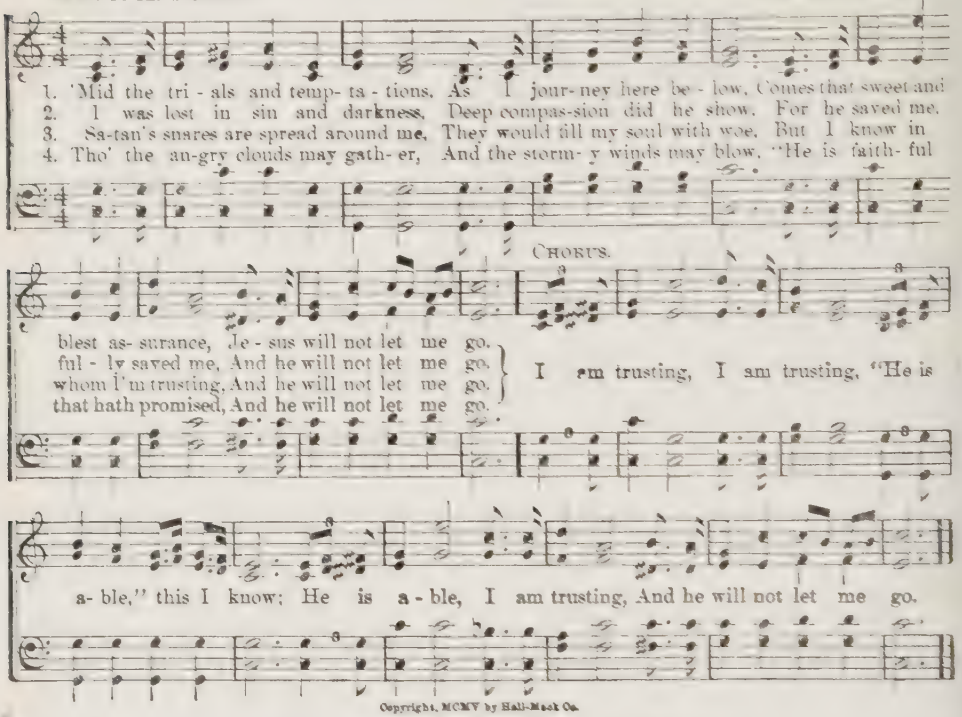
No. 171. Jesus will Not Let Me Go.

"I give unto them eternal life and no man is able to pluck them out of my hand."
"I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him."

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. 'Mid the tri - als and temp- ta - tions, As I jour-ney here be - low, Comes that sweet and
2. I was lost in sin and darkness, Deep compas-sion did he show. For he saved me.
3. Sa-tan's snares are spread around me, They would fill my soul with woe. But I know in
4. Tho' the an-gry clouds may gath- er, And the storm- y winds may blow, "He is faith- ful
CHORUS.
blest as- surance, Je - sus will not let me go.
ful - ly saved me, And he will not let me go.
whom I'm trusting, And he will not let me go.
that hath promised, And he will not let me go.
I am trusting, I am trusting, "He is
a - ble," this I know; He is a - ble, I am trusting, And he will not let me go.

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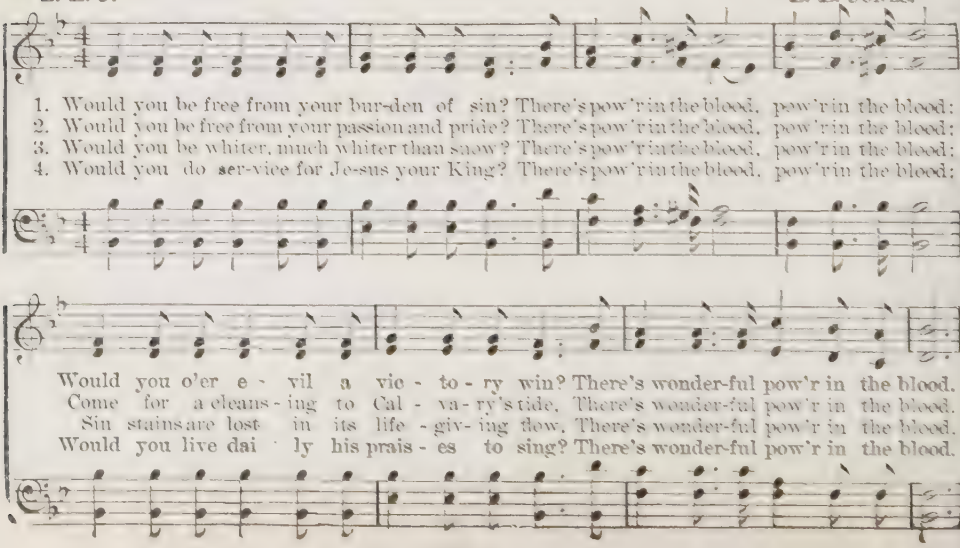
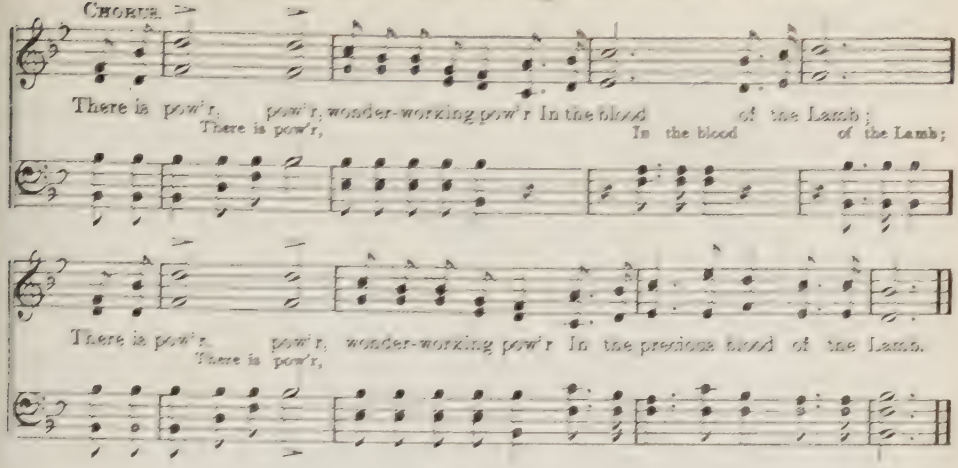
No. 172. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

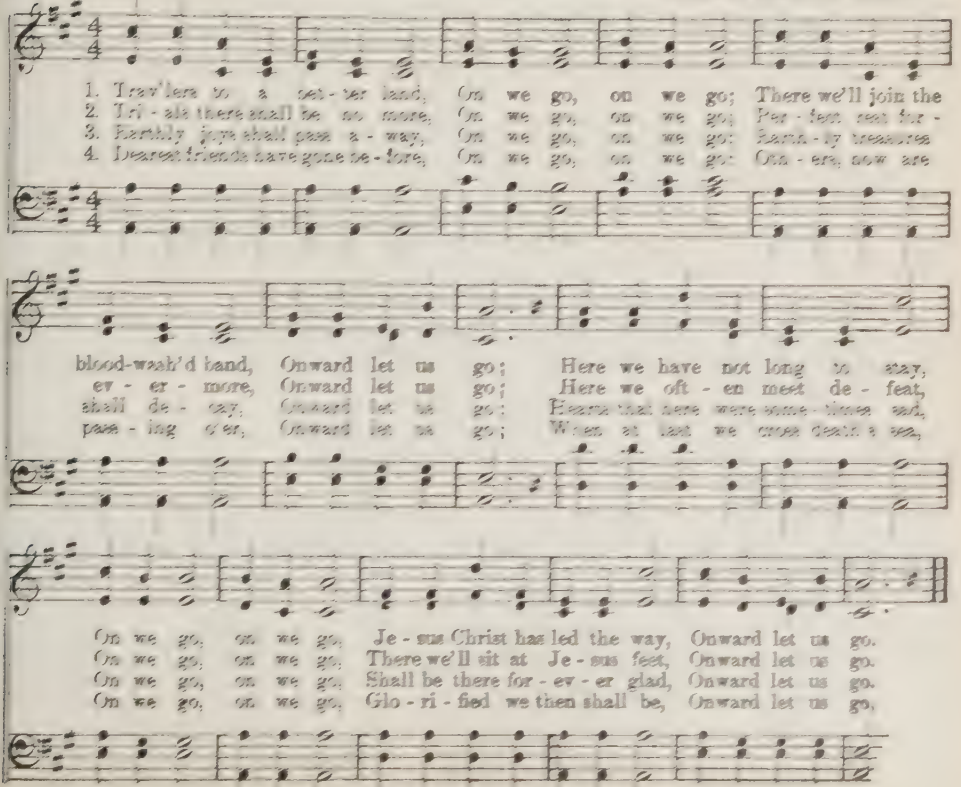

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood:
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood:
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood:
4. Would you do ser-vice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood:
Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.
Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide, There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.
Sin stains are lost in its life - giv- ing flow, There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.
Would you live dai - ly his prais - es to sing? There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.

There is Power in the Blood.—Concluded.


Chorus.
There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb;
There is pow'r, In the blood of the Lamb;
There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

No. 173. Onward Let Us Go.

G. D. R. George Douglas Reed.


1. Trav'lers to a bet - ter land, On we go, on we go; There we'll join the
2. Tri - als there shall be no more, On we go, on we go; Per - fect rest for -
3. Earthly joys shall pass a - way, On we go, on we go; Earth - ly treasures
4. Dearest friends have gone be - fore, On we go, on we go; Oth - ers, now are
blood-wash'd band, Onward let us go; Here we have not long to stay;
ev - er - more, Onward let us go; Here we oft - en meet de - feat,
shall de - cay, Onward let us go; Hearts that here were sometimes sad,
pass - ing o'er, Onward let us go; When at last we cross death's sea,
On we go, on we go, Je - sus Christ has led the way, Onward let us go.
On we go, on we go, There we'll sit at Je - sus feet, Onward let us go.
On we go, on we go, Shall be there for - ev - er glad, Onward let us go.
On we go, on we go, Glo - ri - fied we then shall be, Onward let us go.

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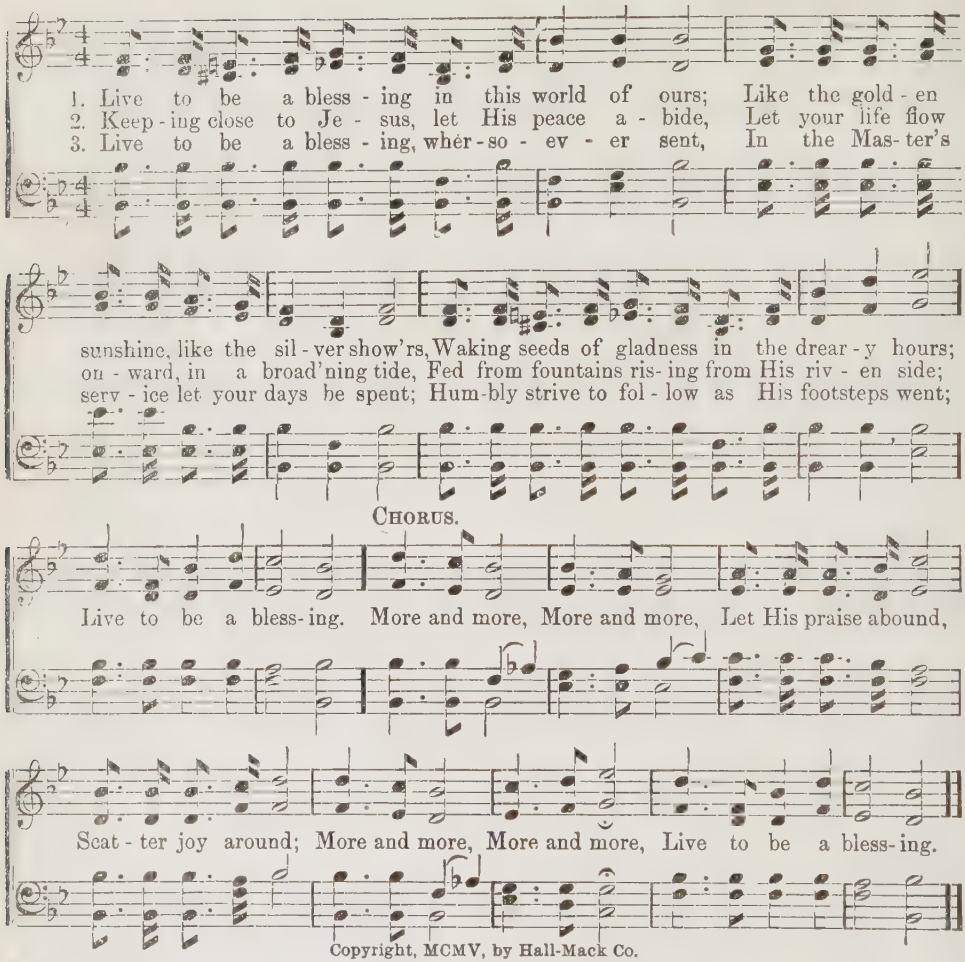
No. 174.

Live to Be a Blessing.

E. E. Hewitt. Herbert J. Lacey.

1. Live to be a bless - ing in this world of ours; Like the gold - en
2. Keep - ing close to Je - sus, let His peace a - bide, Let your life flow
3. Live to be a bless - ing, wher - so - ev - er sent, In the Mas - ter's
sunshine, like the sil - ver show'rs, Waking seeds of gladness in the drear - y hours;
on - ward, in a broad'ning tide, Fed from fountains ris - ing from His riv - en side;
serv - ice let your days be spent; Hum - bly strive to fol - low as His footsteps went;
Chorus.
Live to be a bless - ing. More and more, More and more, Let His praise abound,
Scat - ter joy around; More and more, More and more, Live to be a bless - ing.

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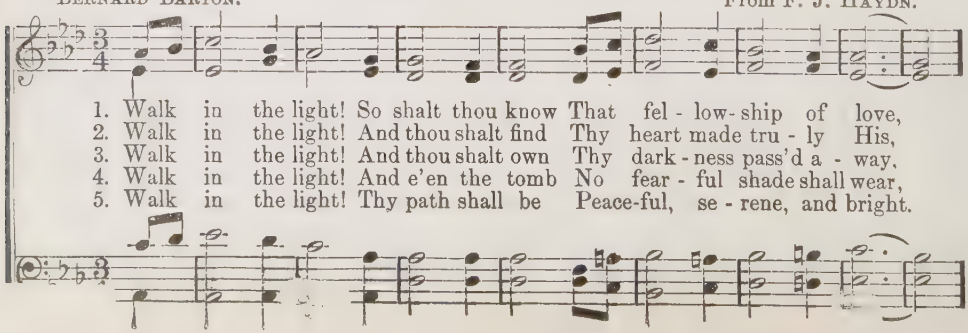
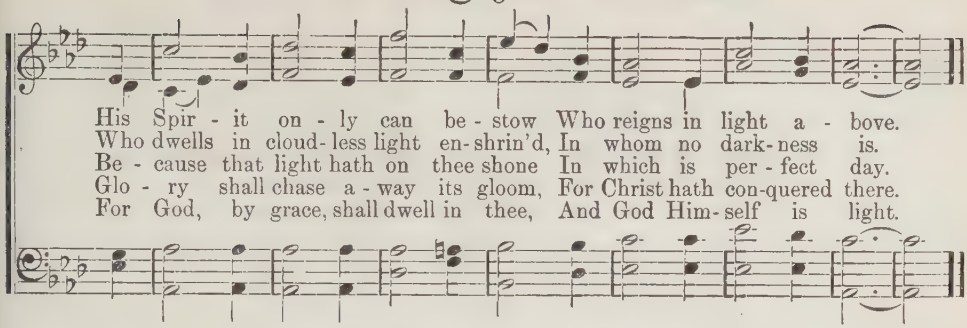
No. 175.

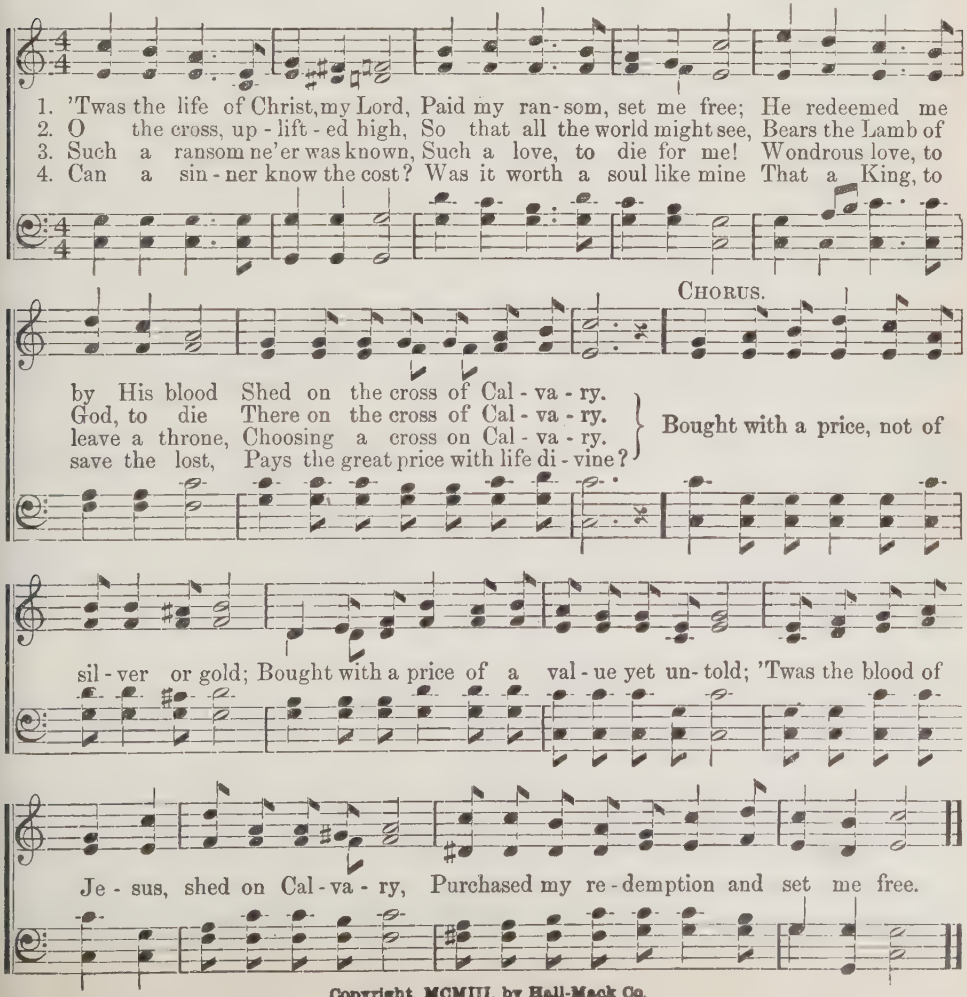
Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. From F. J. Haydn.


1. Walk in the light! So shalt thou know That fel - low - ship of love,
2. Walk in the light! And thou shalt find Thy heart made tru - ly His,
3. Walk in the light! And thou shalt own Thy dark - ness pass'd a - way,
4. Walk in the light! And e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear,
5. Walk in the light! Thy path shall be Peace - ful, se - rene, and bright.


His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow Who reigns in light a - bove.
Who dwells in cloud - less light en - shrin'd, In whom no dark - ness is.
Be - cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per - fect day.
Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath con - quered there.
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God Him - self is light.

No. 176. Bought with a Price.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. 'Twas the life of Christ, my Lord, Paid my ran - som, set me free; He redeemed me
2. O the cross, up - lift - ed high, So that all the world might see, Bears the Lamb of
3. Such a ransom ne'er was known, Such a love, to die for me! Wondrous love, to
4. Can a sin - ner know the cost? Was it worth a soul like mine That a King, to
Chorus.
by His blood Shed on the cross of Cal - va - ry.
God, to die There on the cross of Cal - va - ry.
leave a throne, Choosing a cross on Cal - va - ry.
save the lost, Pays the great price with life di - vine?
Bought with a price, not of
sil - ver or gold; Bought with a price of a val - ue yet un - told; 'Twas the blood of
Je - sus, shed on Cal - va - ry, Purchased my re - demption and set me free.

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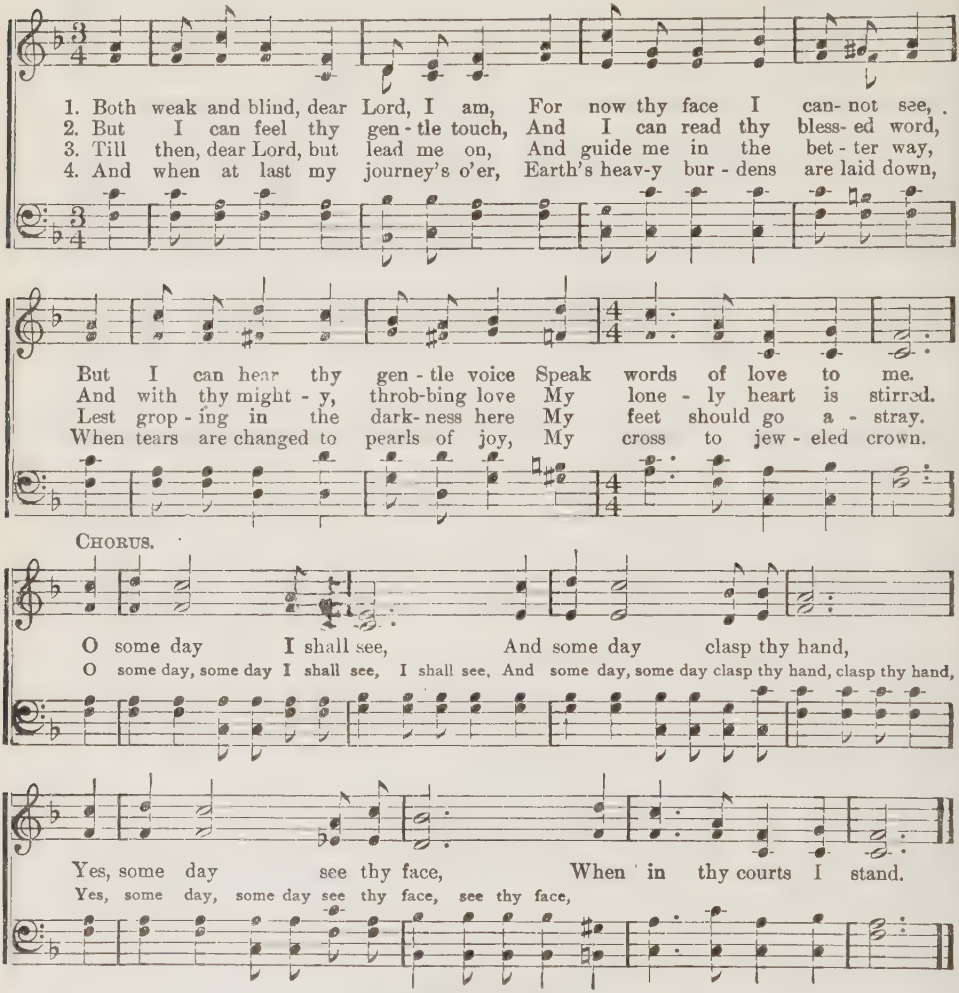
No. 177. When in Thy Courts I Stand.

EFFIE S. BLACK. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. Both weak and blind, dear Lord, I am, For now thy face I can- not see,
2. But I can feel thy gen - tle touch, And I can read thy bless- ed word,
3. Till then, dear Lord, but lead me on, And guide me in the bet - ter way,
4. And when at last my journey's o'er, Earth's heav-y bur - dens are laid down,
But I can hear thy gen - tle voice Speak words of love to me.
And with thy might - y, throb-bing love My lone - ly heart is stirred.
Lest grop - ing in the dark- ness here My feet should go a - stray.
When tears are changed to pearls of joy, My cross to jew - eled crown.
CHORUS.
O some day I shall see, And some day clasp thy hand,
O some day, some day I shall see, I shall see, And some day, some day clasp thy hand, clasp thy hand,
Yes, some day see thy face, When in thy courts I stand.
Yes, some day, some day see thy face, see thy face,

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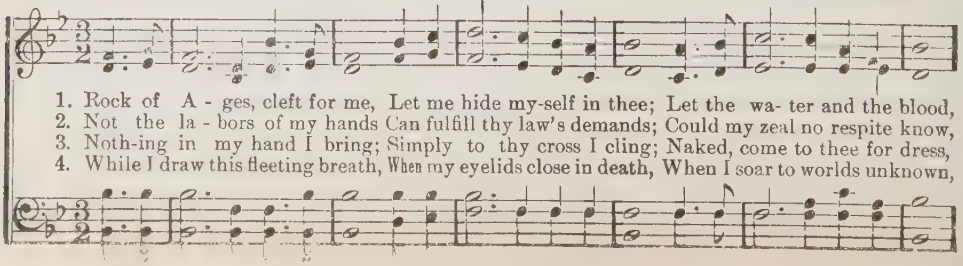
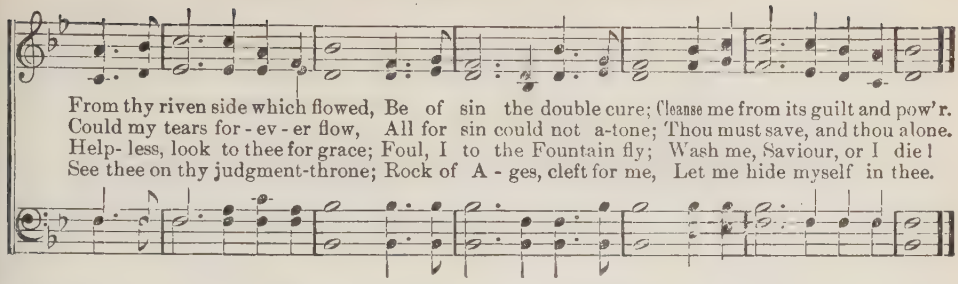
No. 178. Rock of Ages.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. (TOPLADY.) THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the wa- ter and the blood,
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can fulfill thy law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know,
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring; Simply to thy cross I cling; Naked, come to thee for dress,
4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyelids close in death, When I soar to worlds unknown,

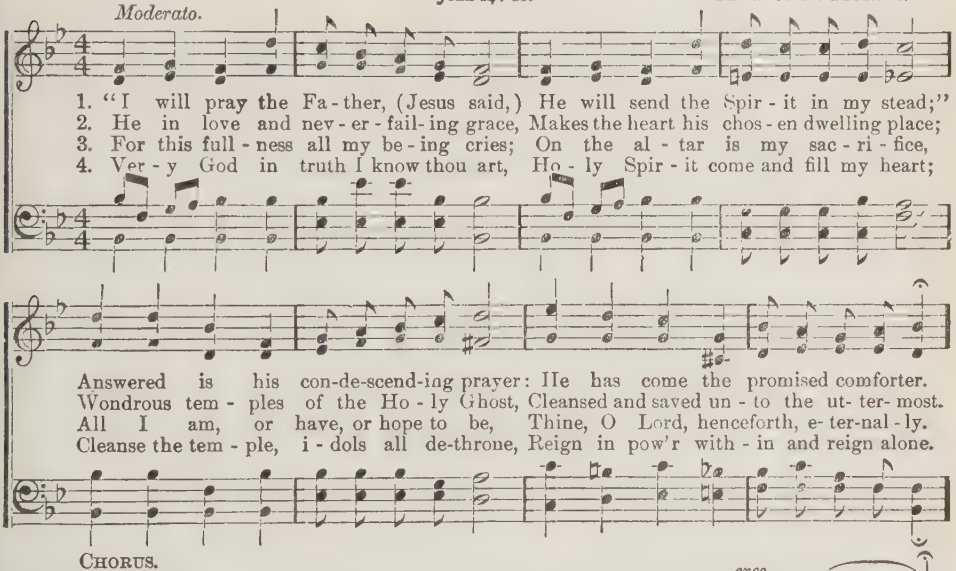
Rock of Ages.—Concluded.


From thy riven side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
Could my tears for-ev-er flow, All for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save, and thou alone.
Help-less, look to thee for grace; Foul, I to the Fountain fly; Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
See thee on thy judgment-throne; Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.

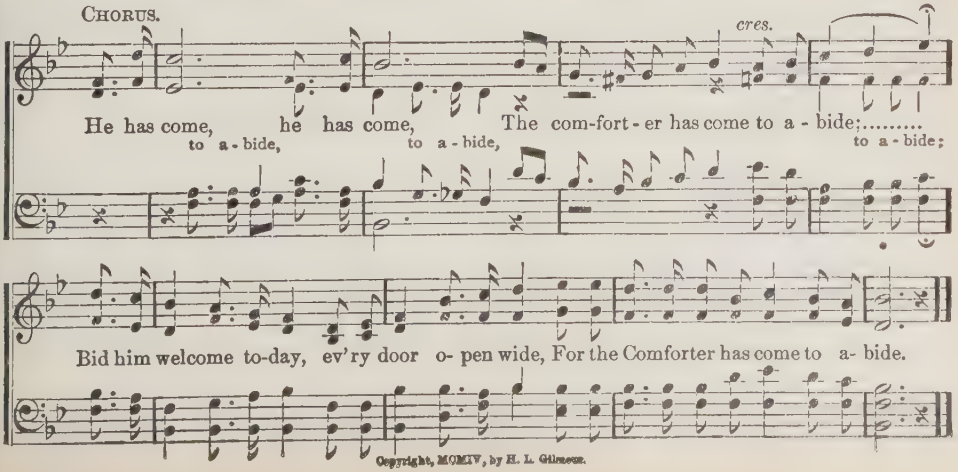
No. 179. He Has Come to Abide.

C. H. M. John 14: 16. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Moderato.


1. "I will pray the Fa-ther, (Jesus said,) He will send the Spir-it in my stead;"
2. He in love and nev-er-fail-ing grace, Makes the heart his chos-en dwelling place;
3. For this full-ness all my be-ing cries; On the al-tar is my sac-ri-fice,
4. Ver-y God in truth I know thou art, Ho-ly Spir-it come and fill my heart;
Answered is his con-de-scend-ing prayer: He has come the promised comforter.
Wondrous tem-ples of the Ho-ly Ghost, Cleansed and saved un-to the ut-ter-most.
All I am, or have, or hope to be, Thine, O Lord, henceforth, e-ter-nal-ly.
Cleanse the tem-ple, i-dols all de-throne, Reign in pow'r with-in and reign alone.

Chorus.


cres.
He has come, he has come, The com-fort-er has come to a-bide;.....
to a-bide, to a-bide, to a-bide;
Bid him welcome to-day, ev'ry door o-pen wide, For the Comforter has come to a-bide.

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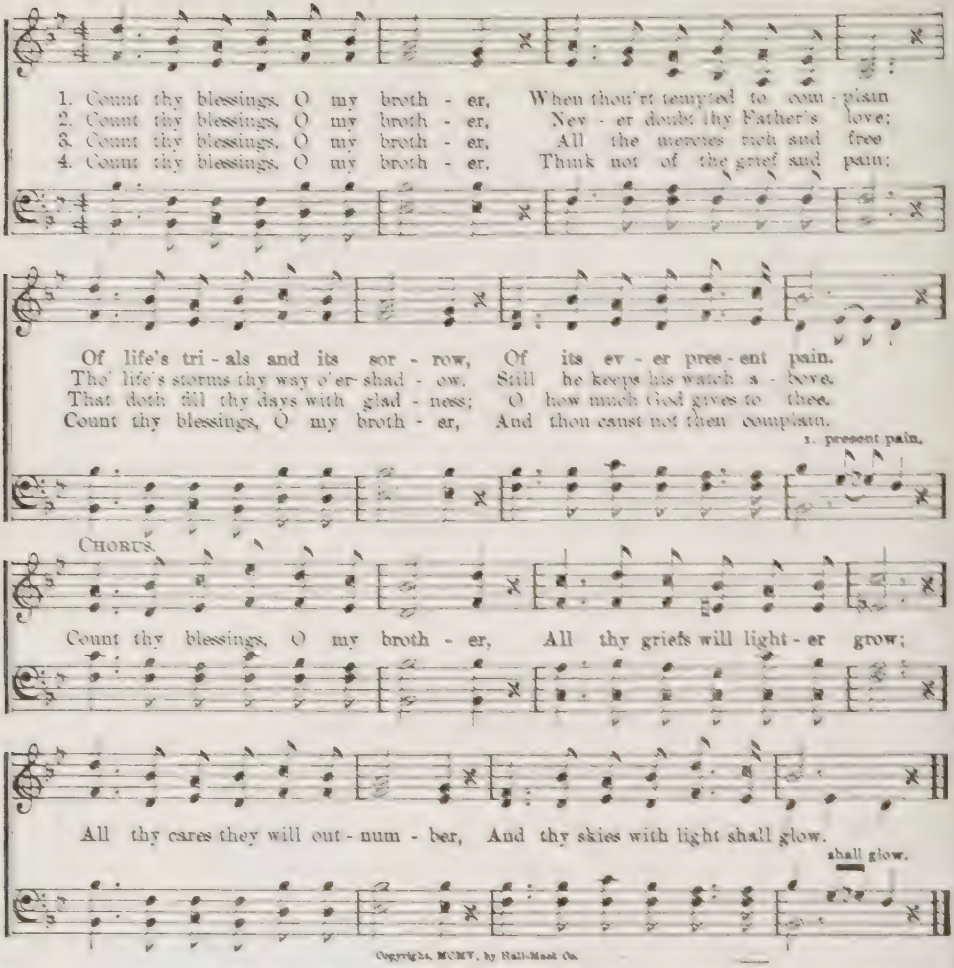
No. 180. Count Thy Blessings.

IDA L. REED. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, When thou'rt tempted to com - plain
2. Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, Nev - er doubt thy Father's love;
3. Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, All the mercies rich and free
4. Count thy blessings, O my broth - er. Think not of the grief and pain;
Of life's tri - als and its sor - row, Of its ev - er pres - ent pain.
Tho' life's storms thy way o'er-shad - ow, Still he keeps his watch a - bove.
That doth fill thy days with glad - ness; O how much God gives to thee.
Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, And thou canst not then complain.
1. present pain.
CHORUS.
Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, All thy griefs will light - er grow;
All thy cares they will out - num - ber, And thy skies with light shall glow.
shall glow.

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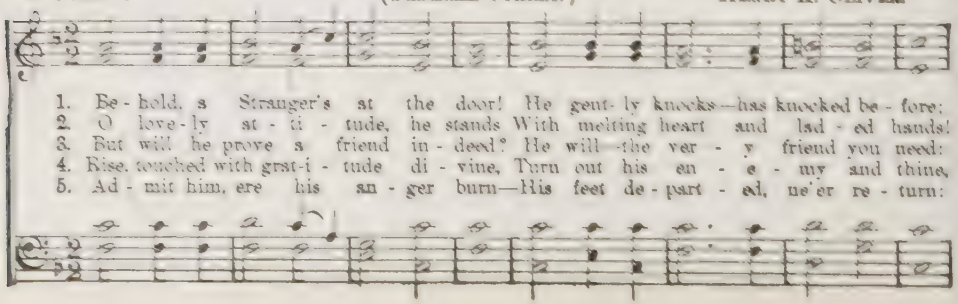
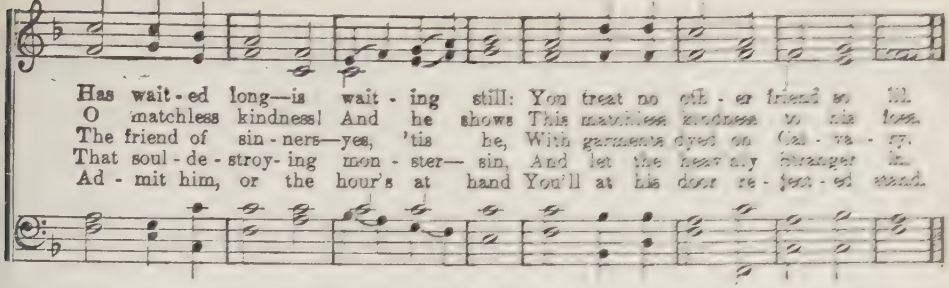
No. 181. Behold, a Stranger's At the Door.

JOSEPH. (FEDERAL STREET.) HENRY K. OLIVER.

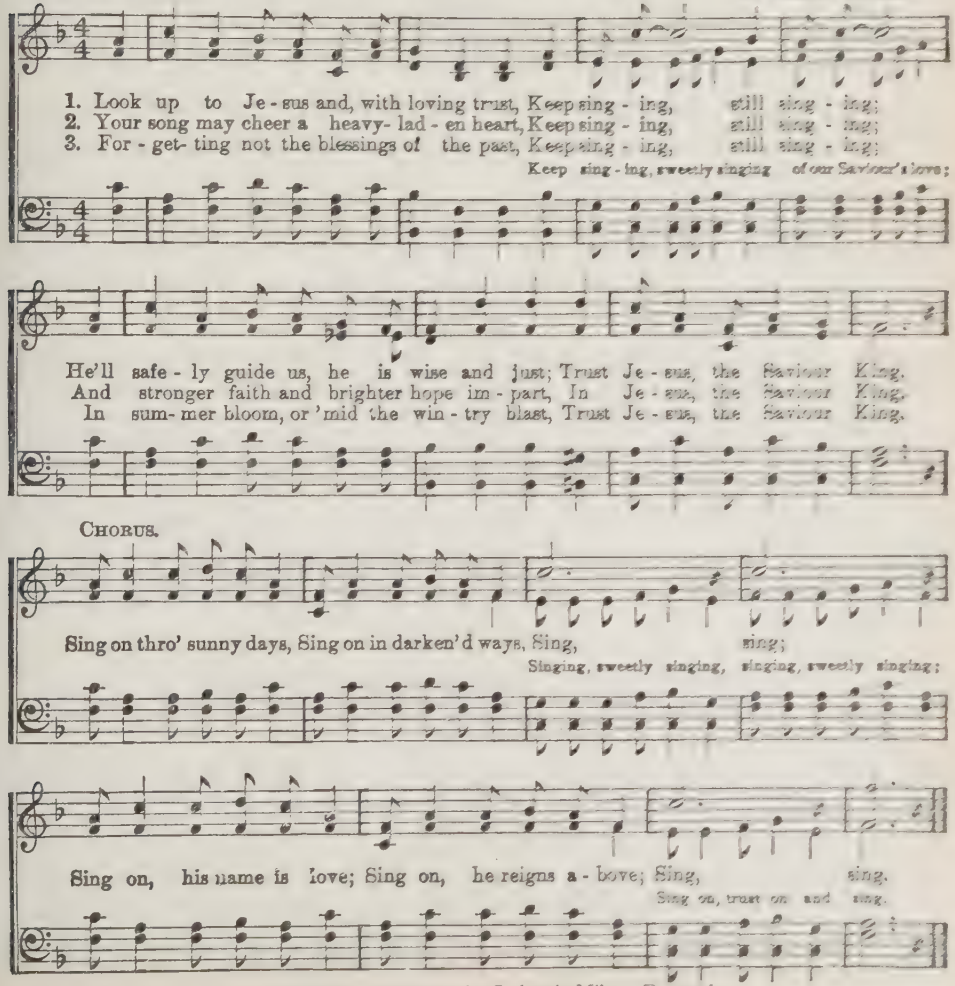

1. Be - hold, a Stranger's at the door! He gent- ly knocks—has knocked be - fore;
2. O love - ly at - ti - tude, he stands With melting heart and lad - en hands!
3. But will he prove a friend in - deed? He will the ver - y friend you need:
4. Rise, touched with grat-i - tude di - vine, Turn out his en - e - my and thine,
5. Ad - mit him, ere his an - ger burn—His feet de - part - ed, ne'er re - turn:

Behold, A Stranger's At the Door.—Concluded.


Has wait-ed long—is wait-ing still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
O matchless kindness! And he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
The friend of sin-ners—yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
That soul-de-stroy-ing mon-ster—sin, And let the heav'nly stranger in.
Ad-mit him, or the hour's at hand You'll at his door re-ject-ed stand.

No. 182.

Singing and Trusting.

E. E. Hewitt. C. Austin Miles.

1. Look up to Je-sus and, with loving trust, Keep sing-ing, still sing-ing;
2. Your song may cheer a heavy-lad-en heart, Keep sing-ing, still sing-ing;
3. For-get-ting not the blessings of the past, Keep sing-ing, still sing-ing;
Keep sing-ing, sweetly singing of our Saviour's love;
He'll safe-ly guide us, he is wise and just; Trust Je-sus, the Saviour King.
And stronger faith and brighter hope im-part, In Je-sus, the Saviour King.
In sum-mer bloom, or 'mid the win-try blast, Trust Je-sus, the Saviour King.
Chorus.
Sing on thro' sunny days, Sing on in darken'd ways, Sing, sing;
Singing, sweetly singing, singing, sweetly singing;
Sing on, his name is love; Sing on, he reigns a-bove; Sing, sing.
Sing on, trust on and sing.

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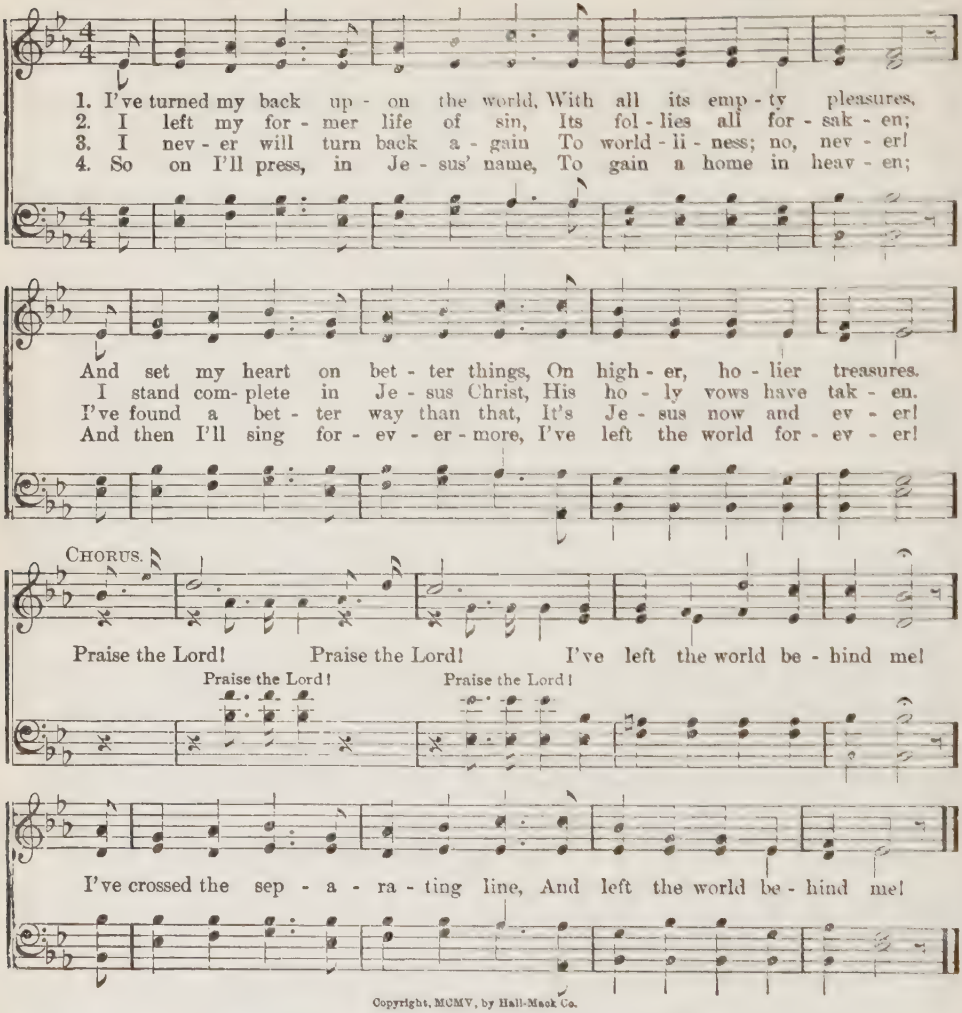
No. 183. Far Behind.

REV. F. L. SNYDER. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. I've turned my back up - on the world, With all its emp - ty pleasures,
2. I left my for - mer life of sin, Its fol - lies all for - sak - en;
3. I nev - er will turn back a - gain To world - li - ness; no, nev - er!
4. So on I'll press, in Je - sus' name, To gain a home in heav - en;
And set my heart on bet - ter things, On high - er, ho - lier treasures.
I stand com- plete in Je - sus Christ, His ho - ly vows have tak - en.
I've found a bet - ter way than that, It's Je - sus now and ev - er!
And then I'll sing for - ev - er - more, I've left the world for - ev - er!
CHORUS.
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! I've left the world be - hind me!
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
I've crossed the sep - a - ra - ting line, And left the world be - hind me!

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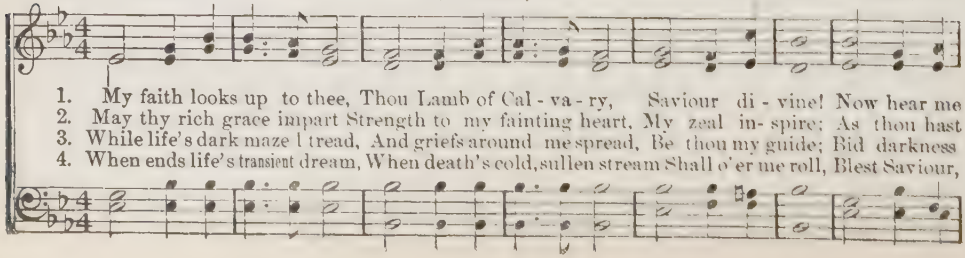
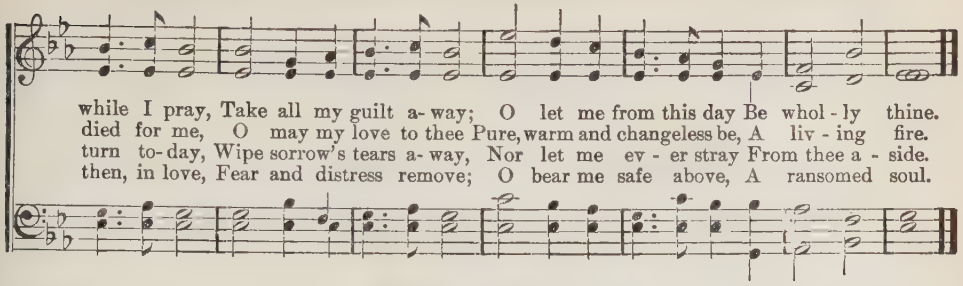
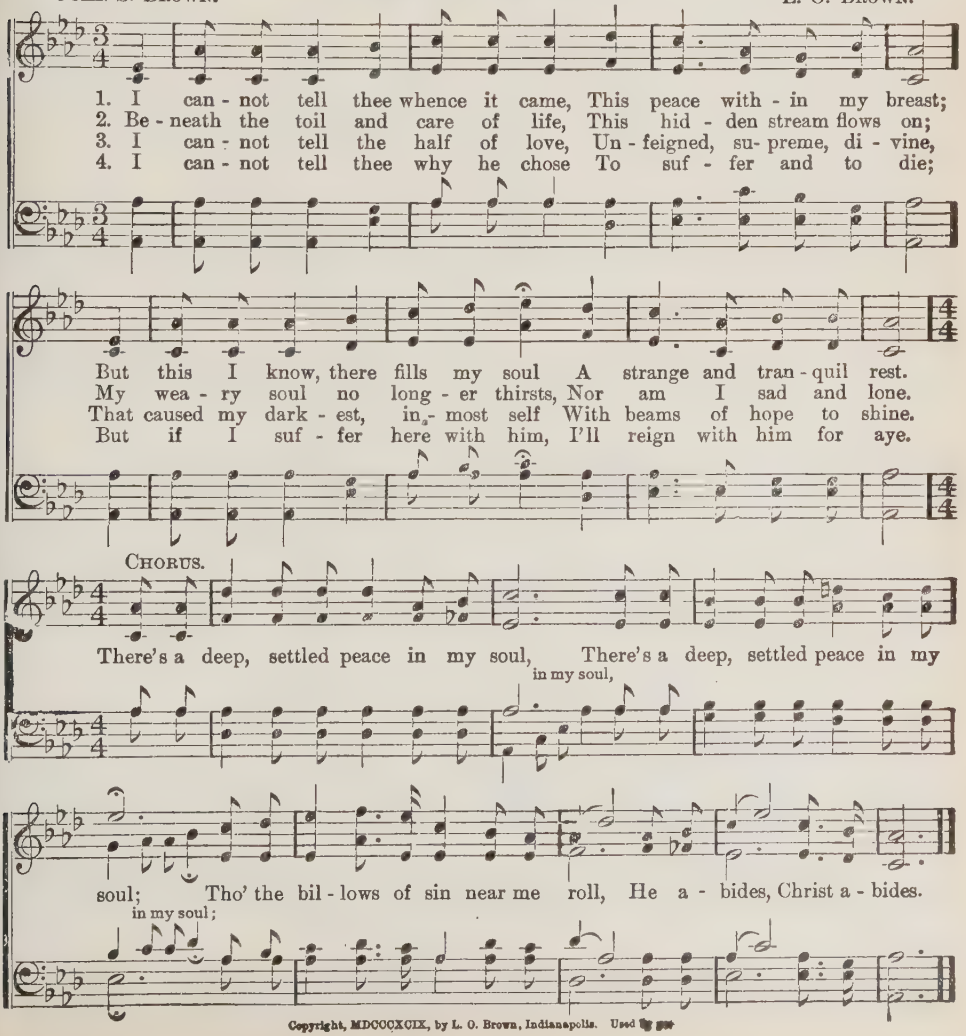
No. 184. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET.) DR. LOWELL MASON.


1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Saviour di - vine! Now hear me
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in- spire; As thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour,


while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way; O let me from this day Be whol-ly thine.
died for me, O may my love to thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv-ing fire.
turn to-day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From thee a-side.
then, in love, Fear and distress remove; O bear me safe above, A ransomed soul.

No. 185. Hidden Peace.

JOHN S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN.

1. I can-not tell thee whence it came, This peace with-in my breast;
2. Be-neath the toil and care of life, This hid-den stream flows on;
3. I can-not tell the half of love, Un-feigned, su-preme, di-vine,
4. I can-not tell thee why he chose To suf-fer and to die;
But this I know, there fills my soul A strange and tran-quil rest.
My wea-ry soul no long-er thirsts, Nor am I sad and lone.
That caused my dark-est, in-most self With beams of hope to shine.
But if I suf-fer here with him, I'll reign with him for aye.
CHORUS.
There's a deep, settled peace in my soul, There's a deep, settled peace in my
in my soul,
soul; Tho' the bil-lows of sin near me roll, He a-bides, Christ a-bides.
in my soul;

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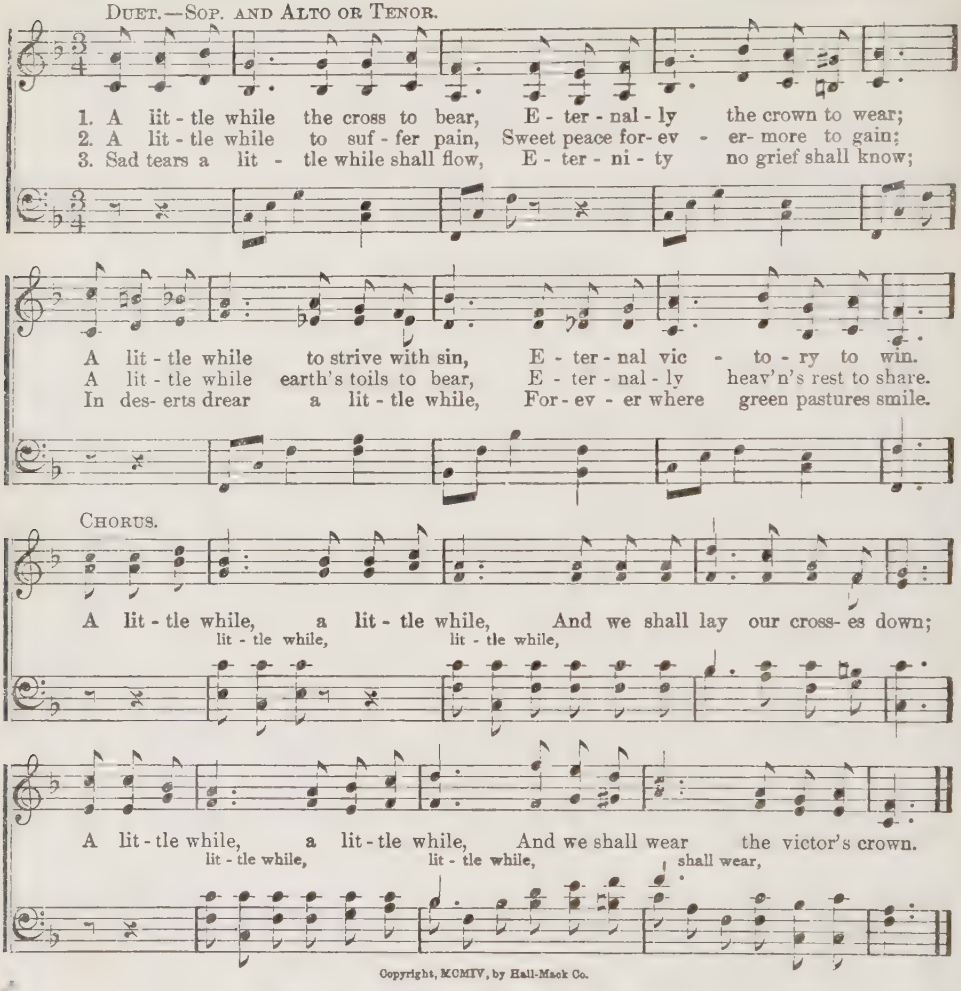
No. 186.

A Little While.

MINNIE A. GREINER. J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUET.—SOP. AND ALTO OR TENOR.

1. A lit - tle while the cross to bear, E - ter - nal - ly the crown to wear;
2. A lit - tle while to suf - fer pain, Sweet peace for- ev - er- more to gain;
3. Sad tears a lit - tle while shall flow, E - ter - ni - ty no grief shall know;
A lit - tle while to strive with sin, E - ter - nal vic - to - ry to win.
A lit - tle while earth's toils to bear, E - ter - nal - ly heav'n's rest to share.
In des- erts drear a lit - tle while, For - ev - er where green pastures smile.

CHORUS.

A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, And we shall lay our cross- es down;
lit - tle while, lit - tle while,
A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, And we shall wear the victor's crown.
lit - tle while, lit - tle while, shall wear,

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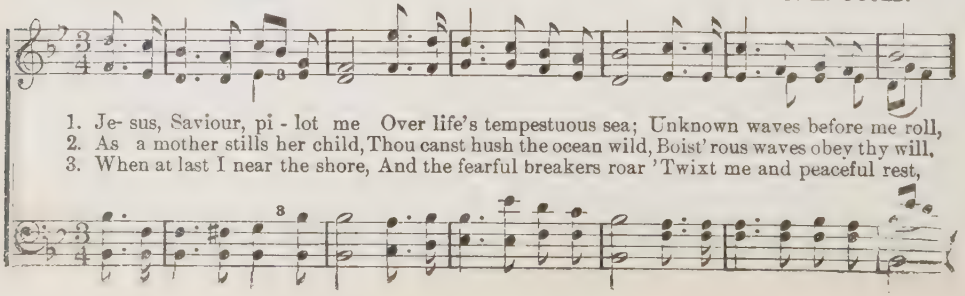
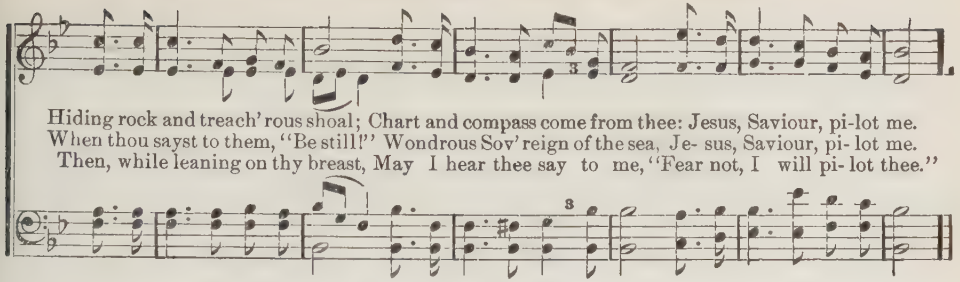
No. 187.

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

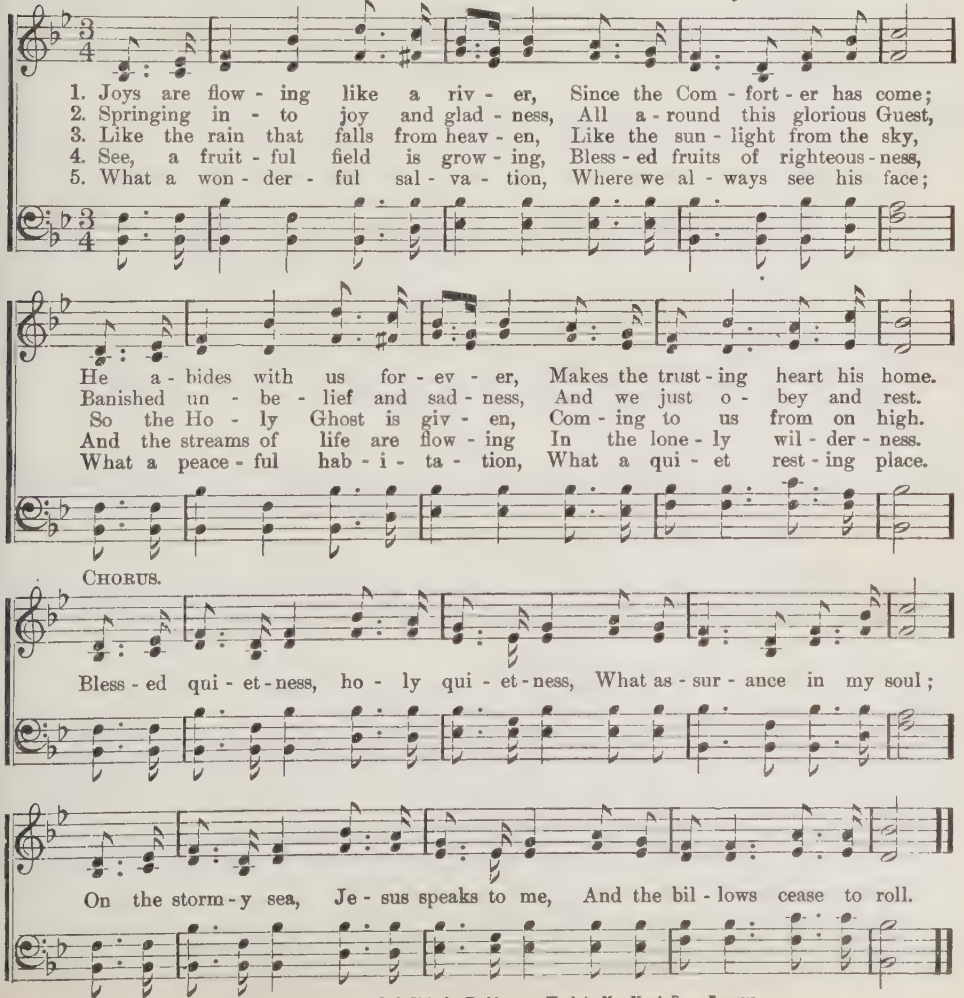

1. Je- sus, Saviour, pi - lot me Over life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me roll,
2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild, Boist'rous waves obey thy will,
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar 'Twixt me and peaceful rest,

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me—Concluded.



Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal; Chart and compass come from thee: Jesus, Saviour, pi-lot me.
When thou sayst to them, "Be still!" Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je- sus, Saviour, pi- lot me.
Then, while leaning on thy breast, May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi- lot thee."

No. 188. Blessed Quietness.

MRS. MAMIE PAYNE FERGUSON. Arr. by J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Joys are flow - ing like a riv - er, Since the Com - fort - er has come;
2. Springing in - to joy and glad - ness, All a - round this glorious Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heav - en, Like the sun - light from the sky,
4. See, a fruit - ful field is grow - ing, Bless - ed fruits of righteous - ness,
5. What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion, Where we al - ways see his face;

He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust - ing heart his home.
Banished un - be - lief and sad - ness, And we just o - bey and rest.
So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing to us from on high.
And the streams of life are flow - ing In the lone - ly wil - der - ness.
What a peace - ful hab - i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest - ing place.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed qui - et - ness, ho - ly qui - et - ness, What as - sur - ance in my soul;

On the storm - y sea, Je - sus speaks to me, And the bil - lows cease to roll.

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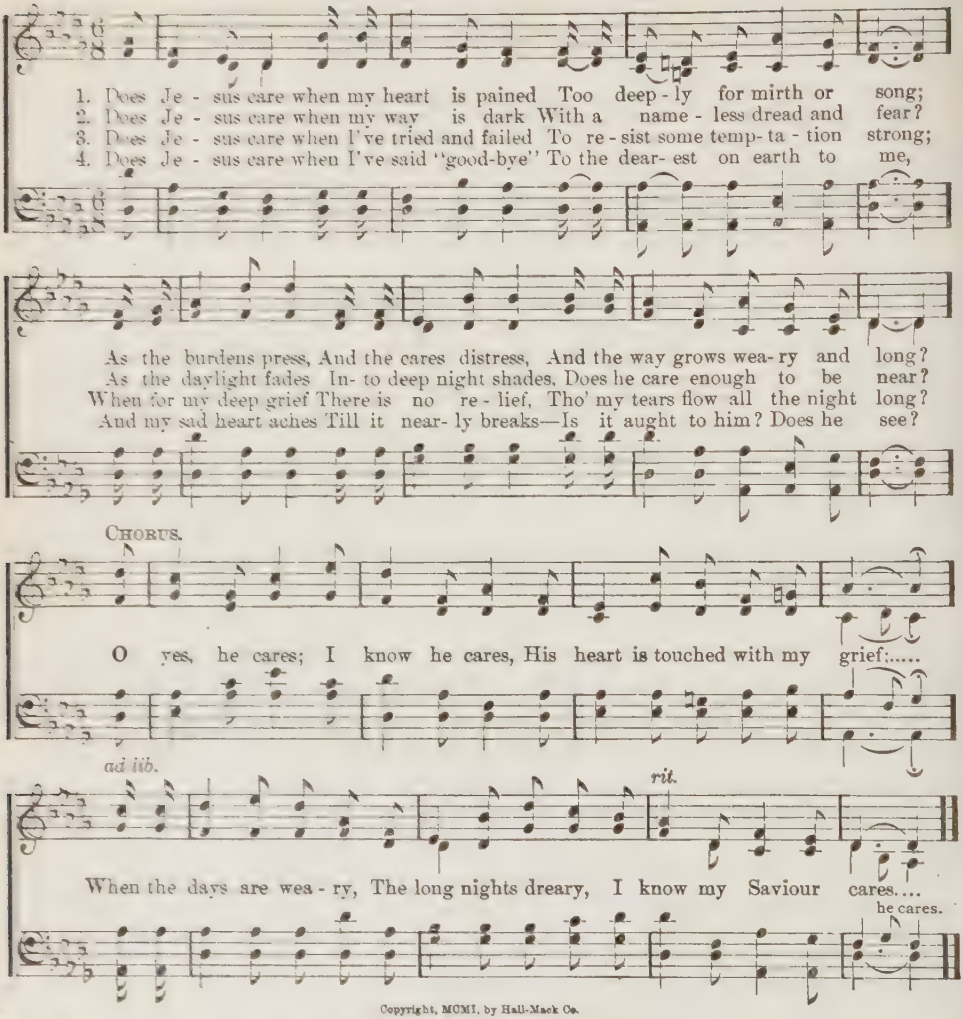
No. 189.

Does Jesus Care?

Rev. Frank E. Graeff. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for mirth or song;
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp - ta - tion strong;
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear- est on earth to me,
As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows wea- ry and long?
As the daylight fades In- to deep night shades, Does he care enough to be near?
When for my deep grief There is no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches Till it near- ly breaks—Is it aught to him? Does he see?
Chorus.
O yes, he cares; I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief:.....
ad lib.
rit.
When the days are wea - ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares....
he cares.

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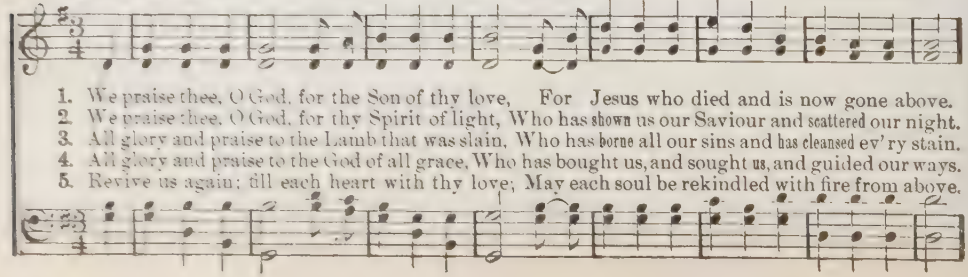
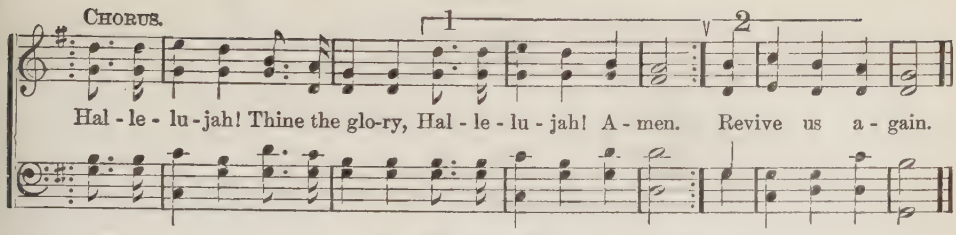
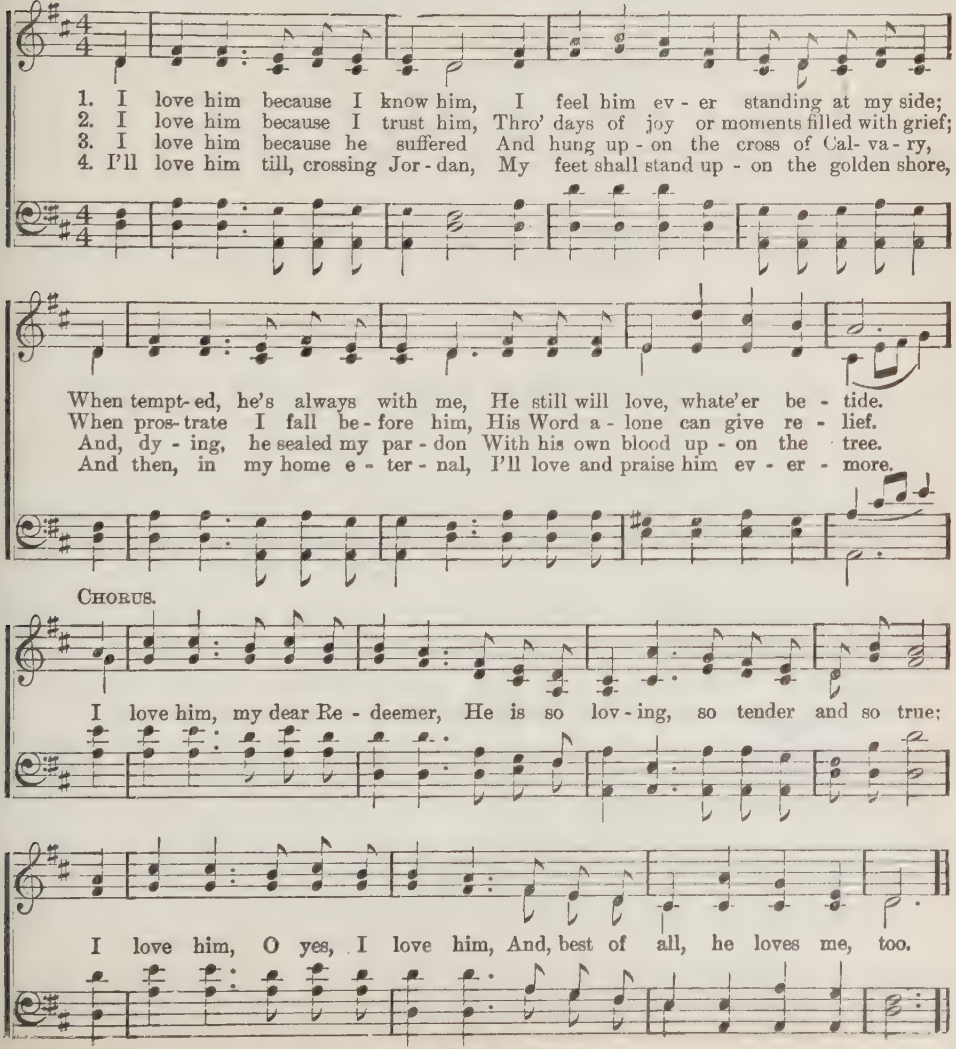
No. 190.

Revive Us Again.

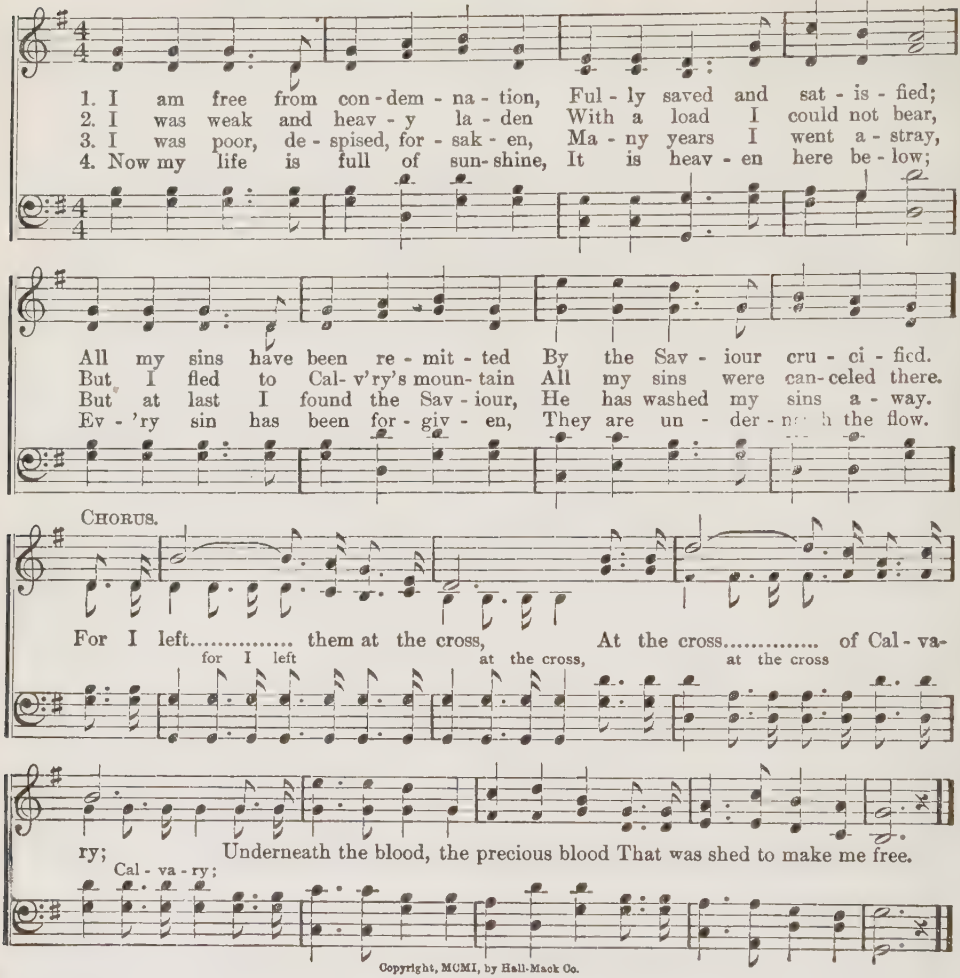
Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.


1. We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died and is now gone above.
2. We praise thee, O God, for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
5. Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Revive Us Again.—Concluded.

No. 191 I Love Him.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. I love him because I know him, I feel him ev - er standing at my side;
2. I love him because I trust him, Thro' days of joy or moments filled with grief;
3. I love him because he suffered And hung up - on the cross of Cal- va - ry,
4. I'll love him till, crossing Jor - dan, My feet shall stand up - on the golden shore,
When tempt- ed, he's always with me, He still will love, whate'er be - tide.
When pros- trate I fall be - fore him, His Word a - lone can give re - lief.
And, dy - ing, he sealed my par - don With his own blood up - on the tree.
And then, in my home e - ter - nal, I'll love and praise him ev - er - more.
Chorus.
I love him, my dear Re - deemer, He is so lov - ing, so tender and so true;
I love him, O yes, I love him, And, best of all, he loves me, too.

No. 192. I Left Them at the Cross.

J. W. VanDeVenter. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. I am free from con-dem-na-tion, Ful-ly saved and sat-is-fied;
2. I was weak and heav-y la-den With a load I could not bear,
3. I was poor, de-spised, for-sak-en, Ma-ny years I went a-stray,
4. Now my life is full of sun-shine, It is heav-en here be-low;
All my sins have been re-mit-ted By the Sav-iour cru-ci-fied.
But I fled to Cal-v'ry's moun-tain All my sins were can-celed there.
But at last I found the Sav-iour, He has washed my sins a-way.
Ev-'ry sin has been for-giv-en, They are un-der-neath the flow.
Chorus.
For I left..... them at the cross, At the cross..... of Cal-va-
for I left at the cross, at the cross
ry; Underneath the blood, the precious blood That was shed to make me free.
Cal-va-ry;

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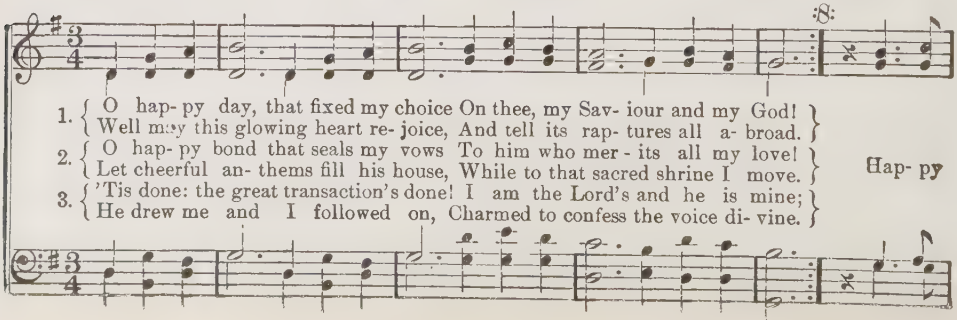
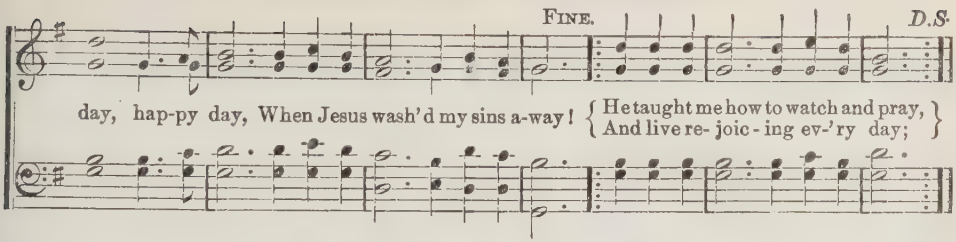
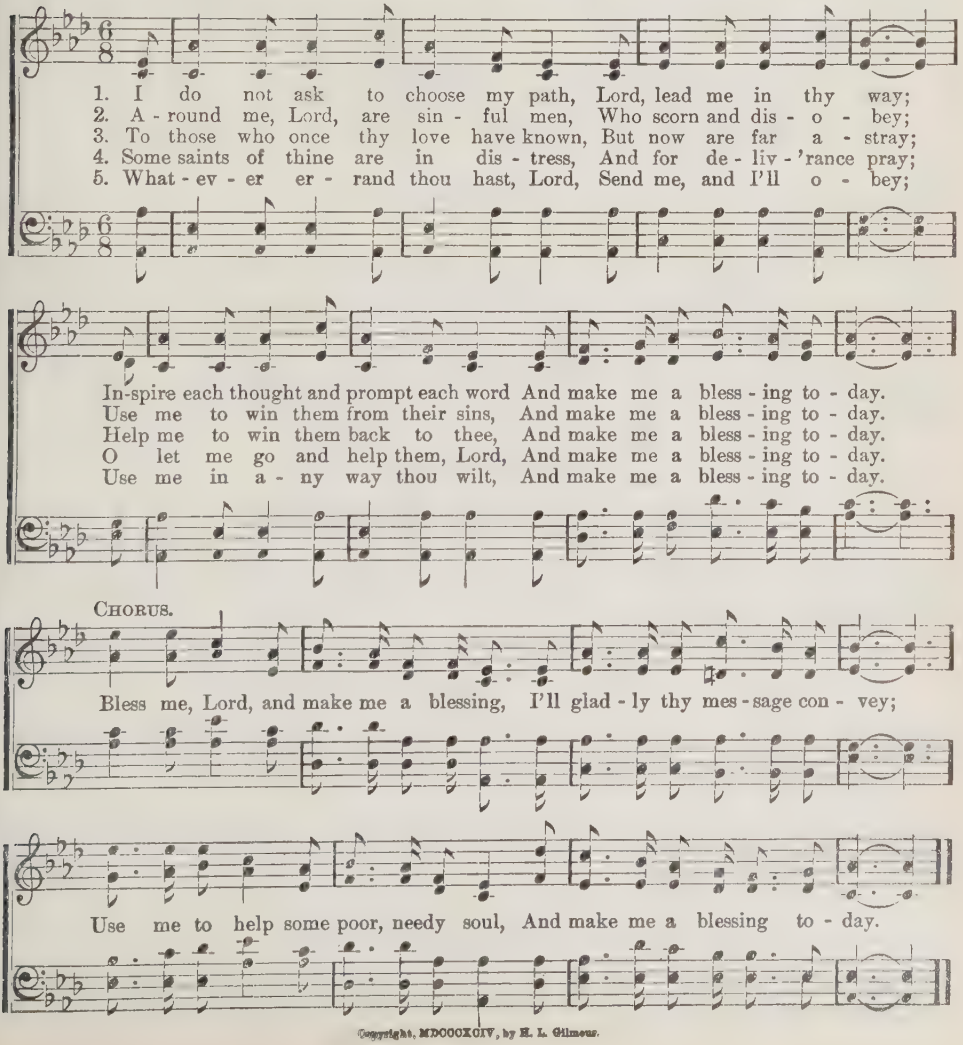
No. 193. Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.


:8:
1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-iour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
2. O hap-py bond that seals my vows To him who mer-its all my love!
Let cheerful an-thems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
3. 'Tis done: the great transaction's done! I am the Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine.
Hap-py

Happy Day.—Concluded.

No. 194. Make Me a Blessing To-day.

REV. J. H. ZELLEY. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in thy way;
2. A - round me, Lord, are sin - ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey;
3. To those who once thy love have known, But now are far a - stray;
4. Some saints of thine are in dis - tress, And for de - liv - 'rance pray;
5. What - ev - er er - rand thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey;
In-spire each thought and prompt each word And make me a bless - ing to - day.
Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a bless - ing to - day.
Help me to win them back to thee, And make me a bless - ing to - day.
O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a bless - ing to - day.
Use me in a - ny way thou wilt, And make me a bless - ing to - day.
CHORUS.
Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll glad - ly thy mes - sage con - vey;
Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to - day.

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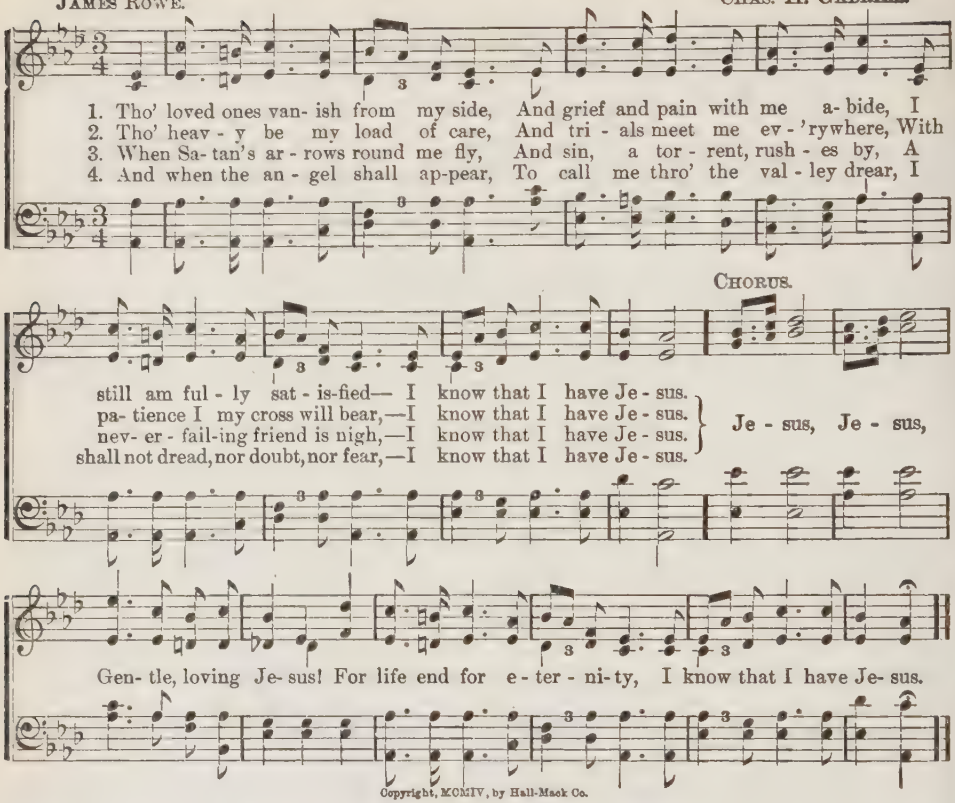
No. 195.

I Know That I Have Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Tho' loved ones van- ish from my side, And grief and pain with me a- bide, I
2. Tho' heav - y be my load of care, And tri - als meet me ev - 'rywhere, With
3. When Sa- tan's ar - rows round me fly, And sin, a tor - rent, rush - es by, A
4. And when the an - gel shall ap-pear, To call me thro' the val - ley drear, I
CHORUS.
still am ful - ly sat - is-fied— I know that I have Je - sus.
pa- tience I my cross will bear,—I know that I have Je - sus.
nev- er - fail-ing friend is nigh,—I know that I have Je - sus.
shall not dread, nor doubt, nor fear,—I know that I have Je - sus.
Je - sus, Je - sus,
Gen- tle, loving Je- sus! For life end for e - ter - ni-ty, I know that I have Je- sus.

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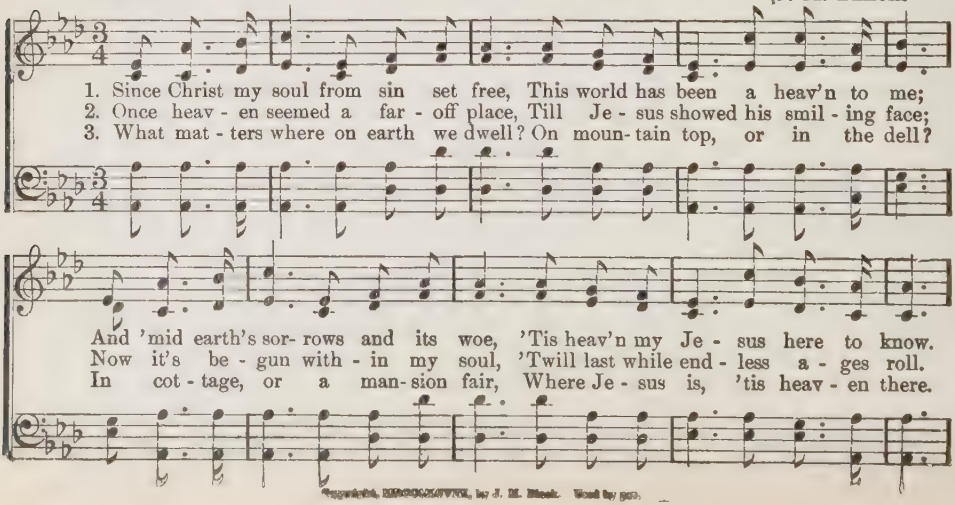
No. 196

Where Jesus is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. J. BUTLER. J. M. BLACK.


1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav - en seemed a far - off place, Till Je - sus showed his smil - ing face;
3. What mat - ters where on earth we dwell? On moun- tain top, or in the dell?
And 'mid earth's sor- rows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
Now it's be - gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while end - less a - ges roll.
In cot - tage, or a man- sion fair, Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

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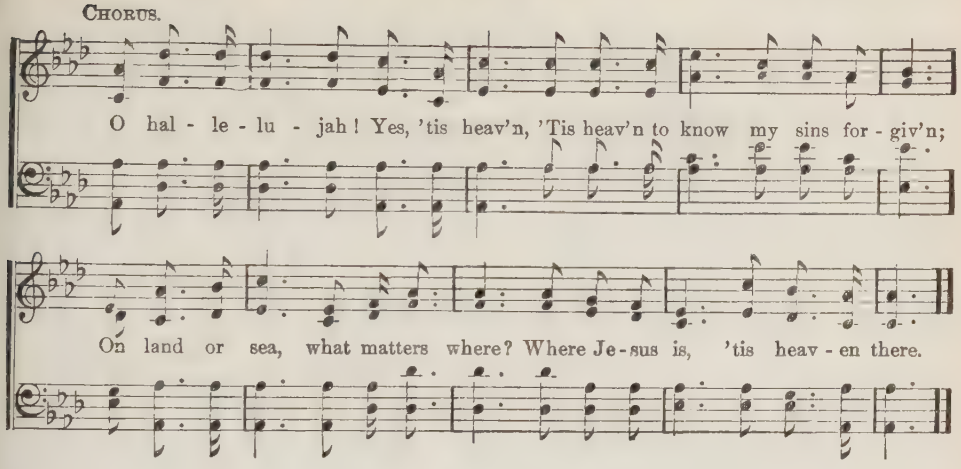
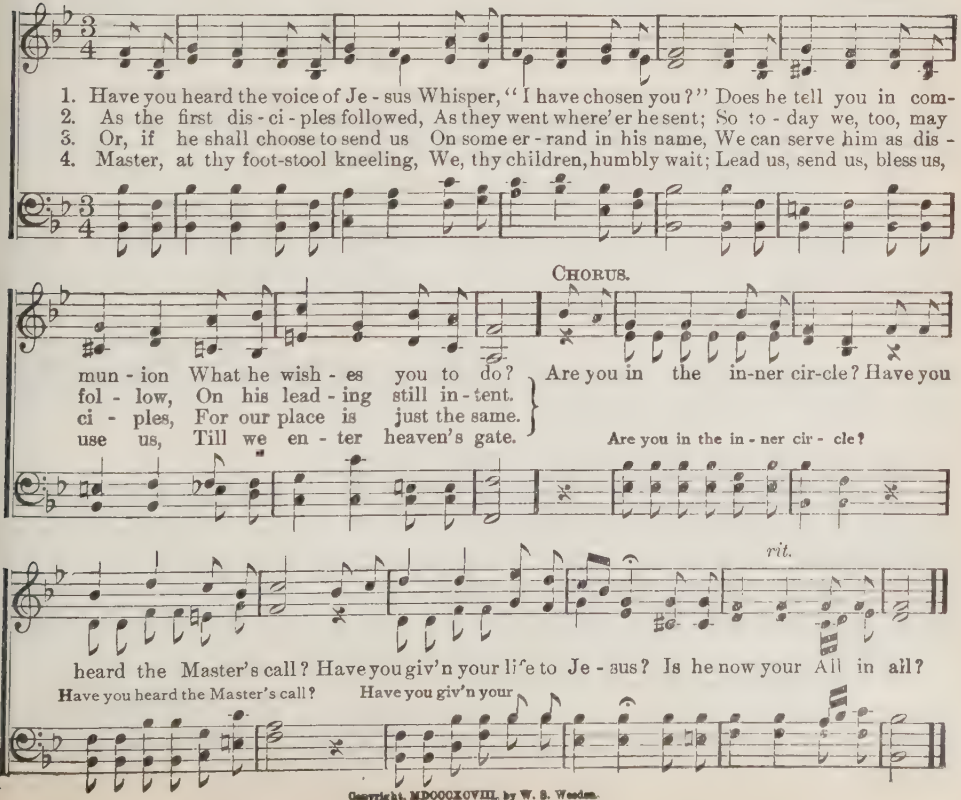
Where Jesus is, 'Tis Heaven.—Concluded.


Chorus.
O hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for - giv'n;
On land or sea, what matters where? Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

No. 197. The Inner Circle.

Flora Kirkland. W. S. Weeden.


1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whisper, "I have chosen you?" Does he tell you in com-
2. As the first dis - ci - ples followed, As they went where'er he sent; So to - day we, too, may
3. Or, if he shall choose to send us On some er - rand in his name, We can serve him as dis -
4. Master, at thy foot-stool kneeling, We, thy children, humbly wait; Lead us, send us, bless us,
Chorus.
mun - ion What he wish - es you to do?
fol - low, On his lead - ing still in - tent.
ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
use us, Till we en - ter heaven's gate.
Are you in the in-ner cir-cle? Have you
Are you in the in - ner cir - cle?
rit.
heard the Master's call? Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is he now your All in all?
Have you heard the Master's call? Have you giv'n your

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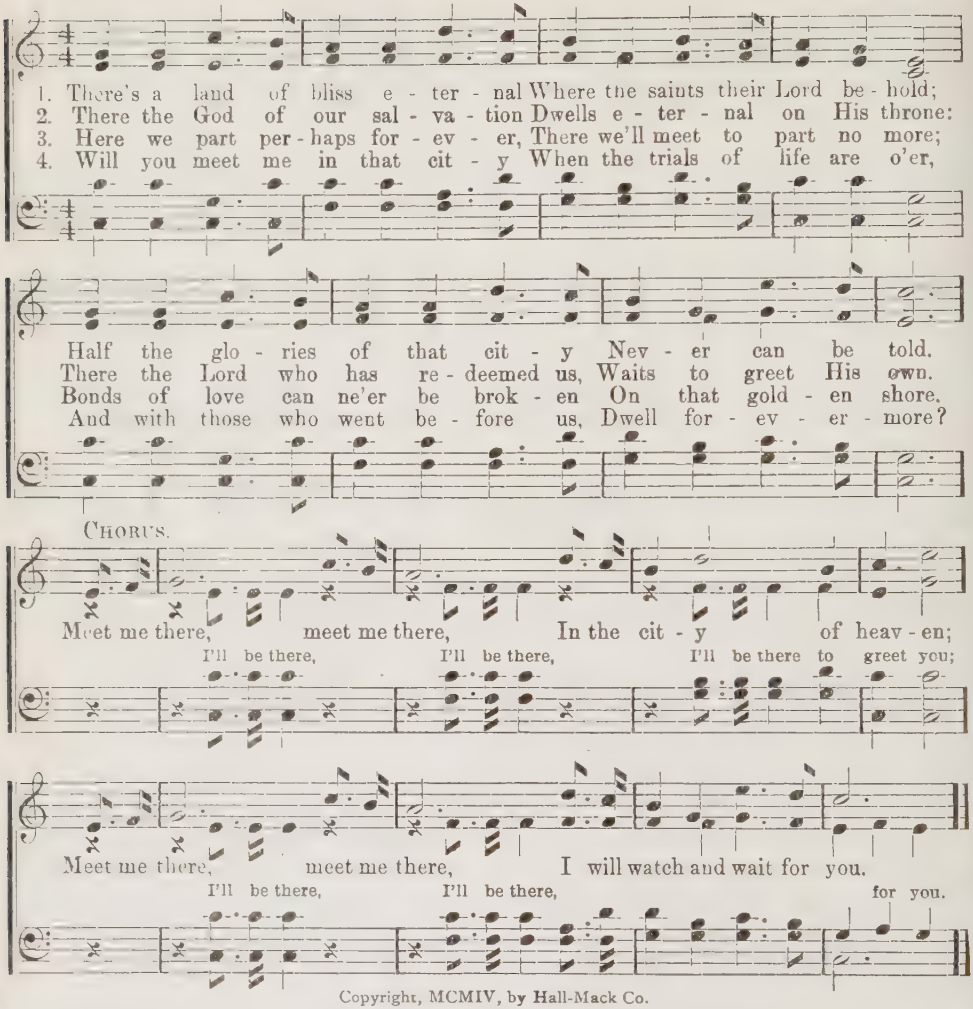
No. 198. Meet Me There.

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.

1. There's a land of bliss e - ter - nal Where the saints their Lord be - hold;
2. There the God of our sal - va - tion Dwells e - ter - nal on His throne:
3. Here we part per - haps for - ev - er, There we'll meet to part no more;
4. Will you meet me in that cit - y When the trials of life are o'er,
Half the glo - ries of that cit - y Nev - er can be told.
There the Lord who has re - deemed us, Waits to greet His own.
Bonds of love can ne'er be brok - en On that gold - en shore.
And with those who went be - fore us, Dwell for - ev - er - more?
Chorus.
Meet me there, meet me there, In the cit - y of heav - en;
I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there to greet you;
Meet me there, meet me there, I will watch and wait for you.
I'll be there, I'll be there, for you.

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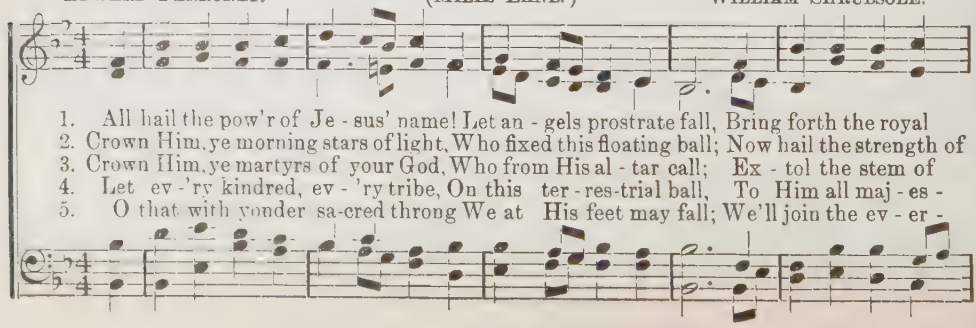
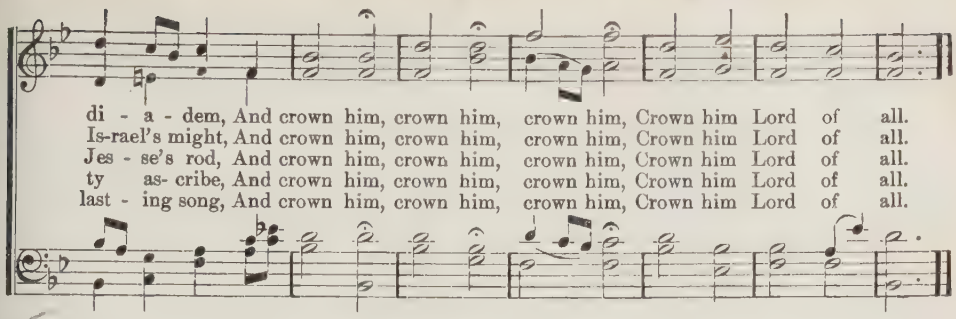
No. 199. All Hail the Power.

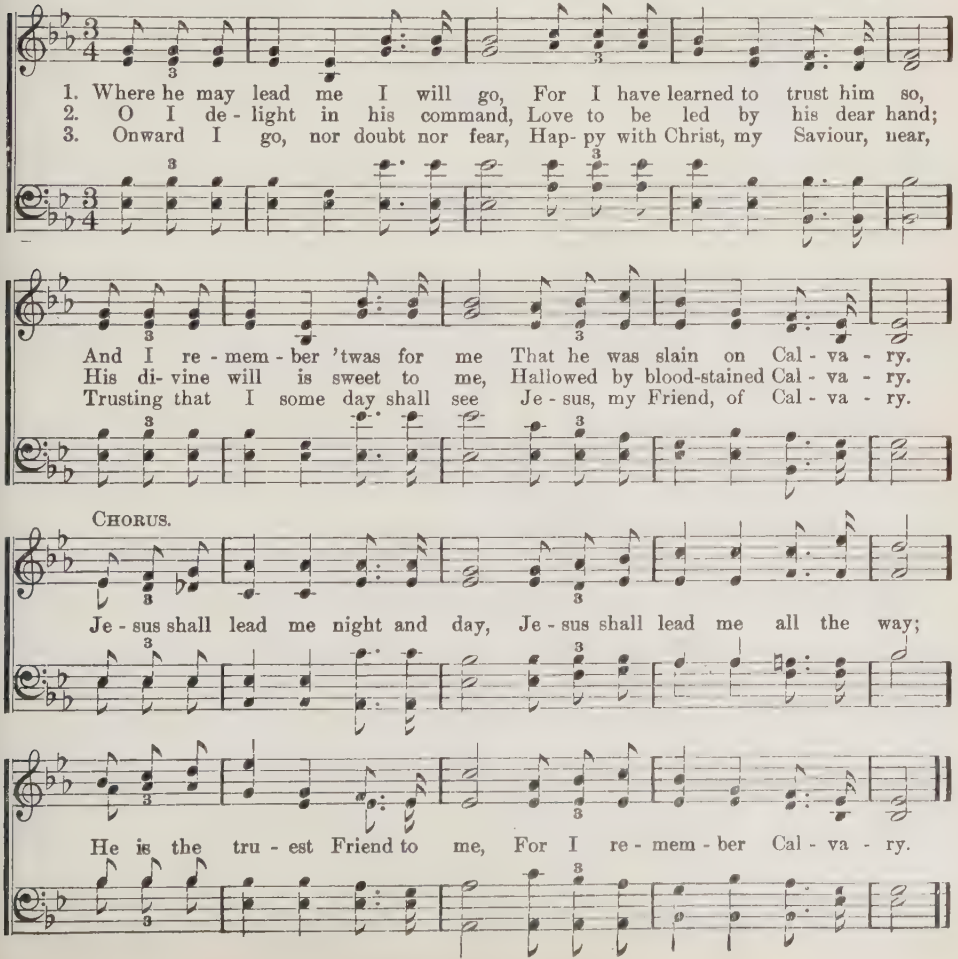
Edward Perronet. (Miles Lane.) William Shrubsole.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this floating ball; Now hail the strength of
3. Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God, Who from His al - tar call; Ex - tol the stem of
4. Let ev - 'ry kindred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all maj - es -
5. O that with yonder sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall; We'll join the ev - er -

All Hail the Power.—Concluded.


di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
Is-rael's might, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
Jes - se's rod, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
ty as- cribe, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
last - ing song, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.

No. 200. I Remember Calvary.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. J. M. BLACK.

1. Where he may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust him so,
2. O I de - light in his command, Love to be led by his dear hand;
3. Onward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Hap- py with Christ, my Saviour, near,
And I re - mem - ber 'twas for me That he was slain on Cal - va - ry.
His di- vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stained Cal - va - ry.
Trusting that I some day shall see Je - sus, my Friend, of Cal - va - ry.
CHORUS.
Je - sus shall lead me night and day, Je - sus shall lead me all the way;
He is the tru - est Friend to me, For I re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry.

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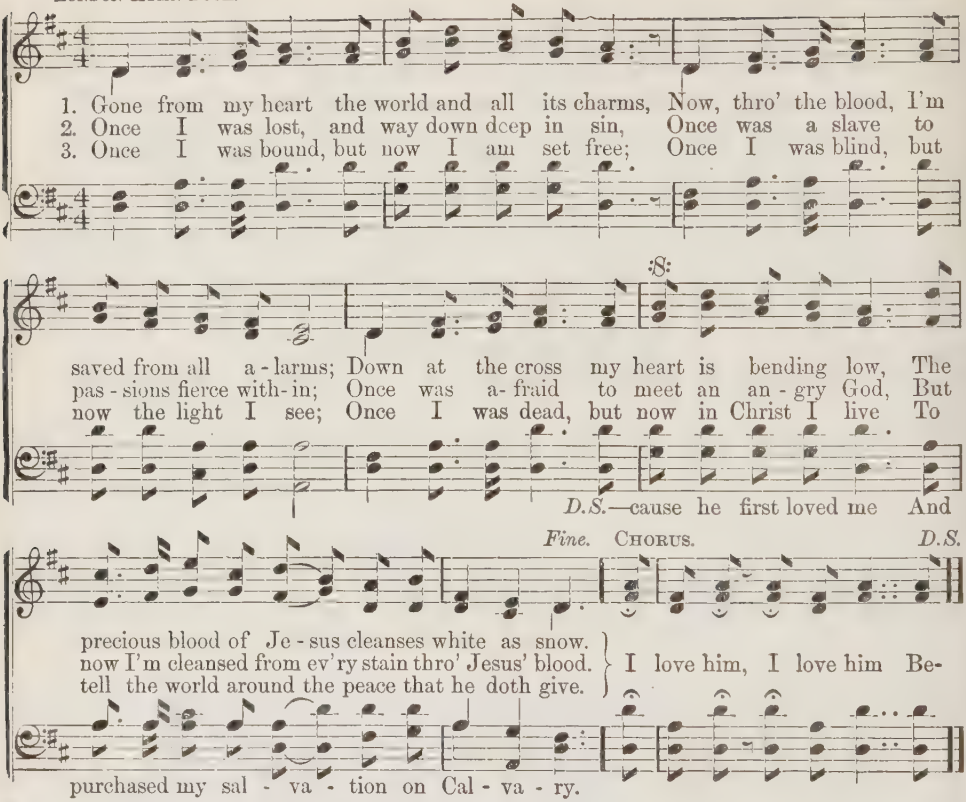
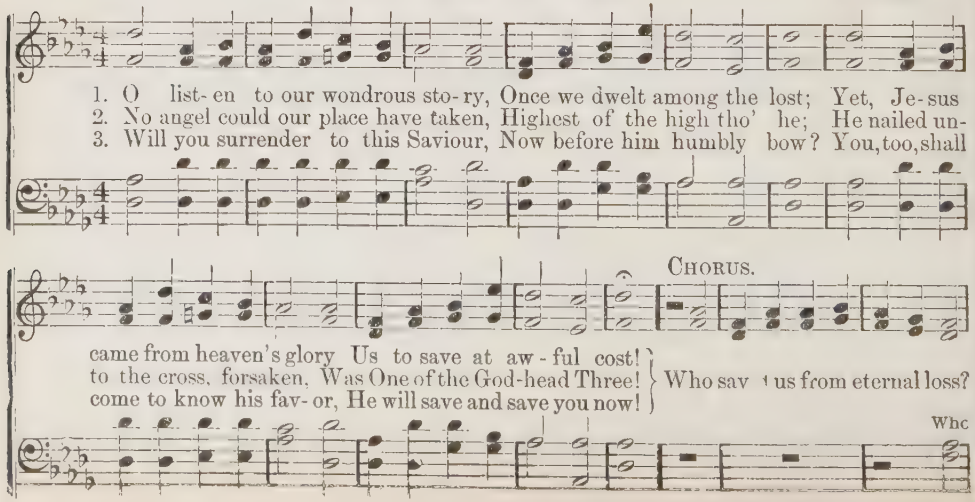
No. 201. I Love Him.

LONDON HYMN BOOK. S. C. FOSTER.

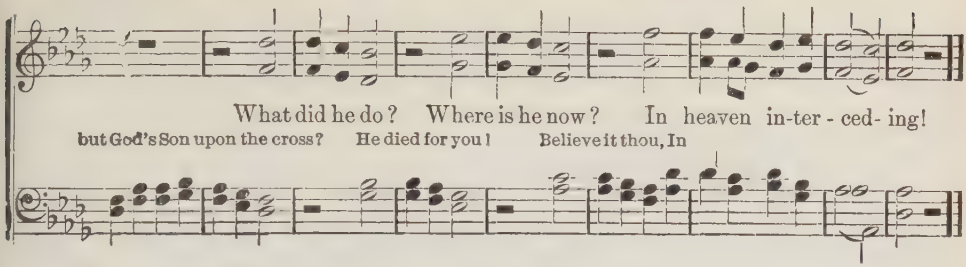

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms, Now, thro' the blood, I'm
2. Once I was lost, and way down deep in sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bending low, The
pas-sions fierce with-in; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live To
D.S.—cause he first loved me And
Fine. CHORUS. D.S.
precious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now I'm cleansed from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood.
tell the world around the peace that he doth give.
I love him, I love him Be-
purchased my sal-va-tion on Cal-va-ry.

No. 202. What Did He Do?

W. OWEN.

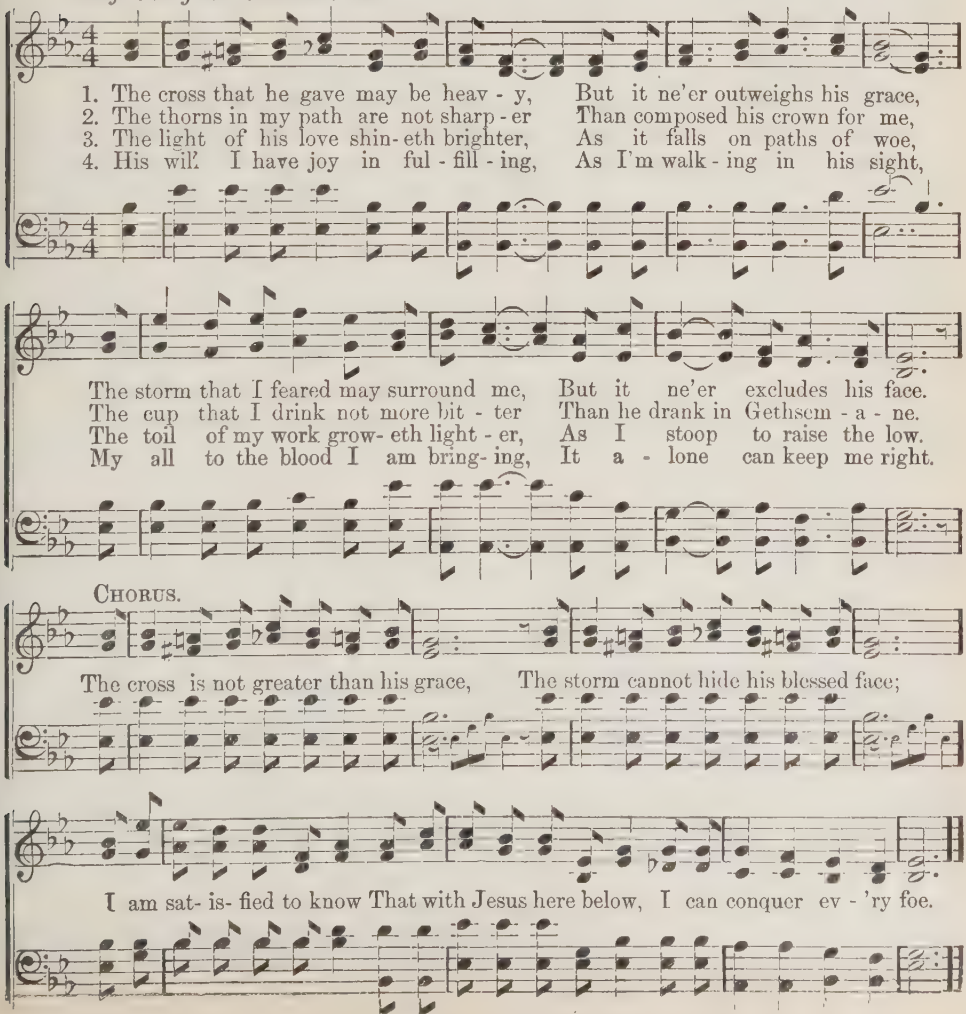

1. O list-en to our wondrous sto-ry, Once we dwelt among the lost; Yet, Je-sus
2. No angel could our place have taken, Highest of the high tho' he; He nailed un-
3. Will you surrender to this Saviour, Now before him humbly bow? You, too, shall
CHORUS.
came from heaven's glory Us to save at aw-ful cost!
to the cross, forsaken, Was One of the God-head Three!
come to know his fav-or, He will save and save you now!
Who sav us from eternal loss?
Whe

What Did He Do?—Concluded.



No. 203. The Cross Is Not Greater.

B. B. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

1. The cross that he gave may be heav - y, But it ne'er outweighs his grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharp - er Than composed his crown for me,
3. The light of his love shin- eth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful - fill - ing, As I'm walk - ing in his sight,
The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes his face.
The cup that I drink not more bit - ter Than he drank in Gethsem - a - ne.
The toil of my work grow- eth light - er, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring- ing, It a - lone can keep me right.
CHORUS.
The cross is not greater than his grace, The storm cannot hide his blessed face;
I am sat- is- fied to know That with Jesus here below, I can conquer ev - 'ry foe.

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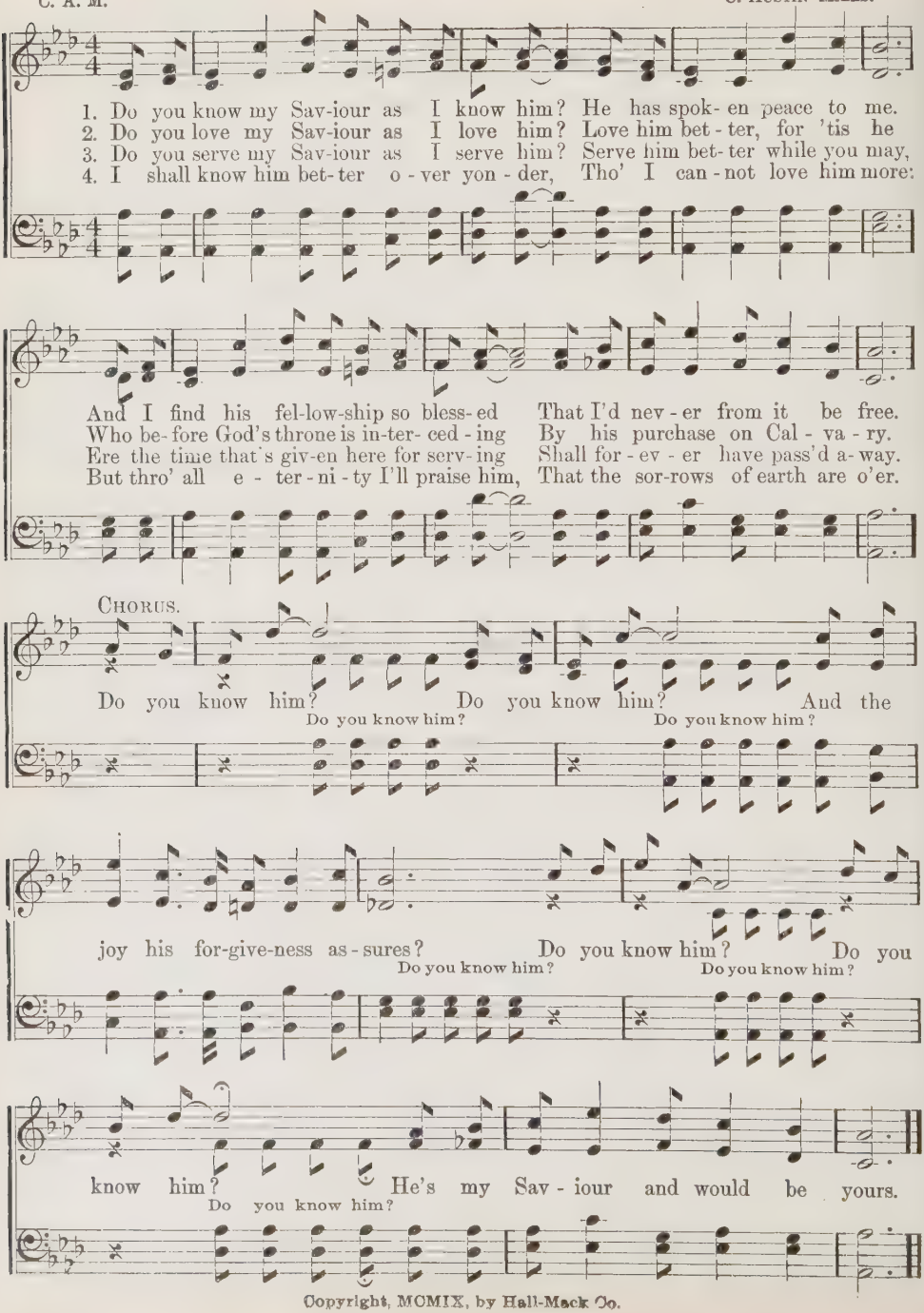
No. 204.

Do You Know Him?

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Do you know my Sav-iour as I know him? He has spok-en peace to me.
2. Do you love my Sav-iour as I love him? Love him bet-ter, for 'tis he
3. Do you serve my Sav-iour as I serve him? Serve him bet-ter while you may,
4. I shall know him bet-ter o-ver yon-der, Tho' I can-not love him more:
And I find his fel-low-ship so bless-ed That I'd nev-er from it be free.
Who be-fore God's throne is in-ter-ced-ing By his purchase on Cal-va-ry.
Ere the time that's giv-en here for serv-ing Shall for-ev-er have pass'd a-way.
But thro' all e-ter-ni-ty I'll praise him, That the sor-rows of earth are o'er.
Chorus.
Do you know him? Do you know him? And the
Do you know him?
Do you know him?
joy his for-give-ness as-sures? Do you know him? Do you
Do you know him?
Do you know him?
know him? He's my Sav-iour and would be yours.
Do you know him?

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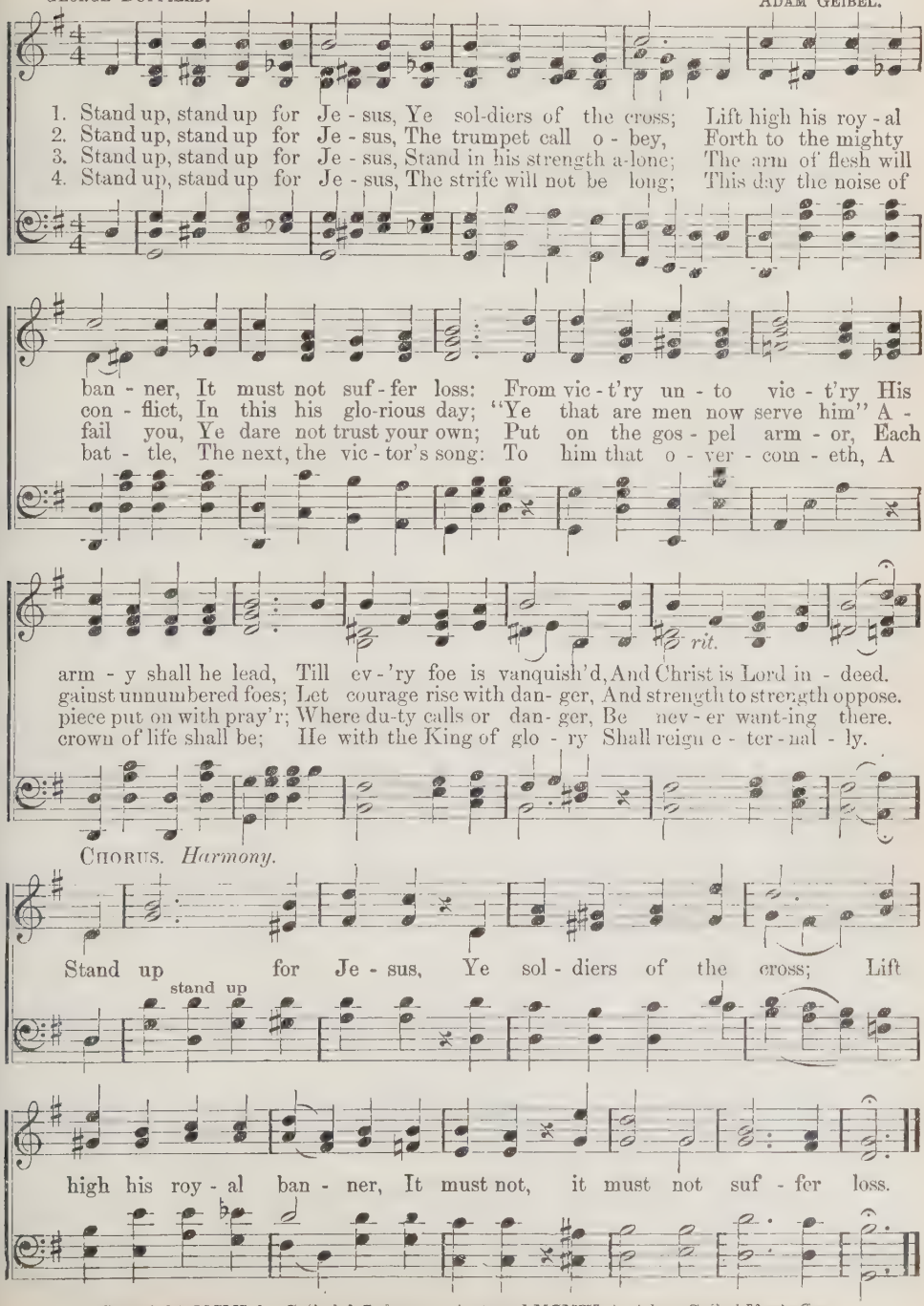
No. 205.

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall he lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey, Forth to the mighty con - flict, In this his glo-rious day; "Ye that are men now serve him" A - gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with dan- ger, And strength to strength oppose.
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength a-lone; The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each piece put on with pray'r; Where du-ty calls or dan- ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.
rit.
CHORUS. Harmony.
Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift
stand up
high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss.

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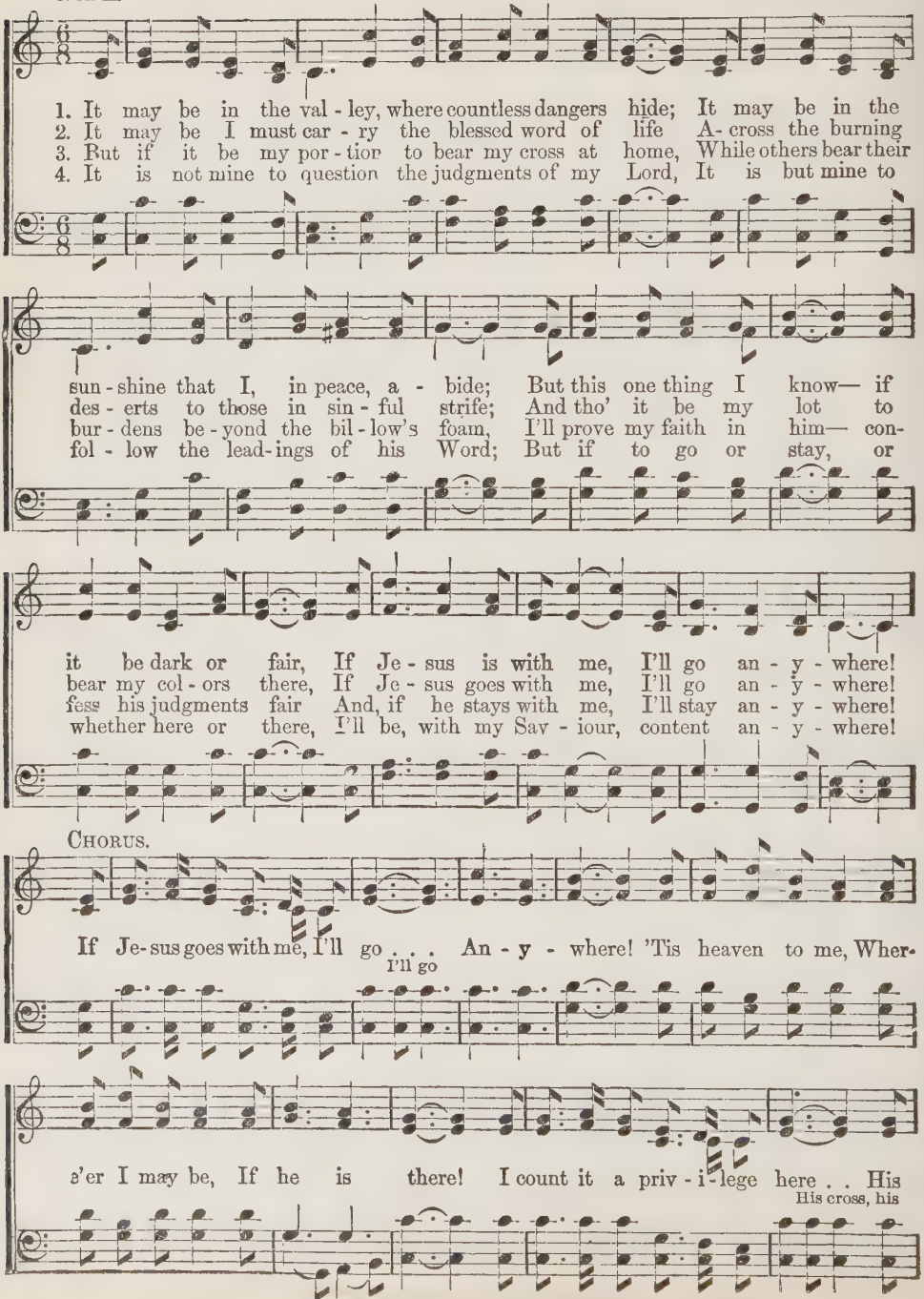
No. 206.

If Jesus Goes With Me.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. It may be in the val - ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the
2. It may be I must car - ry the blessed word of life A- cross the burning
3. But if it be my por - tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their
4. It is not mine to question the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to
sun - shine that I, in peace, a - bide; But this one thing I know— if
des - erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bur - dens be - yond the bil - low's foam, I'll prove my faith in him— con-
fol - low the lead-ings of his Word; But if to go or stay, or
it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!
bear my col - ors there, If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!
fess his judgments fair And, if he stays with me, I'll stay an - y - where!
whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - iour, content an - y - where!
Chorus.
If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go . . . An - y - where! 'Tis heaven to me, Wher-
I'll go
e'er I may be, If he is there! I count it a priv - i - lege here . . His
His cross, his

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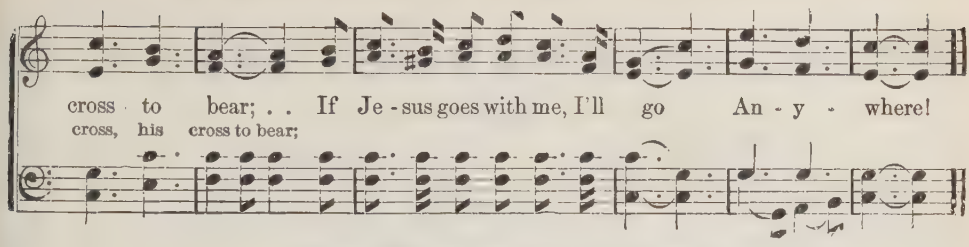
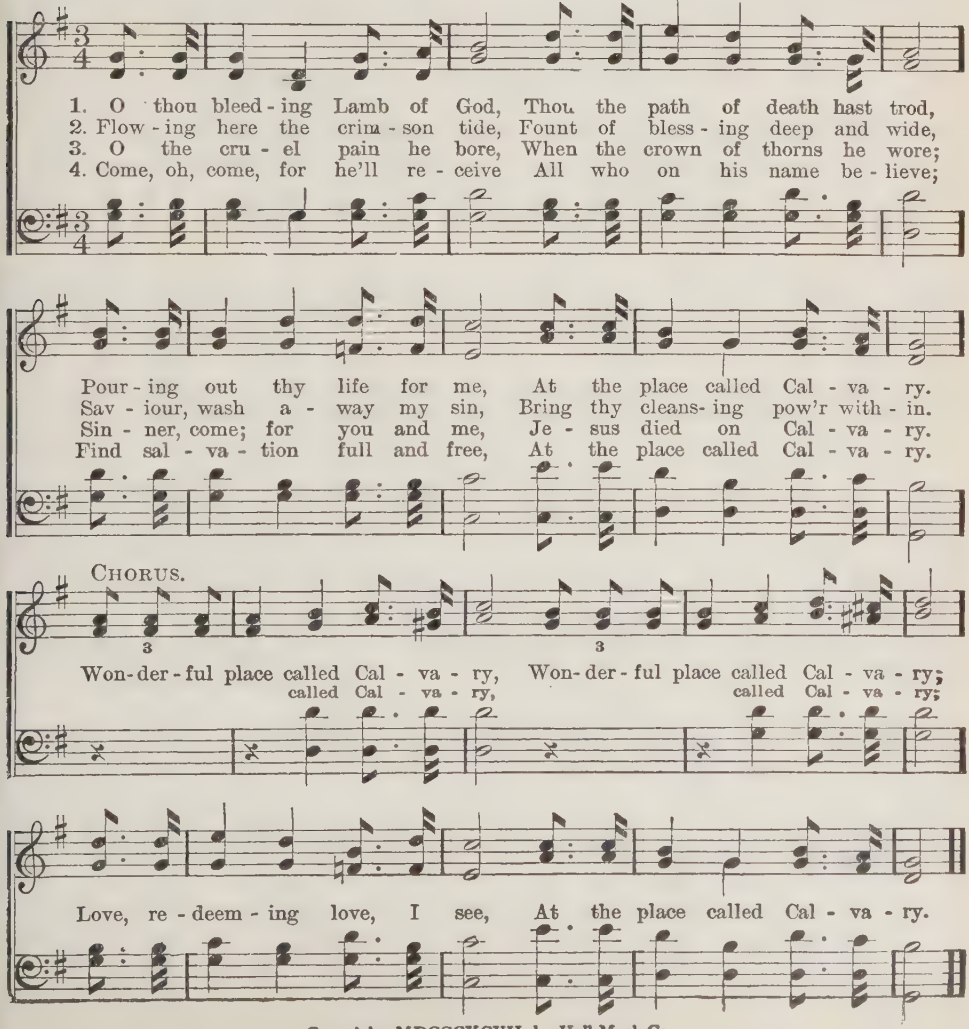


No 207.

The Place called Calvary.

E. E. HEWITT. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. O thou bleed - ing Lamb of God, Thou the path of death hast trod,
2. Flow - ing here the crim - son tide, Fount of bless - ing deep and wide,
3. O the cru - el pain he bore, When the crown of thorns he wore;
4. Come, oh, come, for he'll re - ceive All who on his name be - lieve;
Pour - ing out thy life for me, At the place called Cal - va - ry.
Sav - iour, wash a - way my sin, Bring thy cleans - ing pow'r with - in.
Sin - ner, come; for you and me, Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry.
Find sal - va - tion full and free, At the place called Cal - va - ry.
CHORUS.
Won - der - ful place called Cal - va - ry, Won - der - ful place called Cal - va - ry;
called Cal - va - ry, called Cal - va - ry;
Love, re - deem - ing love, I see, At the place called Cal - va - ry.

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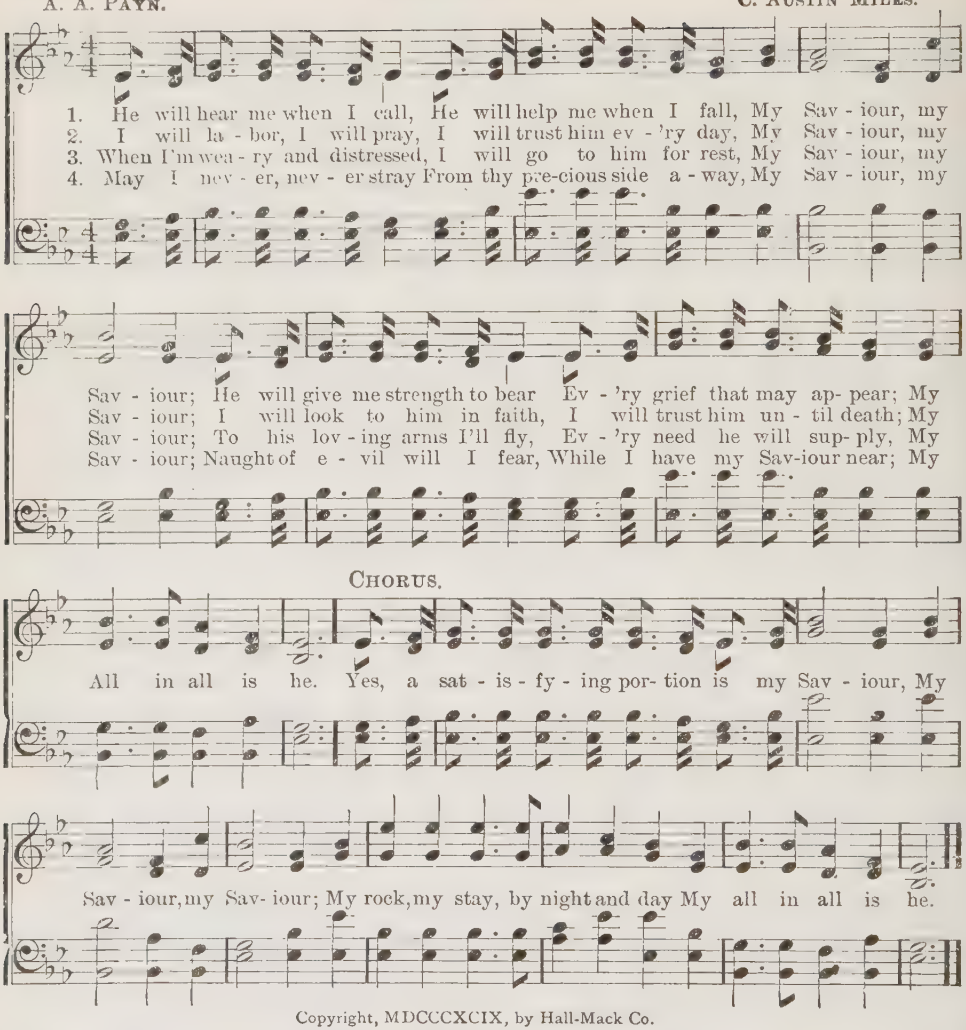
No. 208.

My Saviour.

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. He will hear me when I call, He will help me when I fall, My Sav - iour, my
2. I will la - bor, I will pray, I will trust him ev - 'ry day, My Sav - iour, my
3. When I'm wea - ry and distressed, I will go to him for rest, My Sav - iour, my
4. May I nev - er, nev - er stray From thy pre-cious side a - way, My Sav - iour, my
Sav - iour; He will give me strength to bear Ev - 'ry grief that may ap- pear; My
Sav - iour; I will look to him in faith, I will trust him un - til death; My
Sav - iour; To his lov - ing arms I'll fly, Ev - 'ry need he will sup- ply, My
Sav - iour; Naught of e - vil will I fear, While I have my Sav-iour near; My
CHORUS.
All in all is he. Yes, a sat - is - fy - ing por- tion is my Sav - iour, My
Sav - iour, my Sav- iour; My rock, my stay, by night and day My all in all is he.

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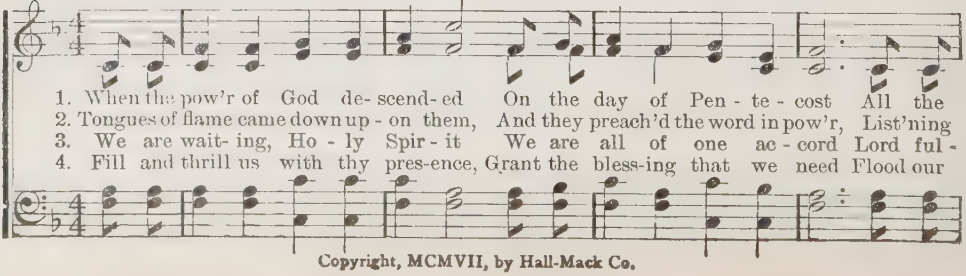
No 209

O Lord, Send the Power.

MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD. Arr. by H. J. LACEY.


1. When the pow'r of God de- scend- ed On the day of Pen - te - cost All the
2. Tongues of flame came down up - on them, And they preach'd the word in pow'r, List'ning
3. We are wait- ing, Ho - ly Spir - it We are all of one ac - cord Lord ful -
4. Fill and thrill us with thy pres-ence, Grant the bless-ing that we need Flood our

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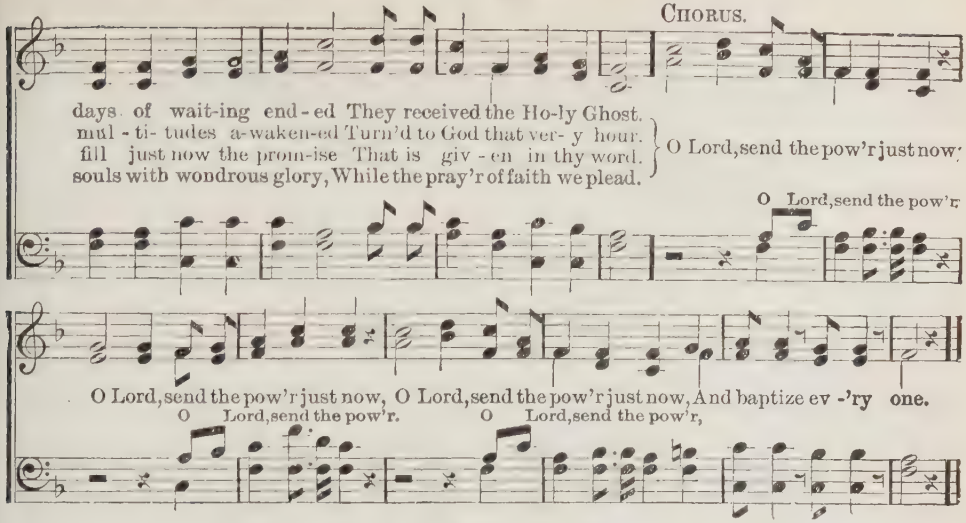
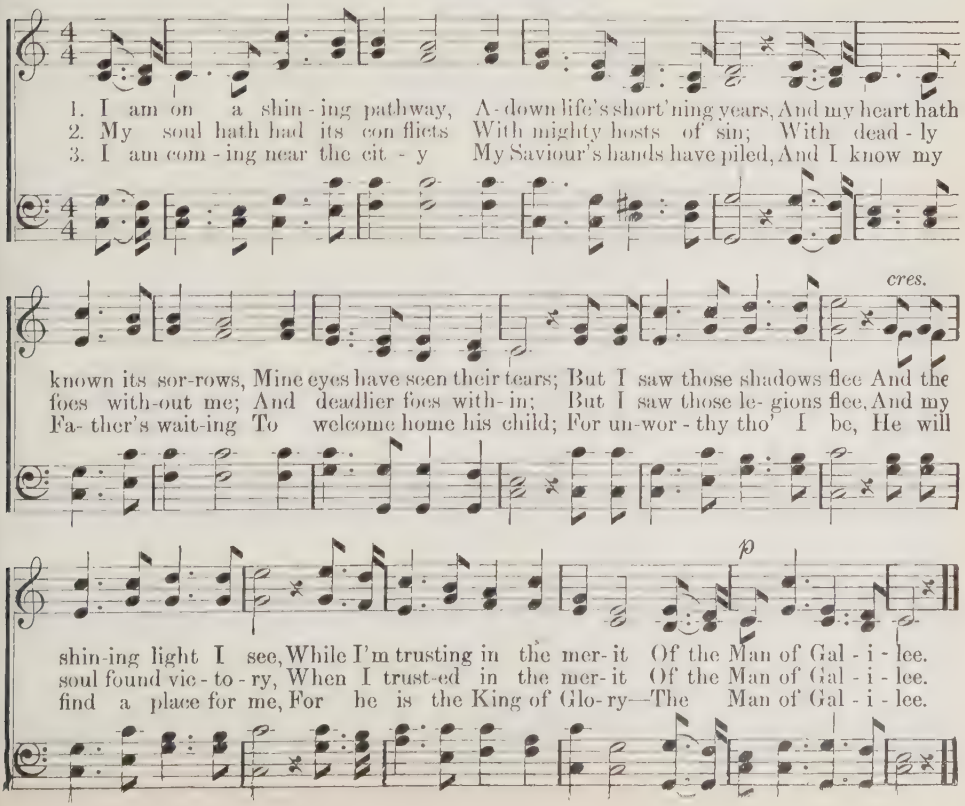
O Lord, Send the Power.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
days of wait-ing end-ed They received the Ho-ly Ghost.
mul-ti-tudes a-waken-ed Turn'd to God that ver-y hour.
fill just now the prom-ise That is giv-en in thy word.
souls with wondrous glory, While the pray'r of faith we plead.
O Lord, send the pow'r just now,
O Lord, send the pow'r
O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And baptize ev-'ry one.
O Lord, send the pow'r.
O Lord, send the pow'r,

No. 210. I'm On a Shining Pathway.

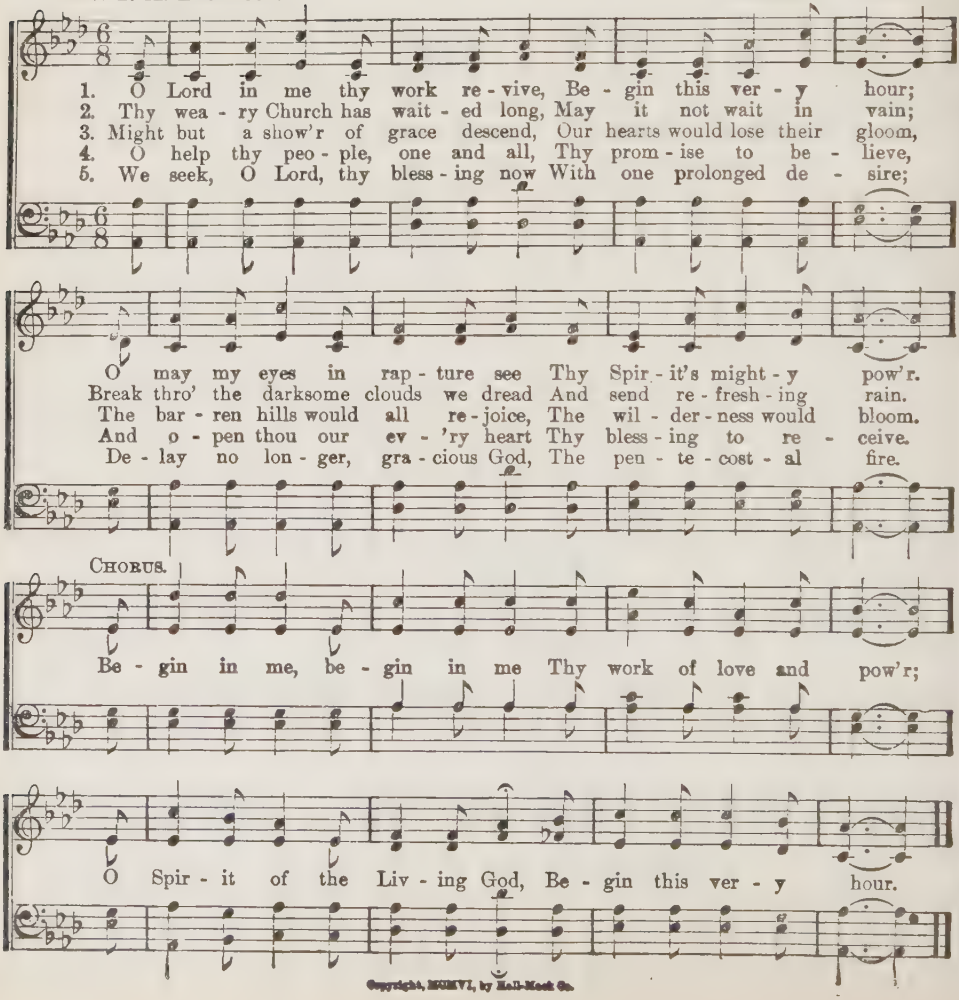

1. I am on a shin-ing pathway, A-down life's short'ning years, And my heart hath
2. My soul hath had its con-flicts With mighty hosts of sin; With dead-ly
3. I am com-ing near the cit-y My Saviour's hands have piled, And I know my
cres.
known its sor-rows, Mine eyes have seen their tears; But I saw those shadows flee And the
foes with-out me; And deadlier foes with-in; But I saw those le-gions flee, And my
Fa-ther's wait-ing To welcome home his child; For un-wor-thy tho' I be, He will
p
shin-ing light I see, While I'm trusting in the mer-it Of the Man of Gal-i-lee.
soul found vic-to-ry, When I trust-ed in the mer-it Of the Man of Gal-i-lee.
find a place for me, For he is the King of Glo-ry—The Man of Gal-i-lee.

New Songs of the Gospel,

No. 3.

No. 211.

Begin in Me.

REV. T. M. EASTWOOD. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. O Lord in me thy work re - vive, Be - gin this ver - y hour;
2. Thy wea - ry Church has wait - ed long, May it not wait in vain;
3. Might but a show'r of grace descend, Our hearts would lose their gloom,
4. O help thy peo - ple, one and all, Thy prom - ise to be - lieve,
5. We seek, O Lord, thy bless - ing now With one prolonged de - sire;
O may my eyes in rap - ture see Thy Spir - it's might - y pow'r.
Break thro' the darksome clouds we dread And send re - fresh - ing rain.
The bar - ren hills would all re - joice, The wil - der - ness would bloom.
And o - pen thou our ev - 'ry heart Thy bless - ing to re - ceive.
De - lay no lon - ger, gra - cious God, The pen - te - cost - al fire.
CHORUS.
Be - gin in me, be - gin in me Thy work of love and pow'r;
O Spir - it of the Liv - ing God, Be - gin this ver - y hour.

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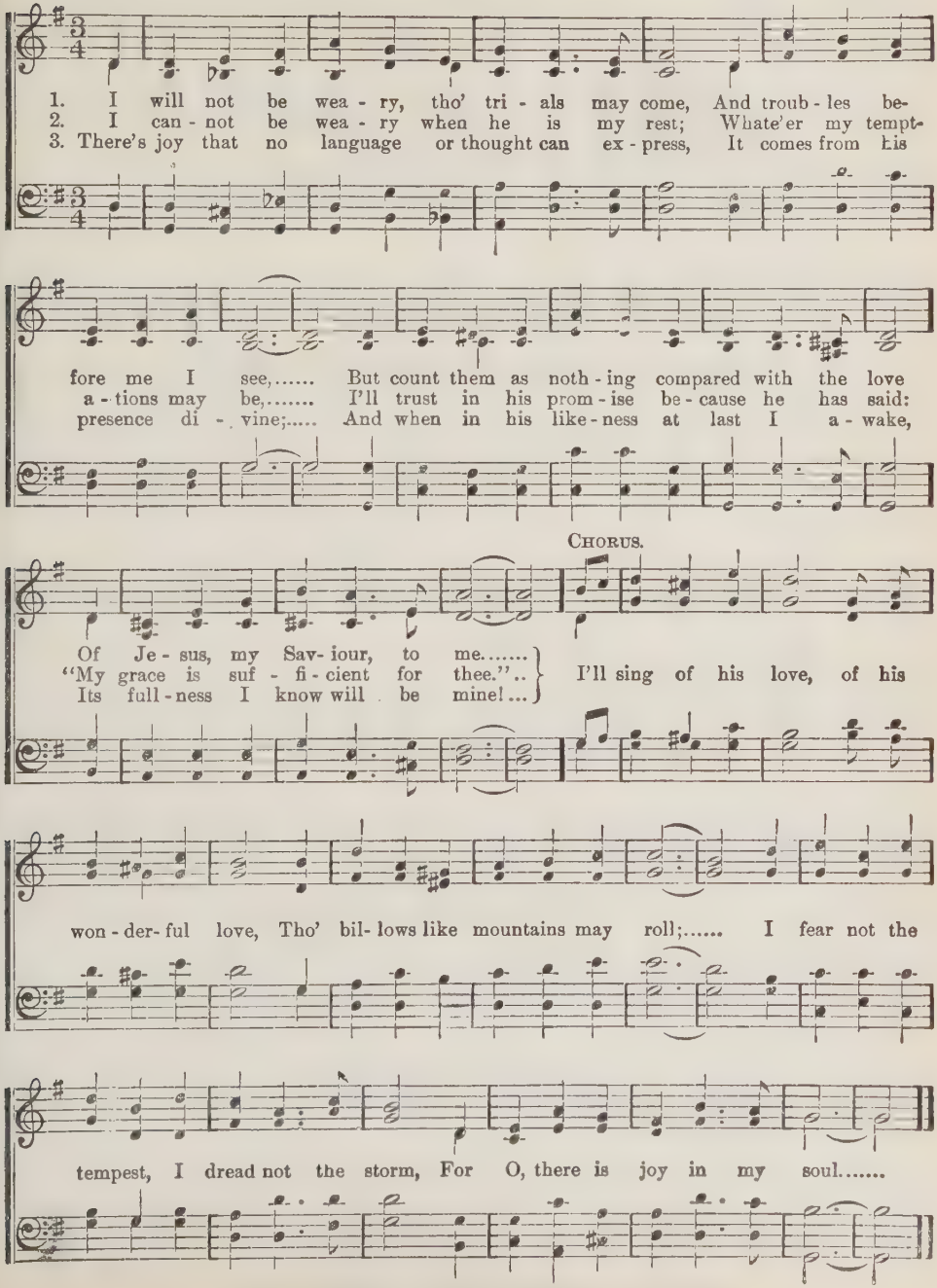
No. 212. There is Joy in My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.


1. I will not be wea - ry, tho' tri - als may come, And troub - les be-
2. I can - not be wea - ry when he is my rest; Whate'er my tempt-
3. There's joy that no language or thought can ex - press, It comes from his
fore me I see,..... But count them as noth - ing compared with the love
a - tions may be,..... I'll trust in his prom - ise be - cause he has said:
presence di - vine;..... And when in his like - ness at last I a - wake,
CHORUS.
Of Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to me.....
"My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee.."..
Its full - ness I know will be mine!...
I'll sing of his love, of his
won - der - ful love, Tho' bil - lows like mountains may roll;..... I fear not the
tempest, I dread not the storm, For O, there is joy in my soul.....

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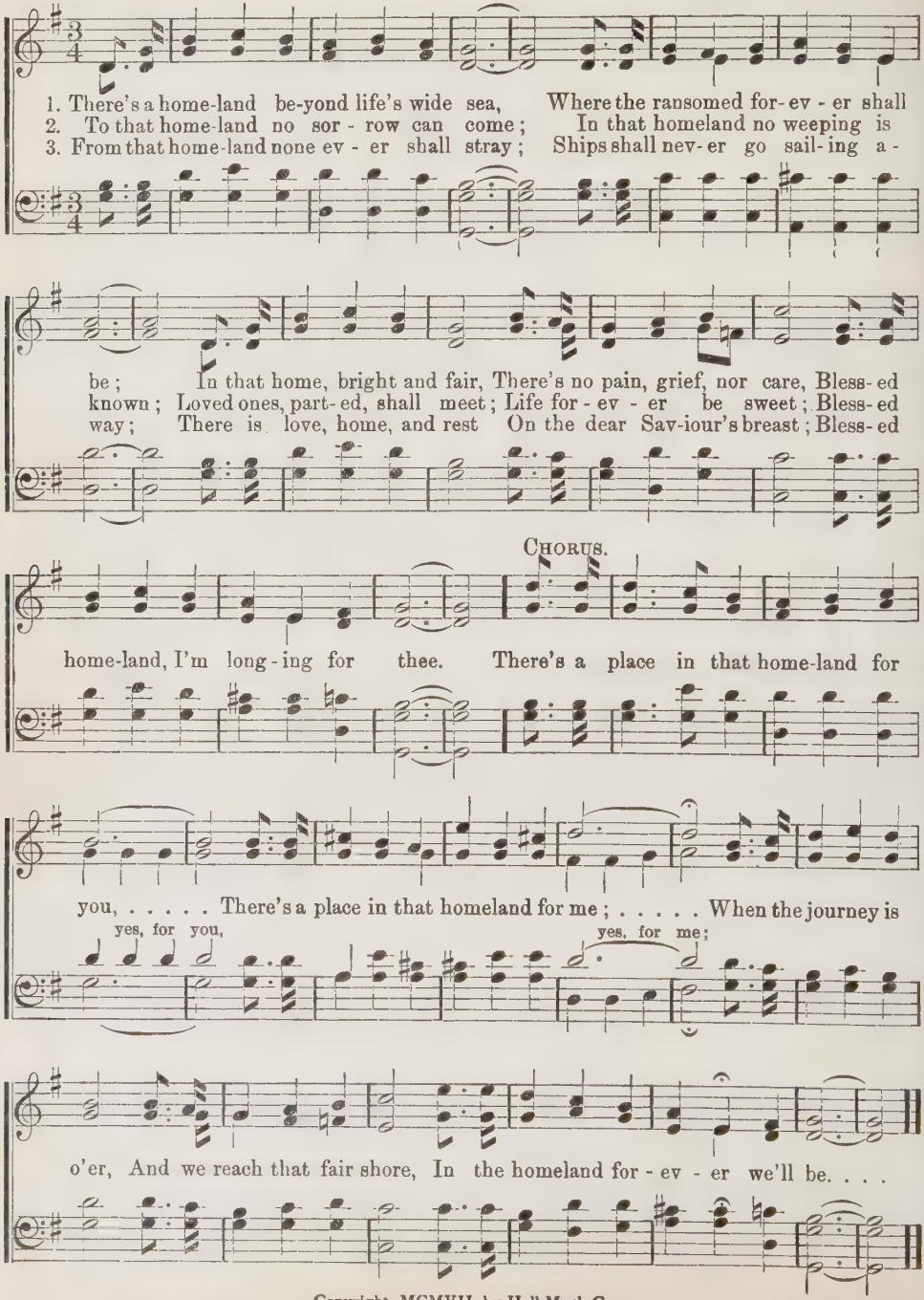
No. 213. The Homeland Beyond

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER, D. D. D. LANSING SPOONER.


1. There's a home-land be-yond life's wide sea, Where the ransomed for-ev - er shall
2. To that home-land no sor - row can come; In that homeland no weeping is
3. From that home-land none ev - er shall stray; Ships shall nev-er go sail-ing a -
be; In that home, bright and fair, There's no pain, grief, nor care, Bless-ed
known; Loved ones, part-ed, shall meet; Life for-ev - er be sweet; Bless-ed
way; There is love, home, and rest On the dear Sav-iour's breast; Bless-ed
CHORUS.
home-land, I'm long-ing for thee. There's a place in that home-land for
you, ... There's a place in that homeland for me; . . . . . When the journey is
yes, for you,
yes, for me;
o'er, And we reach that fair shore, In the homeland for-ev - er we'll be. . . .

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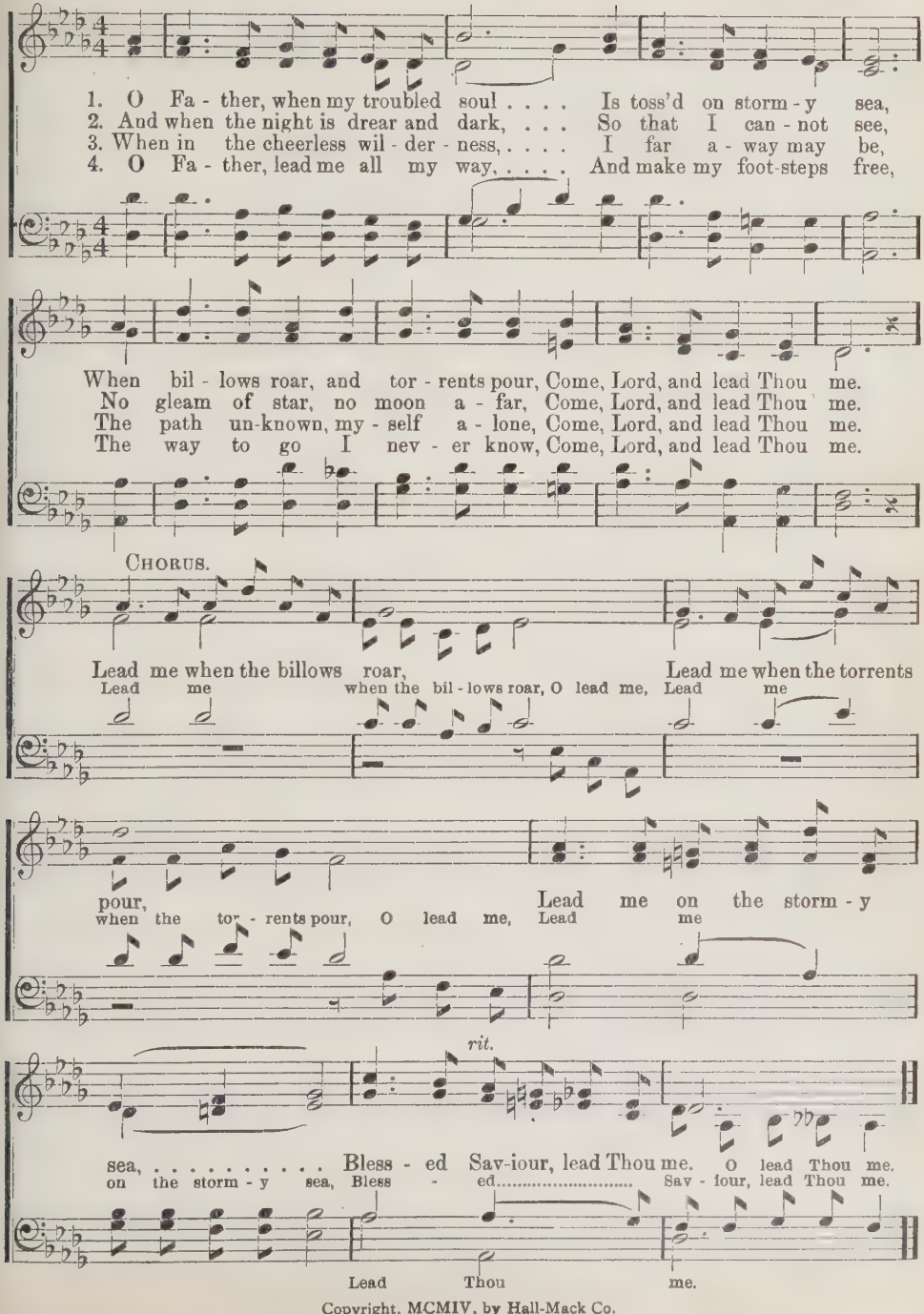
No. 214. Lead Me.

Rev. T. M. Eastwood. Herbert J. Lacey.

1. O Fa - ther, when my troubled soul . . . . Is toss'd on storm - y sea,
2. And when the night is drear and dark, . . . So that I can - not see,
3. When in the cheerless wil - der - ness, ... I far a - way may be,
4. O Fa - ther, lead me all my way, ... And make my foot-steps free,
When bil - lows roar, and tor - rents pour, Come, Lord, and lead Thou me.
No gleam of star, no moon a - far, Come, Lord, and lead Thou me.
The path un-known, my - self a - lone, Come, Lord, and lead Thou me.
The way to go I nev - er know, Come, Lord, and lead Thou me.
Chorus.
Lead me when the billows roar,
Lead me when the torrents pour,
Lead me when the billows roar, O lead me,
Lead me when the torrents pour, O lead me,
Lead me on the storm - y sea,
Lead me on the storm - y sea, Bless - ed
rit.
Sav-iour, lead Thou me. O lead Thou me.
Sav - iour, lead Thou me.
Lead Thou me.

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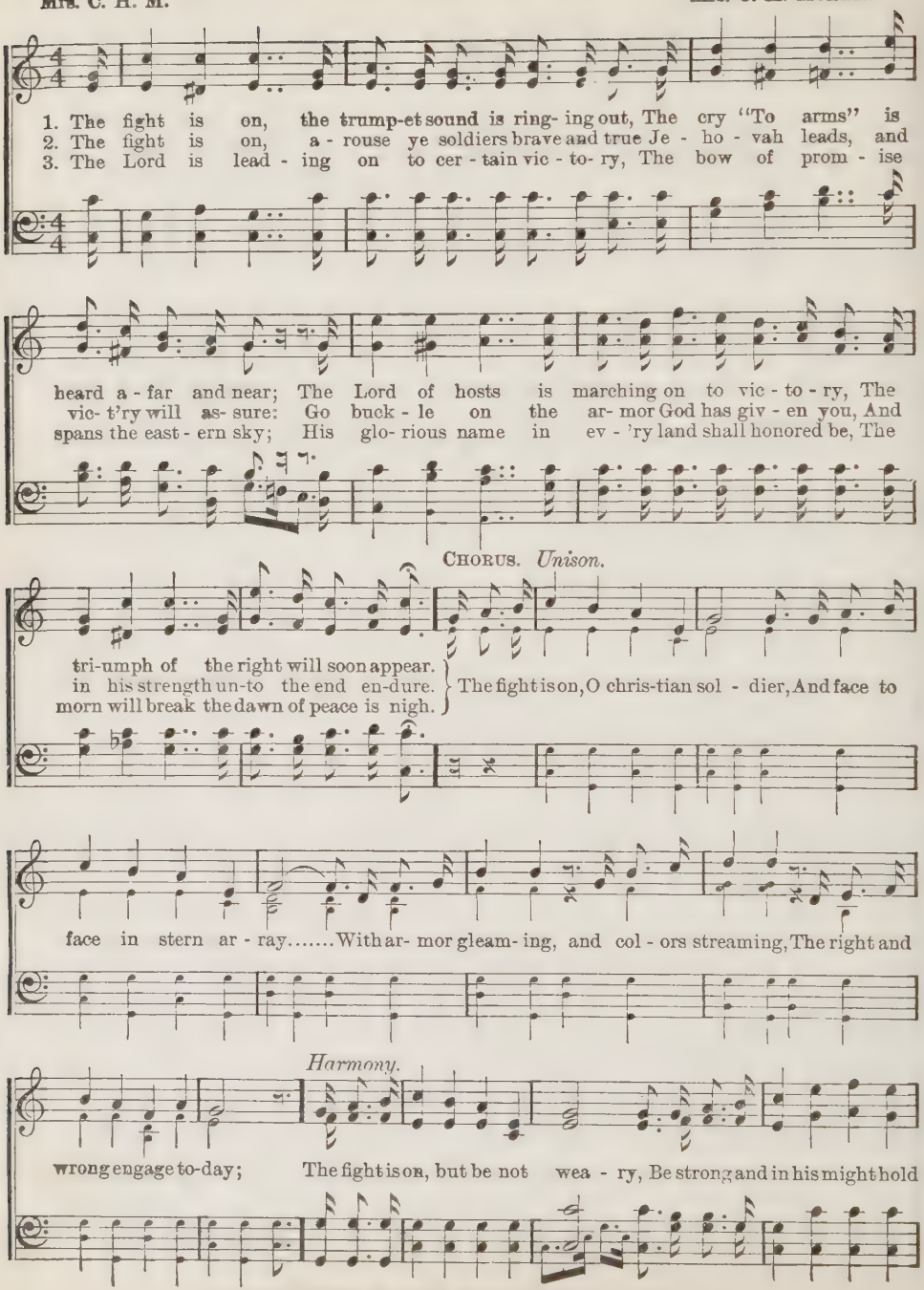
No. 215.

The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. The fight is on, the trump-et sound is ring- ing out, The cry "To arms" is
2. The fight is on, a - rouse ye soldiers brave and true Je - ho - vah leads, and
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to- ry, The bow of prom - ise
heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic - to - ry, The
vic- t'ry will as- sure: Go buck - le on the ar- mor God has giv - en you, And
spans the east - ern sky; His glo- rious name in ev - 'ry land shall honored be, The
Chorus. Unison.
tri-umph of the right will soon appear.
in his strength un-to the end en-dure.
morn will break the dawn of peace is nigh.
The fight is on, O chris-tian sol - dier, And face to
face in stern ar - ray..... With ar- mor gleam- ing, and col - ors streaming, The right and
Harmony.
wrong engage to-day; The fight is on, but be not wea - ry, Be strong and in his might hold

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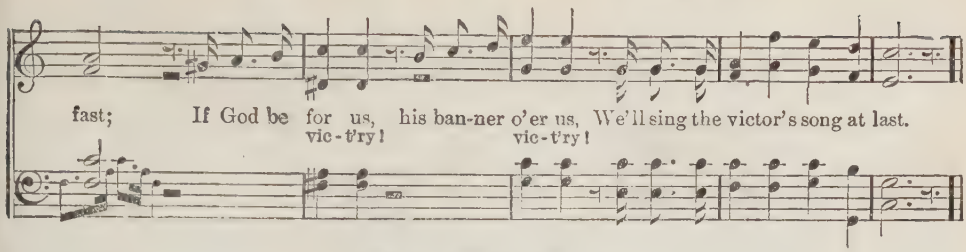
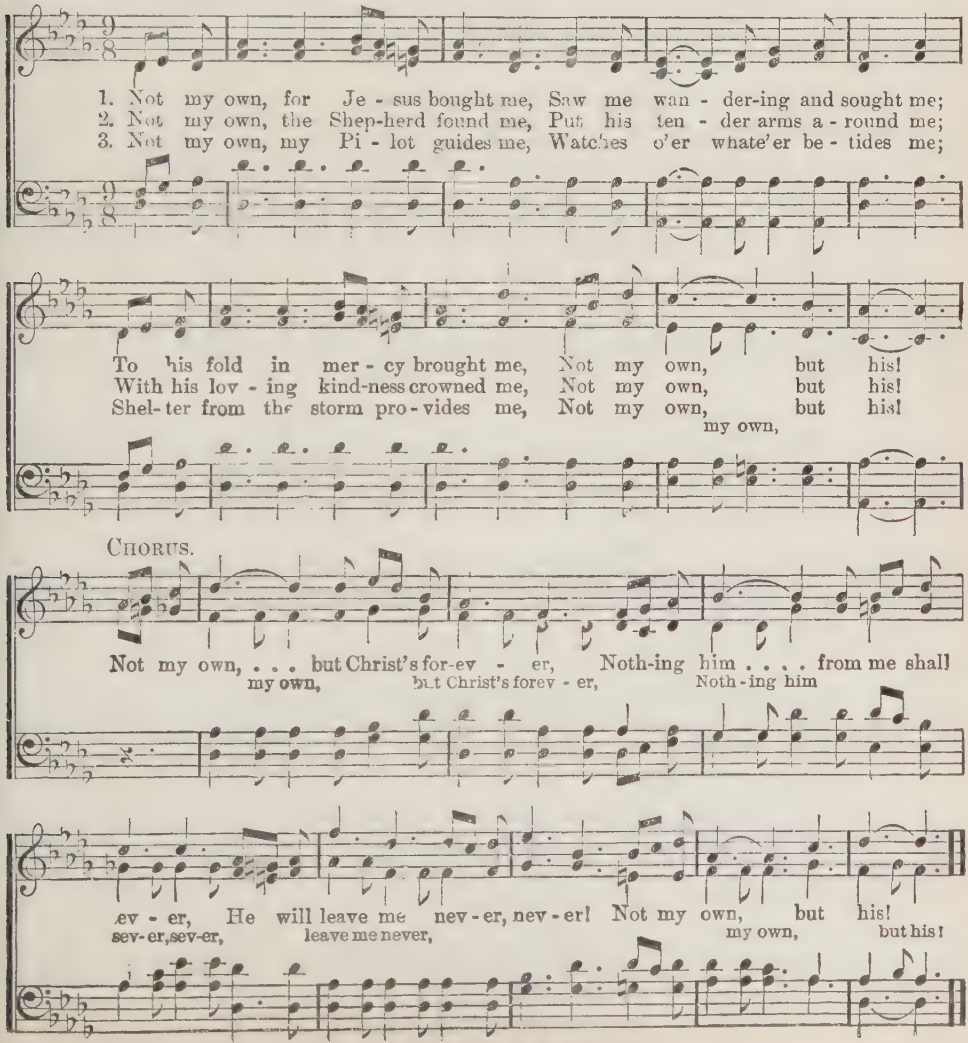
The Fight is On.—Concluded.



No. 216. Not My Own.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. Not my own, for Je - sus bought me, Saw me wan - der-ing and sought me;
2. Not my own, the Shep-herd found me, Put his ten - der arms a - round me;
3. Not my own, my Pi - lot guides me, Watches o'er whate'er be - tides me;
To his fold in mer - cy brought me, Not my own, but his!
With his lov - ing kind-ness crowned me, Not my own, but his!
Shel-ter from the storm pro - vides me, Not my own, but his!
my own,
CHORUS.
Not my own, . . . but Christ's for-ev - er, Noth-ing him . . . . from me shall
my own, but Christ's forev - er, Noth - ing him
ev - er, He will leave me nev - er, nev - er! Not my own, but his!
sev-er, sev-er, leave me never, my own, but his!

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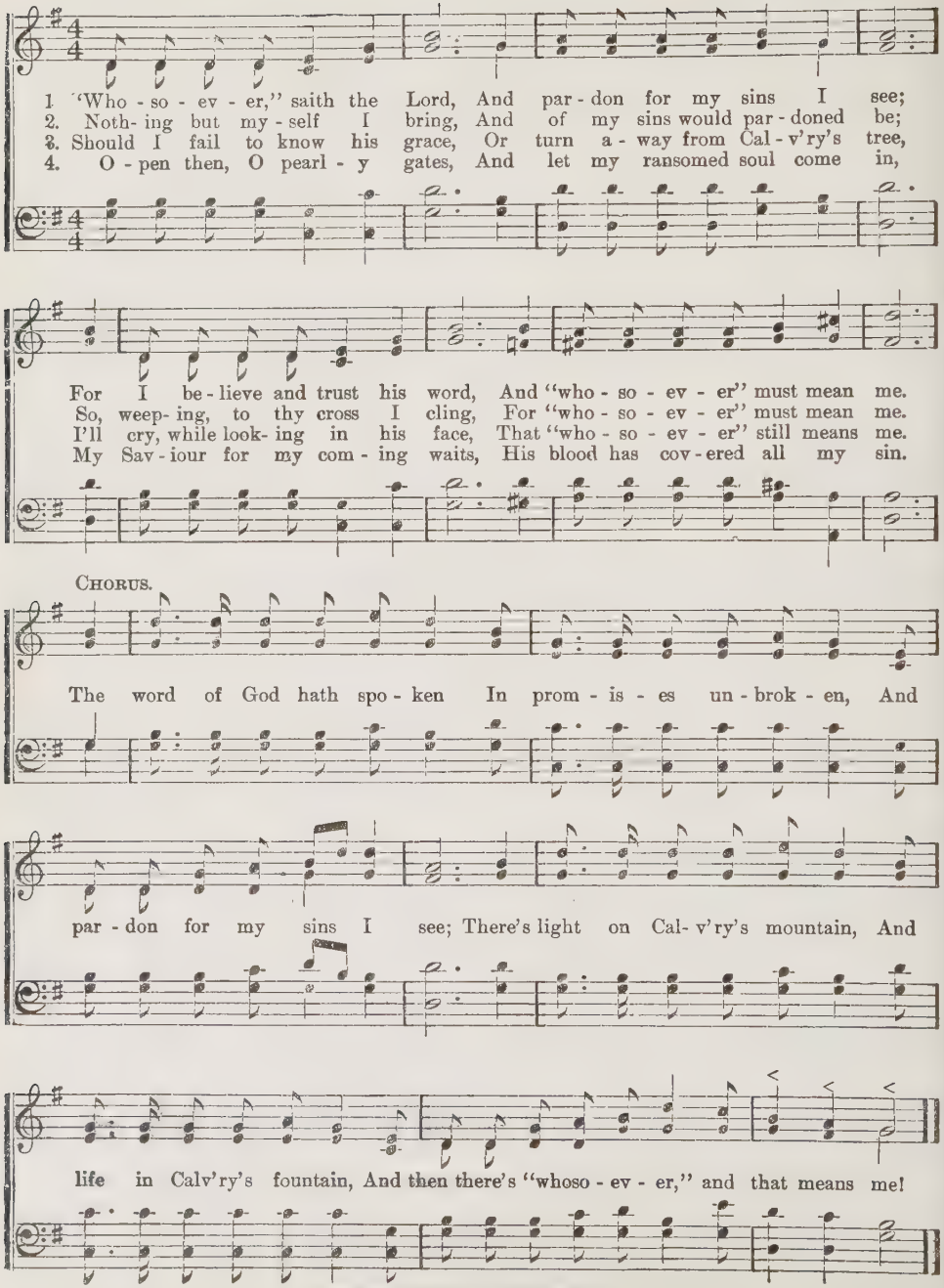
No. 217.

Whosoever.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1 "Who - so - ev - er," saith the Lord, And par - don for my sins I see;
2. Noth- ing but my - self I bring, And of my sins would par - doned be;
3. Should I fail to know his grace, Or turn a - way from Cal - v'ry's tree,
4. O - pen then, O pearl - y gates, And let my ransomed soul come in,
For I be - lieve and trust his word, And "who - so - ev - er" must mean me.
So, weep- ing, to thy cross I cling, For "who - so - ev - er" must mean me.
I'll cry, while look- ing in his face, That "who - so - ev - er" still means me.
My Sav - iour for my com - ing waits, His blood has cov - ered all my sin.
Chorus.
The word of God hath spo - ken In prom - is - es un - brok - en, And
par - don for my sins I see; There's light on Cal- v'ry's mountain, And
life in Calv'ry's fountain, And then there's "whoso - ev - er," and that means me!

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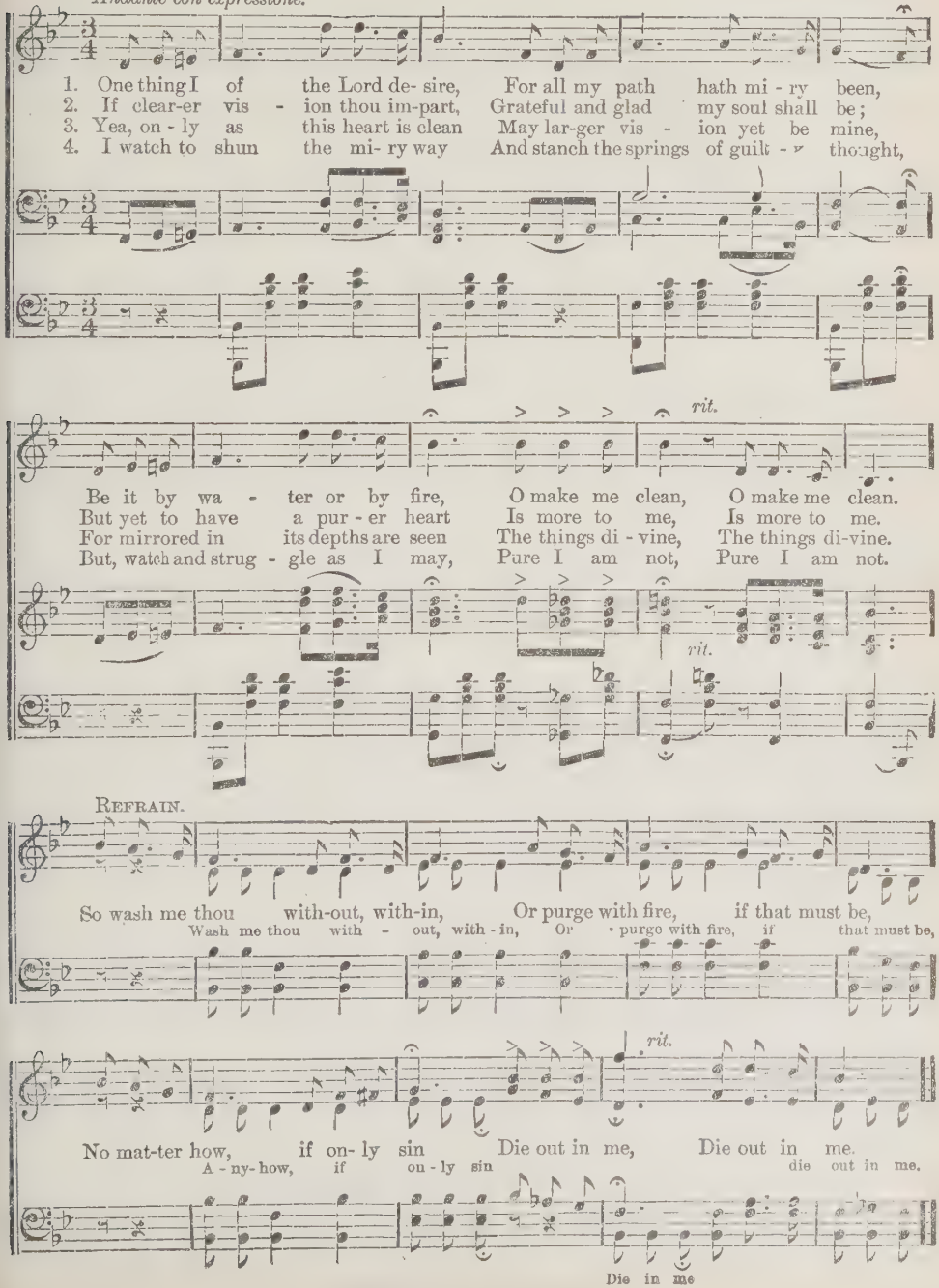
No. 218.

A Clean Heart.

Rev. WALTER C. SMITH.

FRED. H. BYSER.

Andante con expressione.


1. One thing I of the Lord de- sire, For all my path hath mi - ry been,
2. If clear-er vis - ion thou im-part, Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
3. Yea, on - ly as this heart is clean May lar-ger vis - ion yet be mine,
4. I watch to shun the mi- ry way And stanch the springs of guilt - y thought,
rit.
Be it by wa - ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
But yet to have a pur - er heart Is more to me, Is more to me.
For mirrored in its depths are seen The things di - vine, The things di-vine.
But, watch and strug - gle as I may, Pure I am not, Pure I am not.
rit.
REFRAIN.
So wash me thou with-out, with-in, Or purge with fire, if that must be,
Wash me thou with - out, with - in, Or purge with fire, if that must be,
rit.
No mat-ter how, if on- ly sin Die out in me, Die out in me.
A - ny- how, if on - ly sin die out in me.
Die in me

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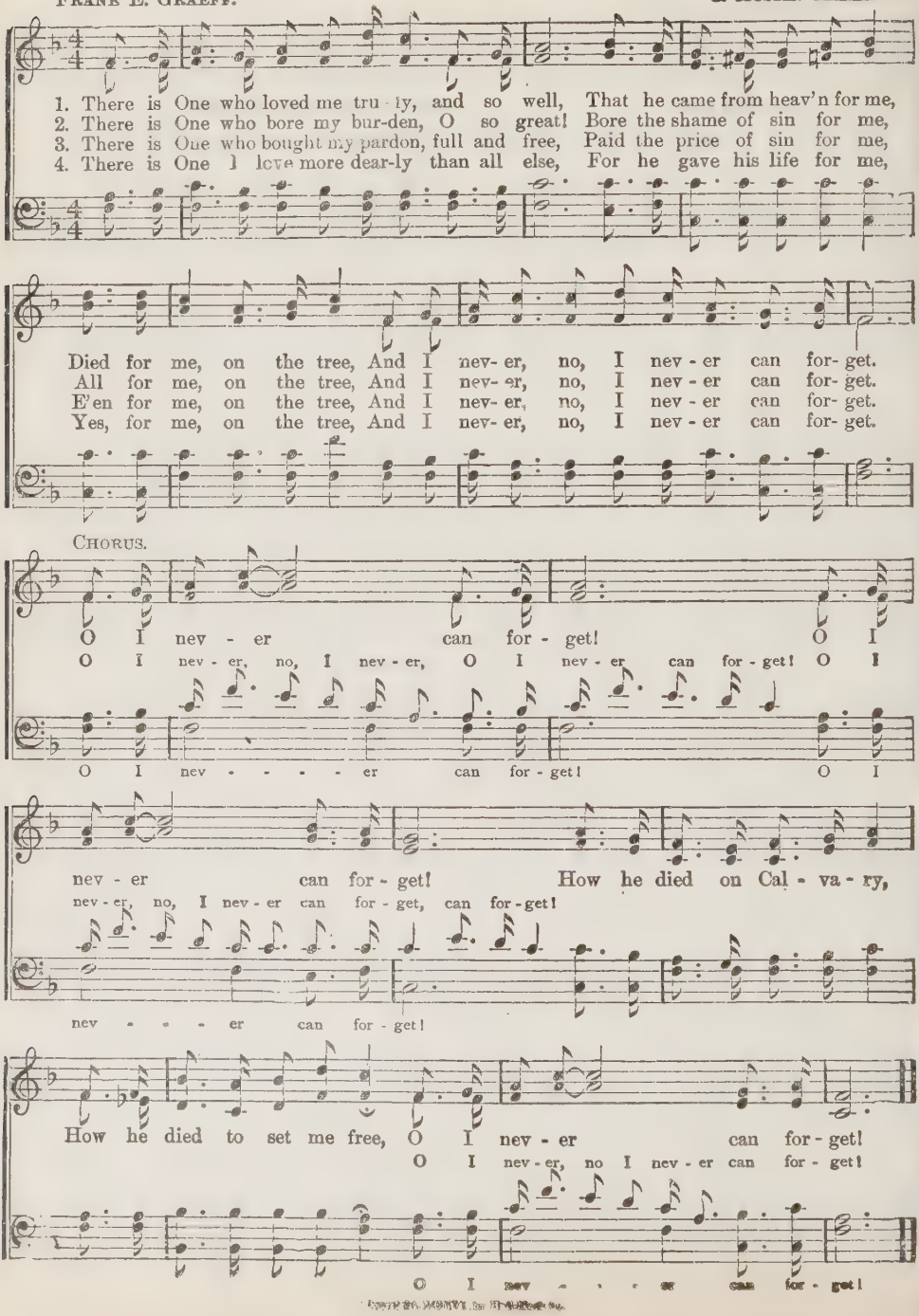
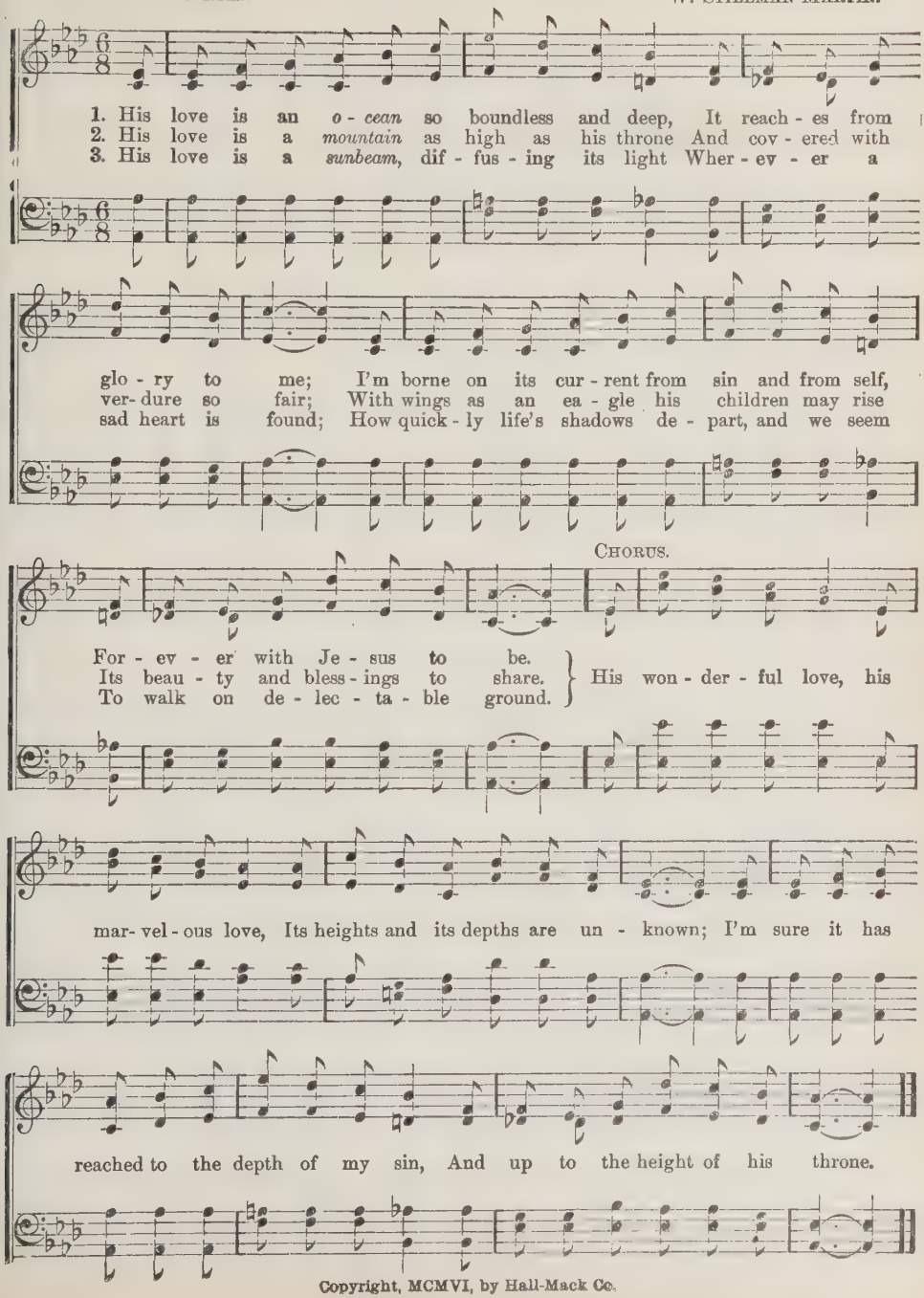
No. 219.

I Never Can Forget.

FRANK E. GRAEFF. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There is One who loved me tru - ly, and so well, That he came from heav'n for me,
2. There is One who bore my bur-den, O so great! Bore the shame of sin for me,
3. There is One who bought my pardon, full and free, Paid the price of sin for me,
4. There is One I love more dear-ly than all else, For he gave his life for me,
Died for me, on the tree, And I nev- er, no, I nev - er can for- get.
All for me, on the tree, And I nev- er, no, I nev - er can for- get.
E'en for me, on the tree, And I nev- er, no, I nev - er can for- get.
Yes, for me, on the tree, And I nev- er, no, I nev - er can for- get.
CHORUS.
O I nev - er can for - get! O I
O I nev - er, no, I nev - er, O I nev - er can for - get! O I
O I nev - - - - er can for - get! O I
nev - er can for - get! How he died on Cal - va - ry,
nev - er, no, I nev - er can for - get, can for - get!
nev - - - - er can for - get!
How he died to set me free, O I nev - er can for - get!
O I nev - er, no I nev - er can for - get!
O I nev - - - - er can for - get!

No. 220.

His Love is an Ocean.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. His love is an o - cean so boundless and deep, It reach - es from
2. His love is a mountain as high as his throne And cov - ered with
3. His love is a sunbeam, dif - fus - ing its light Wher - ev - er a
glo - ry to me; I'm borne on its cur - rent from sin and from self,
ver- dure so fair; With wings as an ea - gle his children may rise
sad heart is found; How quick - ly life's shadows de - part, and we seem
CHORUS.
For - ev - er with Je - sus to be.
Its beau - ty and bless - ings to share.
To walk on de - lec - ta - ble ground.
His won - der - ful love, his
mar- vel - ous love, Its heights and its depths are un - known; I'm sure it has
reached to the depth of my sin, And up to the height of his throne.

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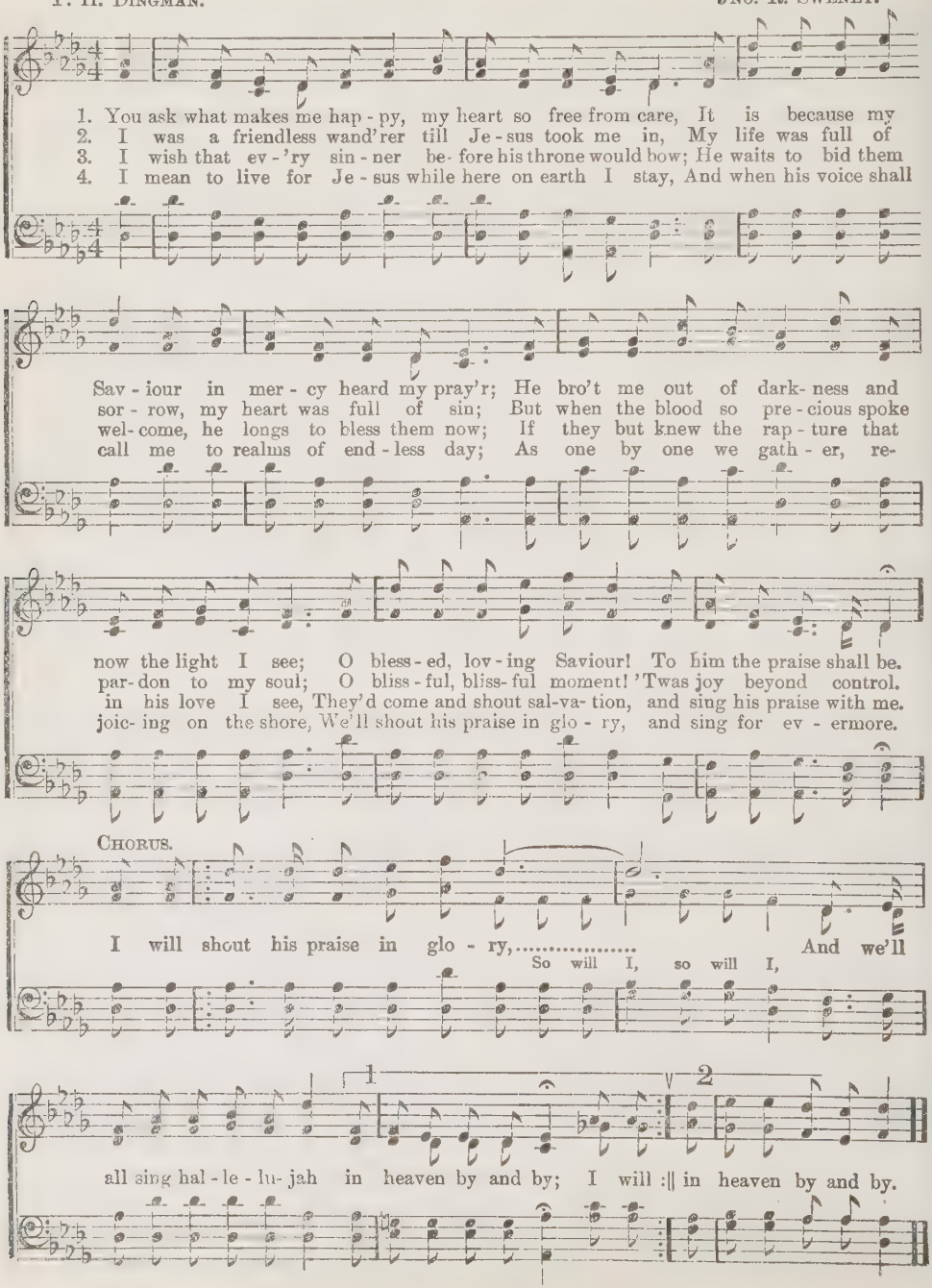
No. 221

I Will Shout His Praise In Glory.

P. H. DINGMAN. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. You ask what makes me hap - py, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Je - sus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev - 'ry sin - ner be- fore his throne would bow; He waits to bid them
4. I mean to live for Je - sus while here on earth I stay, And when his voice shall
Sav - iour in mer - cy heard my pray'r; He bro't me out of dark- ness and
sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so pre - cious spoke
wel- come, he longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rap - ture that
call me to realms of end - less day; As one by one we gath - er, re-
now the light I see; O bless - ed, lov - ing Saviour! To him the praise shall be.
par- don to my soul; O bliss - ful, bliss- ful moment! 'Twas joy beyond control.
in his love I see, They'd come and shout sal-va- tion, and sing his praise with me.
joic- ing on the shore, We'll shout his praise in glo - ry, and sing for ev - ermore.
CHORUS.
I will shout his praise in glo - ry,..... And we'll
So will I, so will I,
1
2
all sing hal - le - lu- jah in heaven by and by; I will :‖ in heaven by and by.

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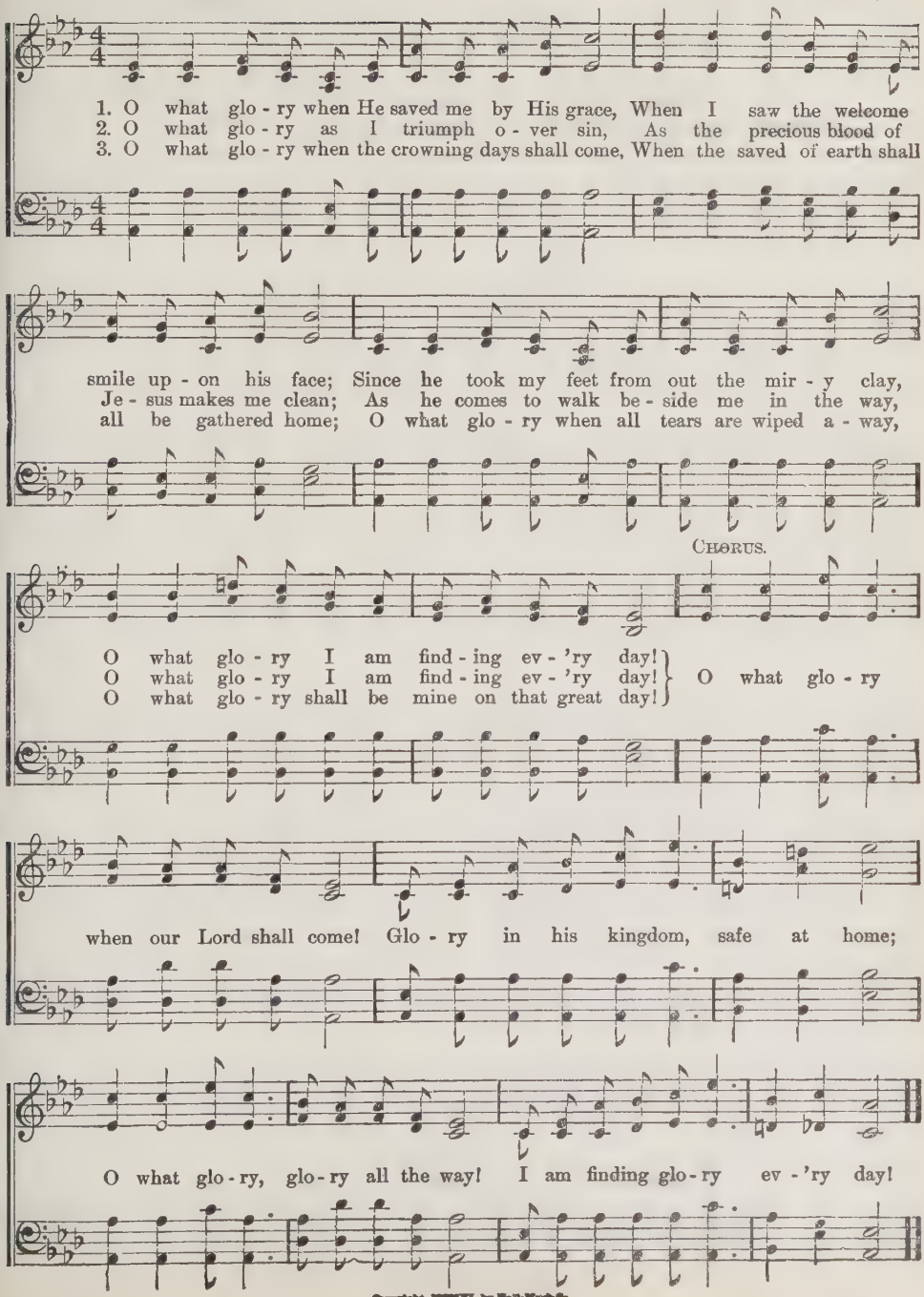
No. 222.

O What Glory!

CIVILLA D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. O what glo - ry when He saved me by His grace, When I saw the welcome
2. O what glo - ry as I triumph o - ver sin, As the precious blood of
3. O what glo - ry when the crowning days shall come, When the saved of earth shall
smile up - on his face; Since he took my feet from out the mir - y clay,
Je - sus makes me clean; As he comes to walk be - side me in the way,
all be gathered home; O what glo - ry when all tears are wiped a - way,
CHORUS.
O what glo - ry I am find - ing ev - 'ry day!
O what glo - ry I am find - ing ev - 'ry day!
O what glo - ry shall be mine on that great day!
O what glo - ry
when our Lord shall come! Glo - ry in his kingdom, safe at home;
O what glo - ry, glo - ry all the way! I am finding glo - ry ev - 'ry day!

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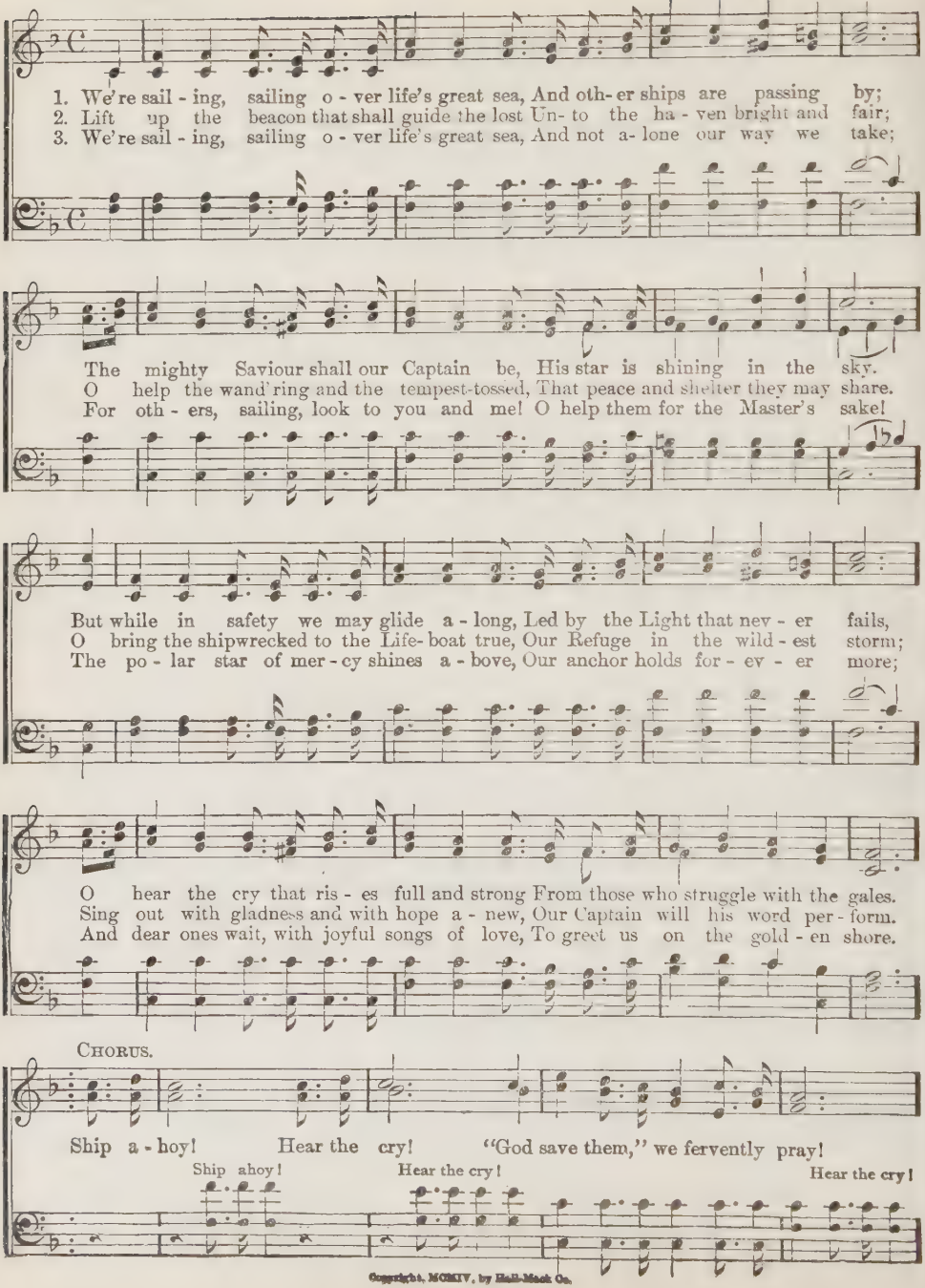
No. 223.

Ship Ahoy!

E. E. Hewitt. W. A. Post.

1. We're sail - ing, sailing o - ver life's great sea, And oth- er ships are passing by;
2. Lift up the beacon that shall guide the lost Un- to the ha - ven bright and fair;
3. We're sail - ing, sailing o - ver life's great sea, And not a- lone our way we take;
The mighty Saviour shall our Captain be, His star is shining in the sky.
O help the wand'ring and the tempest-tossed, That peace and shelter they may share.
For oth - ers, sailing, look to you and me! O help them for the Master's sake!
But while in safety we may glide a - long, Led by the Light that nev - er fails,
O bring the shipwrecked to the Life- boat true, Our Refuge in the wild - est storm;
The po - lar star of mer - cy shines a - bove, Our anchor holds for - ev - er more;
O hear the cry that ris - es full and strong From those who struggle with the gales.
Sing out with gladness and with hope a - new, Our Captain will his word per - form.
And dear ones wait, with joyful songs of love, To greet us on the gold - en shore.
Chorus.
Ship a - hoy! Hear the cry! "God save them," we fervently pray!
Ship ahoy!
Hear the cry!
Hear the cry!

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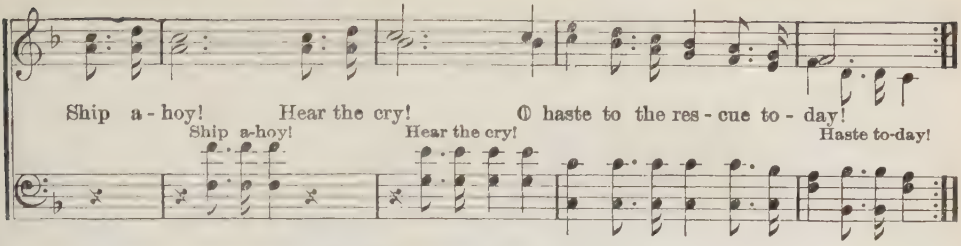
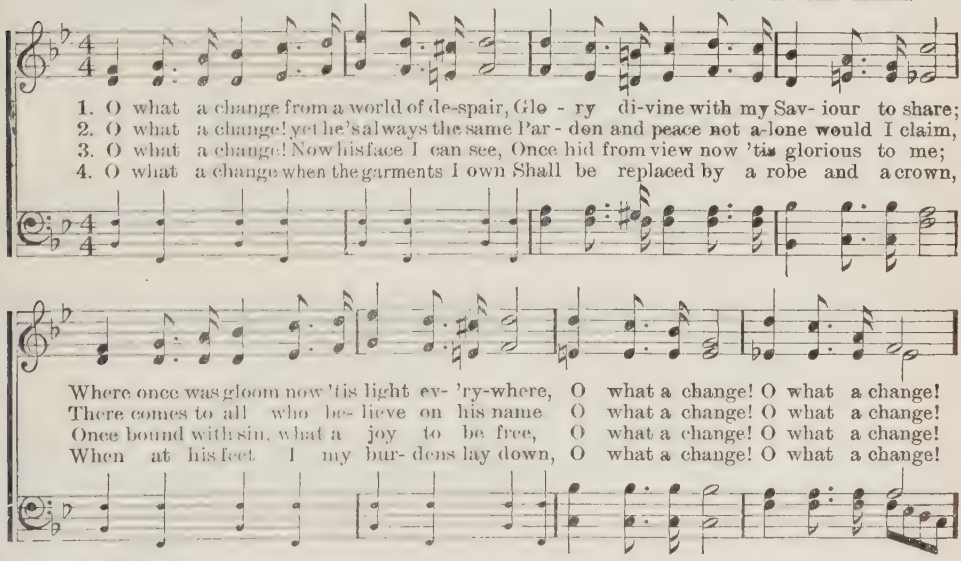
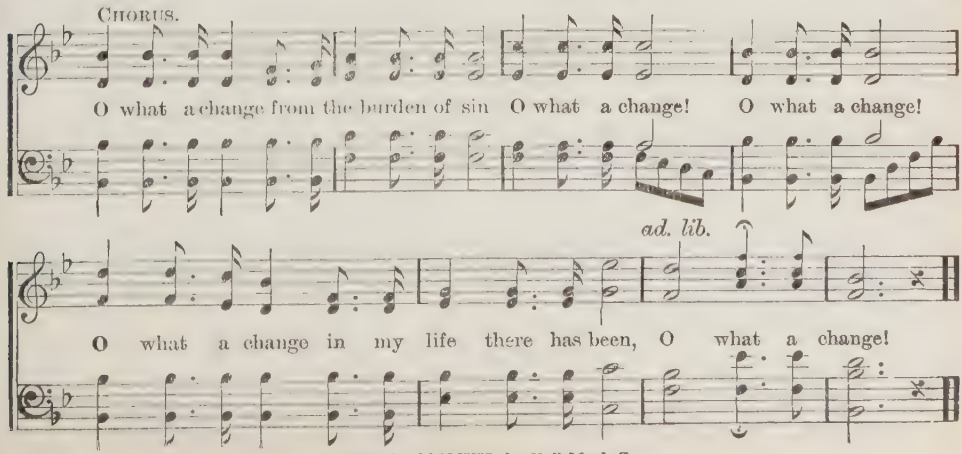
Ship Ahoy!—Concluded.



No. 224 O What A Change.

C. Austin Miles. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. O what a change from a world of de-spair, Glo - ry di-vine with my Sav- iour to share;
2. O what a change! yet he's always the same Par - don and peace not a-lone would I claim,
3. O what a change! Now his face I can see, Once hid from view now 'tis glorious to me;
4. O what a change when the garments I own Shall be replaced by a robe and a crown,
Where once was gloom now 'tis light ev- 'ry-where, O what a change! O what a change!
There comes to all who be- lieve on his name O what a change! O what a change!
Once bound with sin, what a joy to be free, O what a change! O what a change!
When at his feet I my bur- dens lay down, O what a change! O what a change!


Chorus.
O what a change from the burden of sin O what a change! O what a change!
ad. lib.
O what a change in my life there has been, O what a change!

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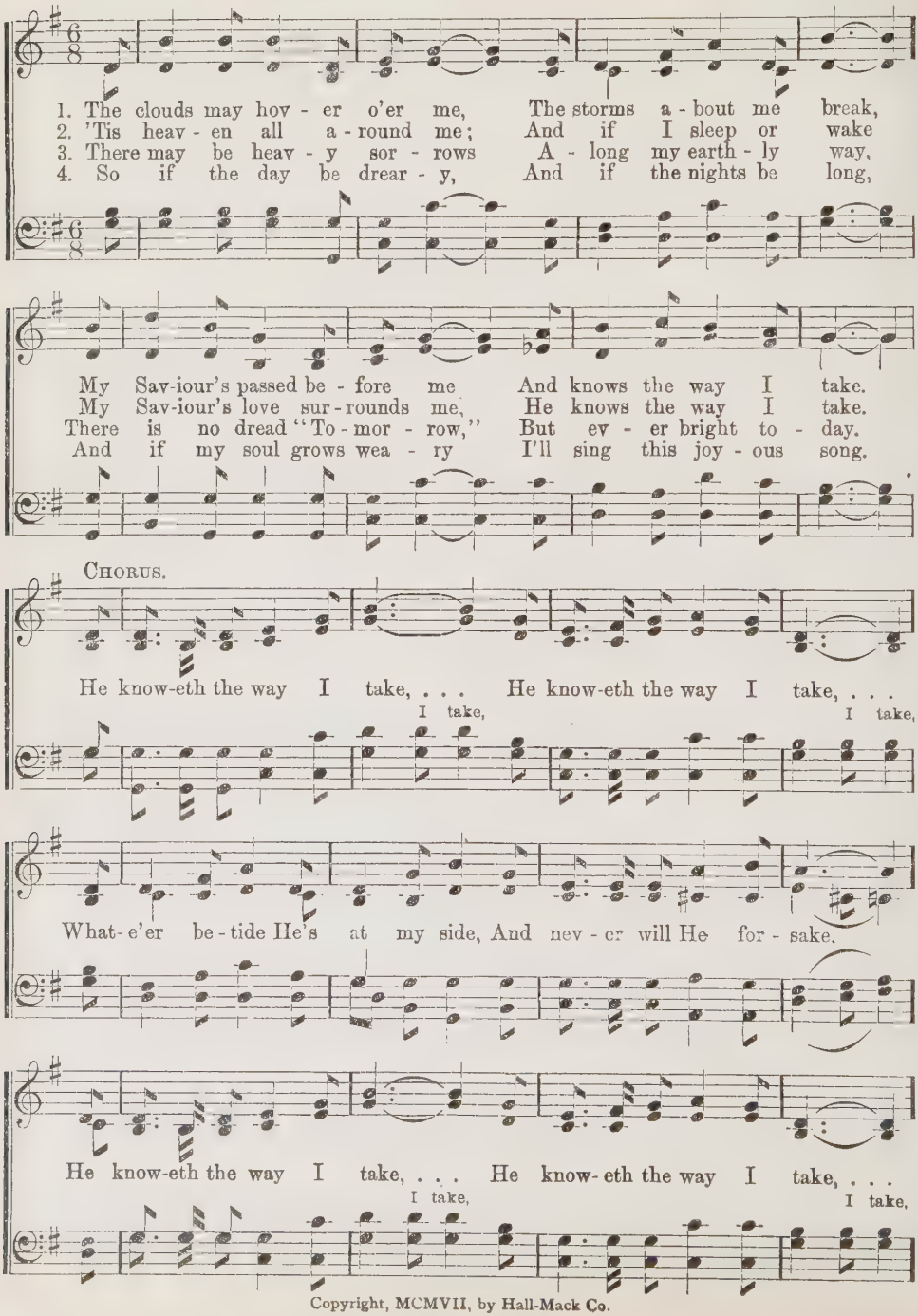
No. 225. He Knoweth the Way I Take.

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.

1. The clouds may hov - er o'er me, The storms a - bout me break,
2. 'Tis heav - en all a - round me; And if I sleep or wake
3. There may be heav - y sor - rows A - long my earth - ly way,
4. So if the day be drear - y, And if the nights be long,
My Sav-iour's passed be - fore me And knows the way I take.
My Sav-iour's love sur - rounds me, He knows the way I take.
There is no dread "To - mor - row," But ev - er bright to - day.
And if my soul grows wea - ry I'll sing this joy - ous song.
Chorus.
He know-eth the way I take, . . . He know-eth the way I take, . . .
I take, I take,
What-e'er be - tide He's at my side, And nev - er will He for - sake,
He know-eth the way I take, . . . He know-eth the way I take, . . .
I take, I take,

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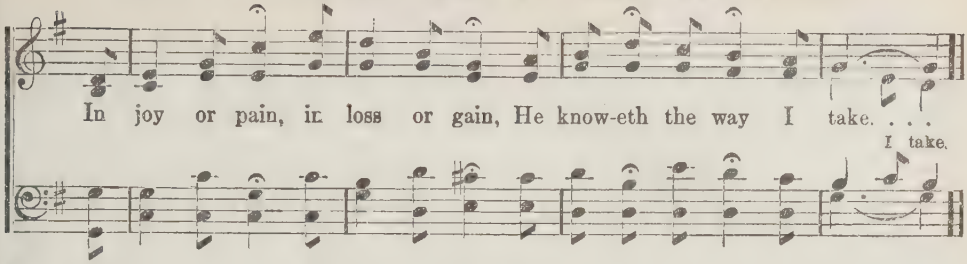
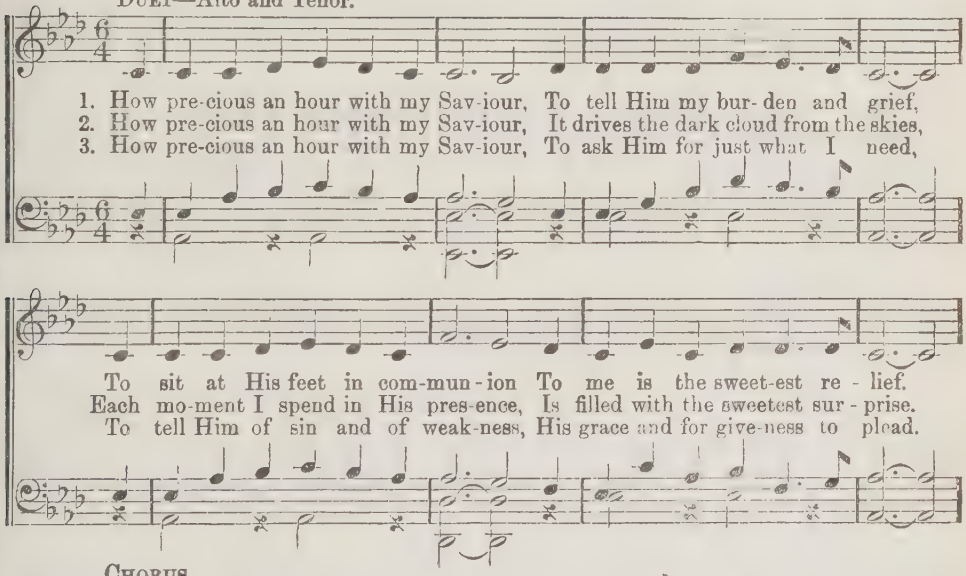
He Knoweth the Way I Take.—Concluded.



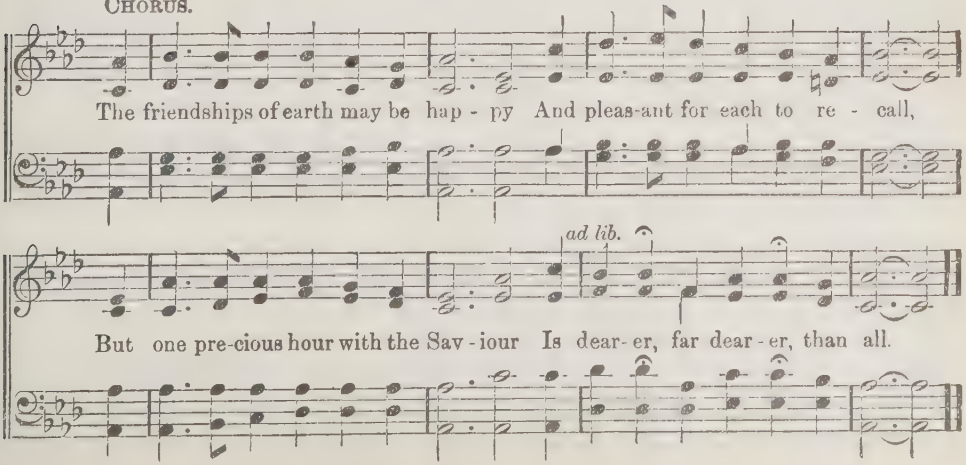
No. 226. An Hour With Jesus.

Mrs. E. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

DUET—Alto and Tenor.


1. How pre-cious an hour with my Sav-iour, To tell Him my bur-den and grief,
2. How pre-cious an hour with my Sav-iour, It drives the dark cloud from the skies,
3. How pre-cious an hour with my Sav-iour, To ask Him for just what I need,
To sit at His feet in com-mun-ion To me is the sweet-est re - lief.
Each mo-ment I spend in His pres-ence, Is filled with the sweetest sur - prise.
To tell Him of sin and of weak-ness, His grace and for give-ness to plead.

CHORUS.


The friendships of earth may be hap - py And pleas-ant for each to re - call,
ad lib.
But one pre-cious hour with the Sav - iour Is dear-er, far dear - er, than all.

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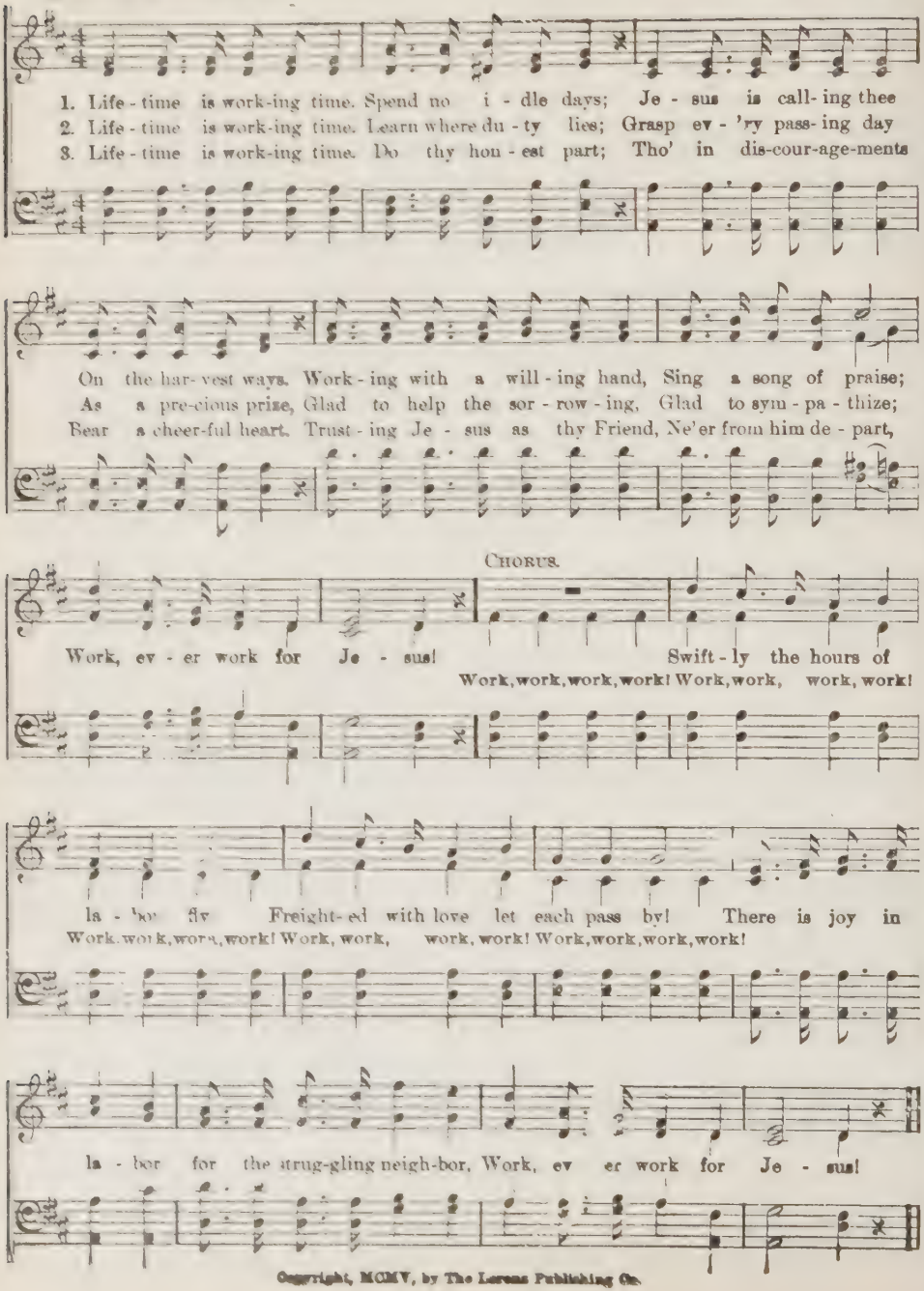
No. 227.

Lifetime is Working Time.

Mrs. Carrie E. Breck. E. S. Lorenz

1. Life - time is work-ing time. Spend no i - dle days; Je - sus is call- ing thee
2. Life - time is work-ing time. Learn where du - ty lies; Grasp ev - 'ry pass- ing day
3. Life - time is work-ing time. Do thy hon - est part; Tho' in dis-cour-age-ments
On the har- vest ways. Work - ing with a will - ing hand, Sing a song of praise;
As a pre-cious prize, Glad to help the sor - row - ing, Glad to sym - pa - thize;
Bear a cheer-ful heart. Trust - ing Je - sus as thy Friend, Ne'er from him de - part,
Chorus.
Work, ev - er work for Je - sus! Swift - ly the hours of
Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work!
la - bor fly Freight- ed with love let each pass by! There is joy in
Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work!
la - bor for the strug-gling neigh-bor, Work, ev er work for Je - sus!

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No. 228.

Jesus Saves.

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There's a mes-sage sweet and clear, Je- sus saves! Sweet-est words that man can hear, Je - sus
2. Tell that sin-ful men may know Je- sus saves! That a bless-ing he'll be-stow, Je - sus
3. Have you heard the joy-ful sound Je- sus saves! Does his grace in you abound? Je - sus

Je-sus saves

saves! Tell the mes- sage far and wide, Let it ring o'er wave and tide, That for
saves! Let the joy - ful tid - ings ring Of the ris - en Lord and King And re -
saves! O the joy of sins forgiv'n, When the world from you is riv'n How it

Je-sus saves!

CHORUS.

all the world he died, Je - sus saves!
demption's sto-ry sing, Je - sus saves!
makes of earth a heav'n Je - sus saves!

Je - sus saves, Je-sus saves!

Je-sus saves! Je - sus saves, Je-sus saves!

Hal - le- lu - jah to his name, Je - sus saves! Praise the Lord, it reach-es me

Je-sus saves!

This sal - va- tion full and free, And the cleansing stream I see, Je - sus saves!

Je - sus saves!

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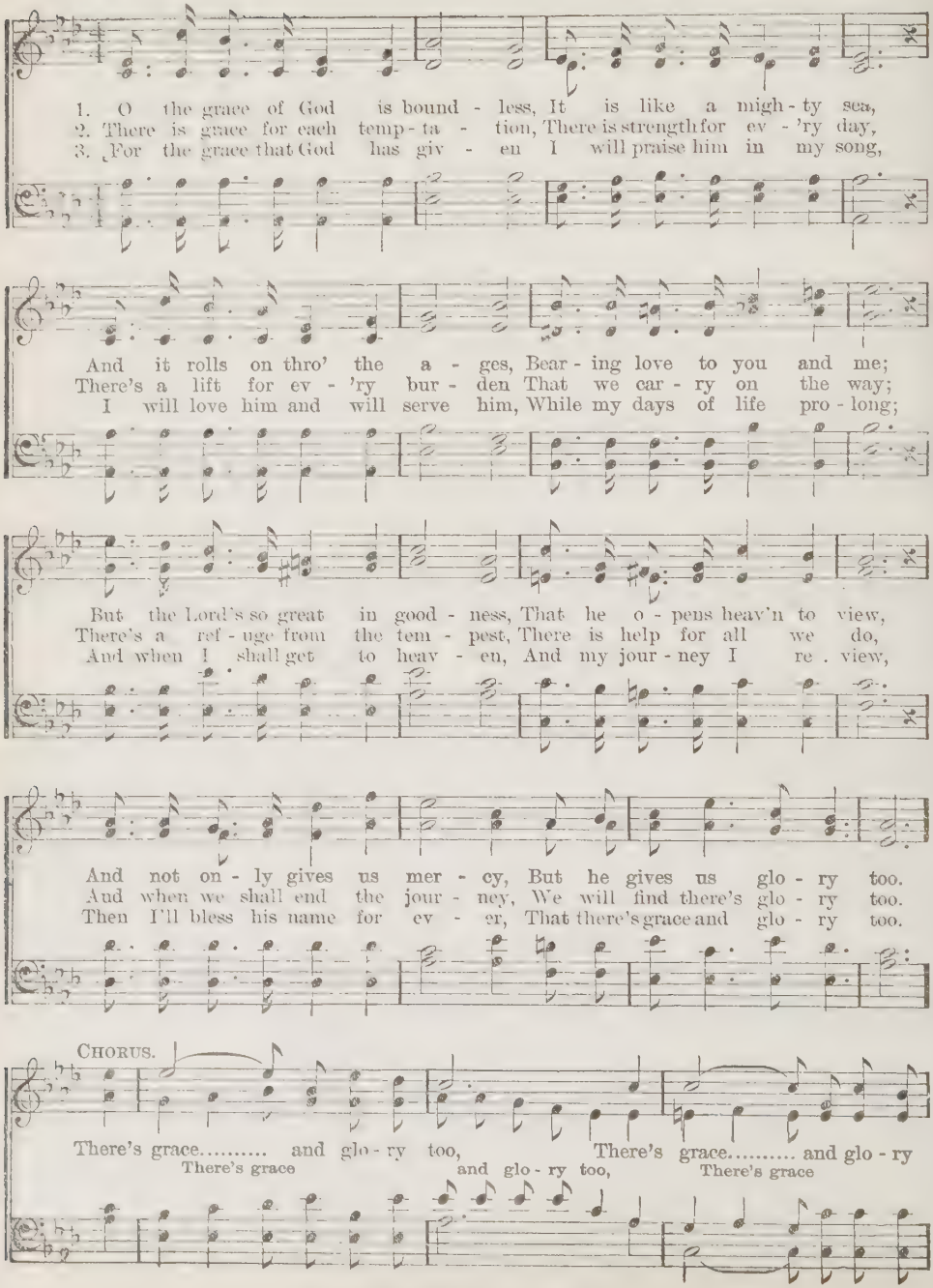
No. 229.

There's Grace and Glory Too.

T. M. EASTWOOD. MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

1. O the grace of God is bound - less, It is like a migh - ty sea,
2. There is grace for each temp - ta - tion, There is strength for ev - 'ry day,
3. For the grace that God has giv - en I will praise him in my song,
And it rolls on thro' the a - ges, Bear - ing love to you and me;
There's a lift for ev - 'ry bur - den That we car - ry on the way;
I will love him and will serve him, While my days of life pro - long;
But the Lord's so great in good - ness, That he o - pens heav'n to view,
There's a ref - uge from the tem - pest, There is help for all we do,
And when I shall get to heav - en, And my jour - ney I re - view,
And not on - ly gives us mer - cy, But he gives us glo - ry too.
And when we shall end the jour - ney, We will find there's glo - ry too.
Then I'll bless his name for ev - er, That there's grace and glo - ry too.
CHORUS.
There's grace..... and glo - ry too, There's grace..... and glo - ry
There's grace and glo - ry too, There's grace

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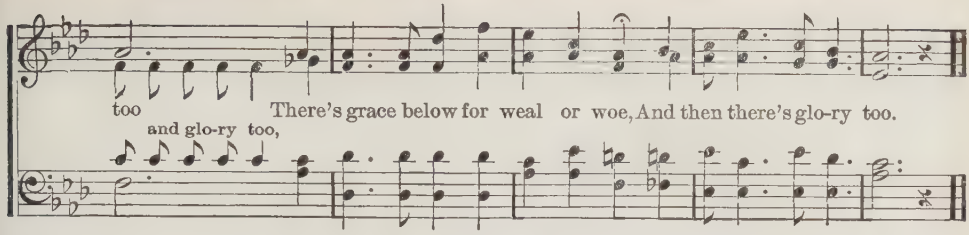
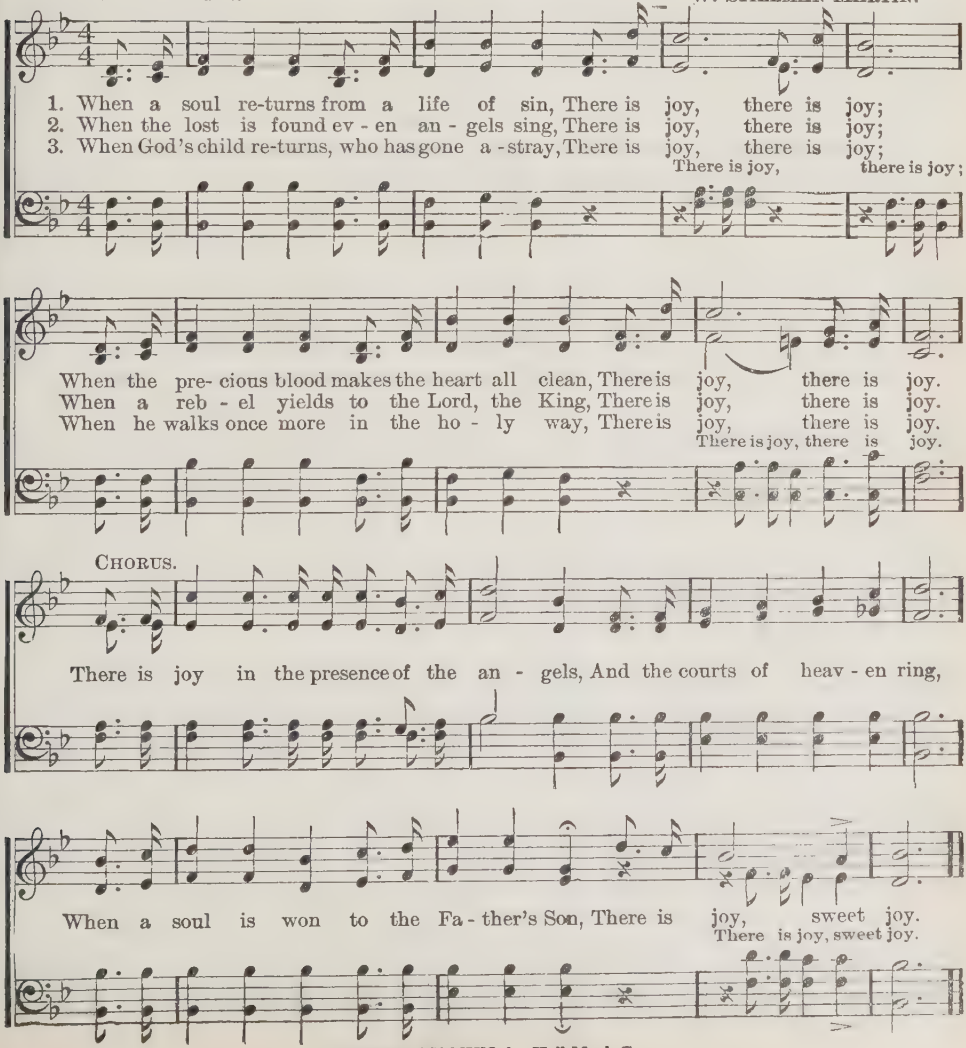
There's Grace and Glory Too.—Concluded.



No. 230. There Is Joy.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. When a soul re-turns from a life of sin, There is joy, there is joy;
2. When the lost is found ev - en an - gels sing, There is joy, there is joy;
3. When God's child re-turns, who has gone a - stray, There is joy, there is joy;
There is joy, there is joy;
When the pre- cious blood makes the heart all clean, There is joy, there is joy.
When a reb - el yields to the Lord, the King, There is joy, there is joy.
When he walks once more in the ho - ly way, There is joy, there is joy.
There is joy, there is joy.
Chorus.
There is joy in the presence of the an - gels, And the courts of heav - en ring,
When a soul is won to the Fa - ther's Son, There is joy, sweet joy.
There is joy, sweet joy.

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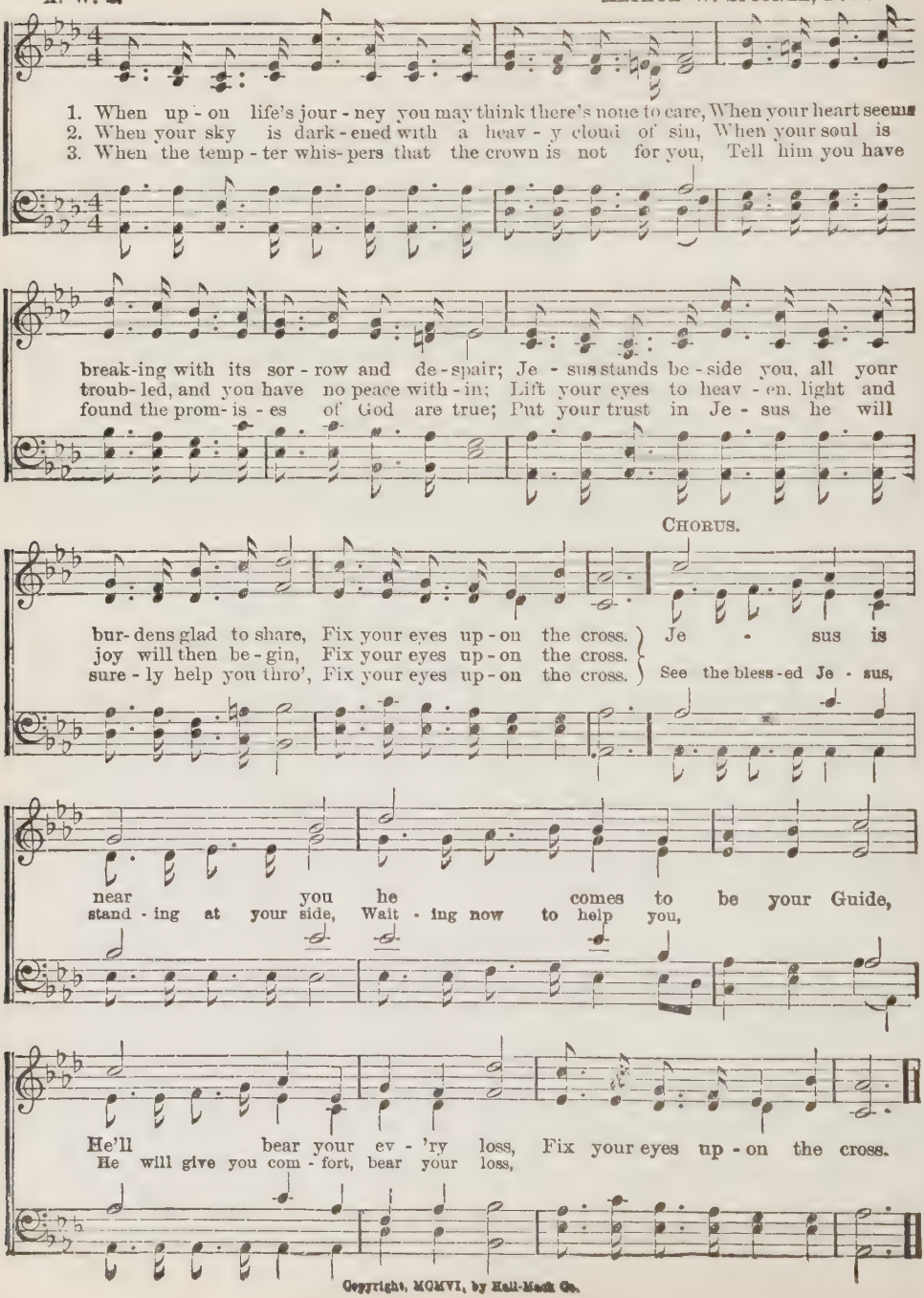
No. 231

Fix Your Eyes Upon the Cross.

A. W. S.

ARTHUR W. SPOONER, D. D.

1. When up - on life's jour - ney you may think there's none to care, When your heart seems
2. When your sky is dark - ened with a heav - y cloud of sin, When your soul is
3. When the temp - ter whis - pers that the crown is not for you, Tell him you have
break-ing with its sor - row and de - spair; Je - sus stands be - side you, all your
troub- led, and you have no peace with - in; Lift your eyes to heav - en, light and
found the prom- is - es of God are true; Put your trust in Je - sus he will
CHORUS.
bur- dens glad to share, Fix your eyes up - on the cross.
joy will then be - gin, Fix your eyes up - on the cross.
sure - ly help you thro', Fix your eyes up - on the cross.
Je - sus is
See the bless - ed Je - sus,
near you he comes to be your Guide,
stand - ing at your side, Wait - ing now to help you,
He'll bear your ev - 'ry loss, Fix your eyes up - on the cross.
He will give you com - fort, bear your loss,

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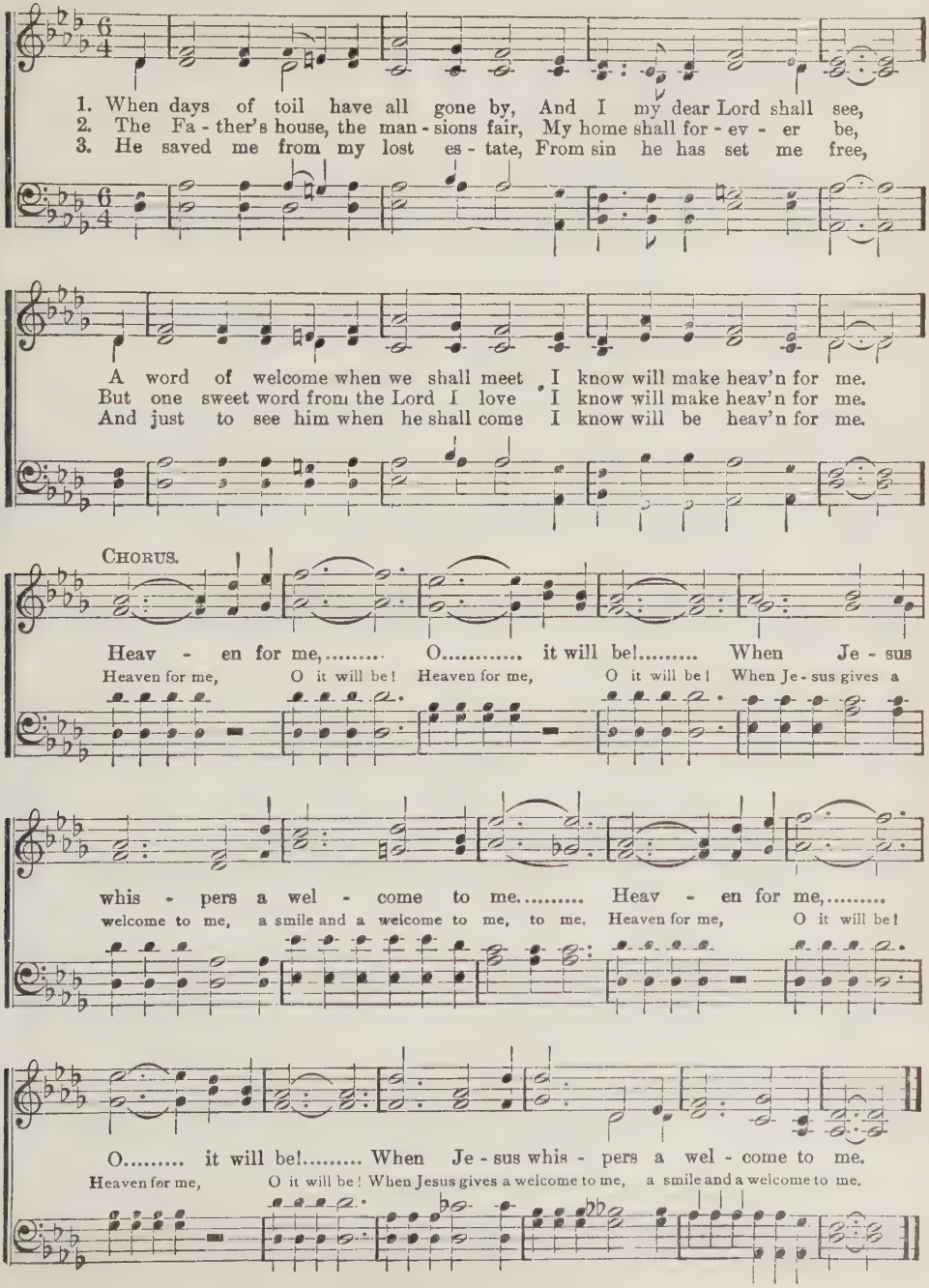
No. 232.

Heaven for Me.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. When days of toil have all gone by, And I my dear Lord shall see,
2. The Fa - ther's house, the man - sions fair, My home shall for - ev - er be,
3. He saved me from my lost es - tate, From sin he has set me free,
A word of welcome when we shall meet I know will make heav'n for me.
But one sweet word from the Lord I love I know will make heav'n for me.
And just to see him when he shall come I know will be heav'n for me.
CHORUS.
Heav - en for me,..... O..... it will be!..... When Je - sus
Heaven for me, O it will be! Heaven for me, O it will be! When Je - sus gives a
whis - pers a wel - come to me..... Heav - en for me,.....
welcome to me, a smile and a welcome to me, to me. Heaven for me, O it will be!
O..... it will be!..... When Je - sus whis - pers a wel - come to me.
Heaven for me, O it will be! When Jesus gives a welcome to me, a smile and a welcome to me.

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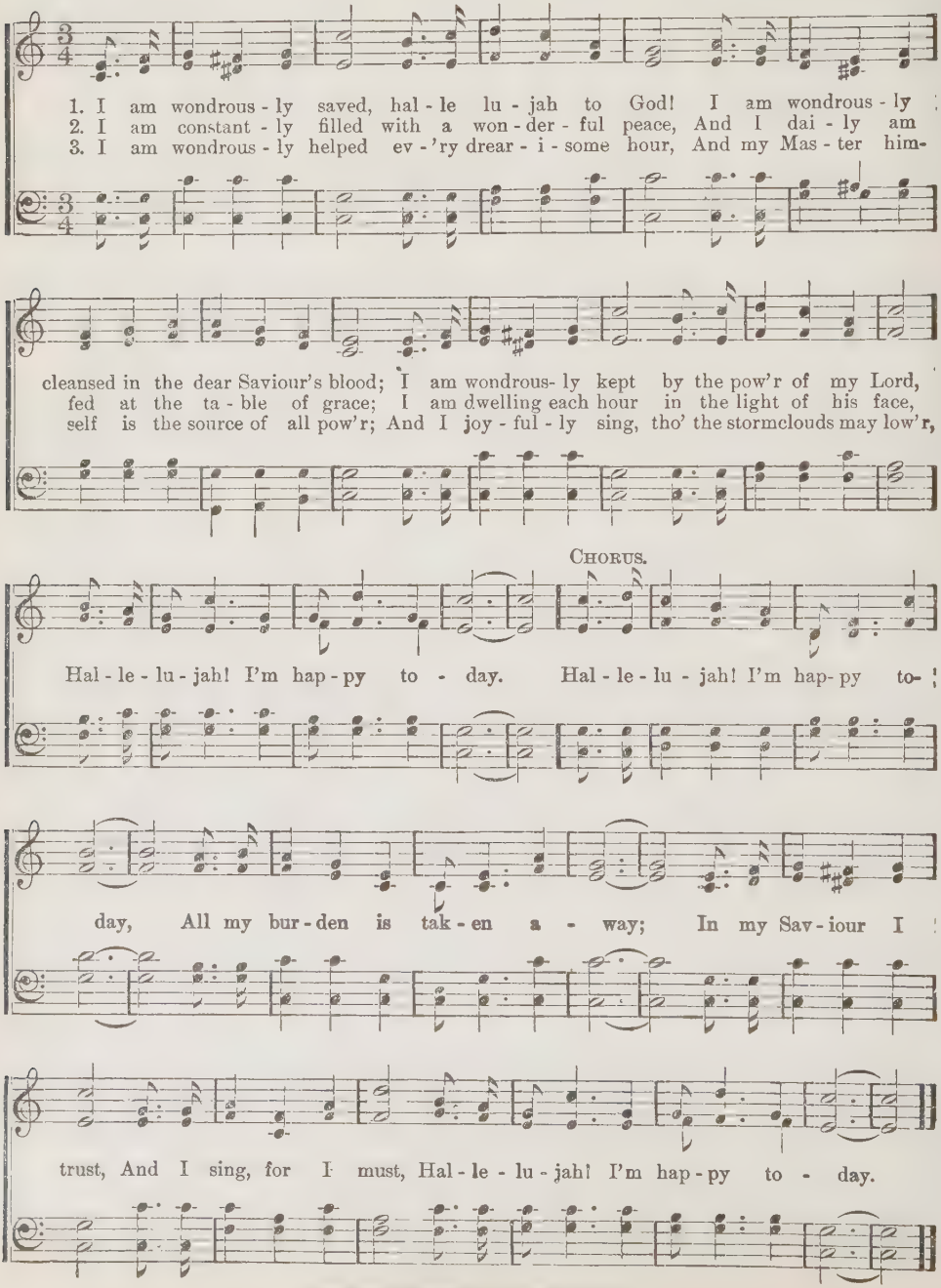
No. 233.

Hallelujah! I'm Happy.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. I am wondrous - ly saved, hal - le lu - jah to God! I am wondrous - ly
2. I am constant - ly filled with a won - der - ful peace, And I dai - ly am
3. I am wondrous - ly helped ev - 'ry drear - i - some hour, And my Mas - ter him-
cleansed in the dear Saviour's blood; I am wondrous- ly kept by the pow'r of my Lord,
fed at the ta - ble of grace; I am dwelling each hour in the light of his face,
self is the source of all pow'r; And I joy - ful - ly sing, tho' the stormclouds may low'r,
Chorus.
Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm hap - py to - day. Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm hap- py to-
day, All my bur - den is tak - en a - way; In my Sav - iour I
trust, And I sing, for I must, Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm hap - py to - day.

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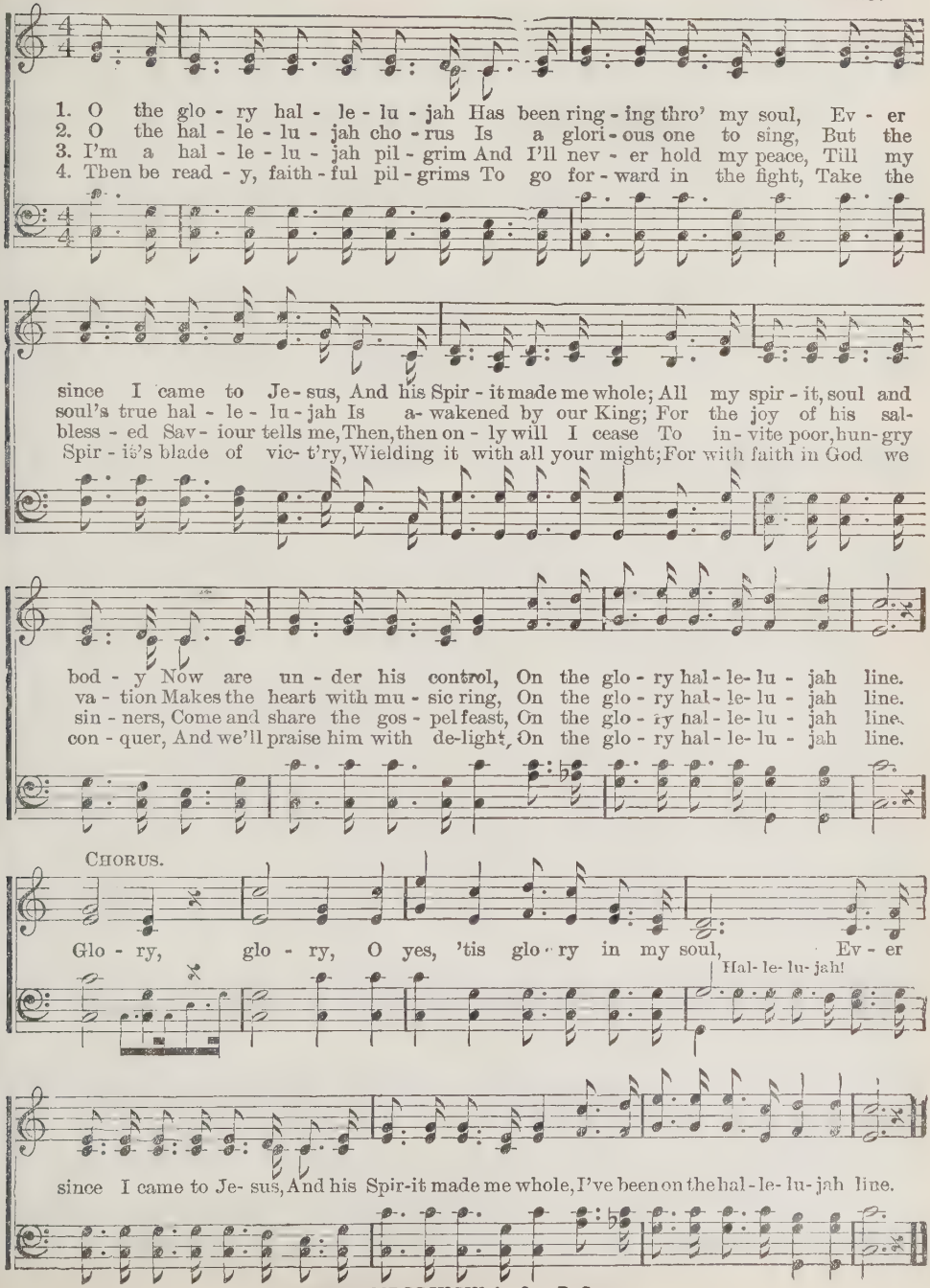
No. 234

On the Hallelujah Line.

Rev. J. M. HOBBS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah Has been ring - ing thro' my soul, Ev - er
since I came to Je - sus, And his Spir - it made me whole; All my spir - it, soul and
2. O the hal - le - lu - jah cho - rus Is a glori - ous one to sing, But the
soul's true hal - le - lu - jah Is a- wakened by our King; For the joy of his sal-
3. I'm a hal - le - lu - jah pil - grim And I'll nev - er hold my peace, Till my
bless - ed Sav - iour tells me, Then, then on - ly will I cease To in - vite poor, hun - gry
4. Then be read - y, faith - ful pil - grims To go for - ward in the fight, Take the
Spir - it's blade of vic- t'ry, Wielding it with all your might; For with faith in God we
bod - y Now are un - der his control, On the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah line.
va - tion Makes the heart with mu - sic ring, On the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah line.
sin - ners, Come and share the gos - pel feast, On the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah line.
con - quer, And we'll praise him with de-light, On the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah line.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, O yes, 'tis glo - ry in my soul, Ev - er
Hal- le- lu- jah!
since I came to Je- sus, And his Spir-it made me whole, I've been on the hal - le - lu - jah line.

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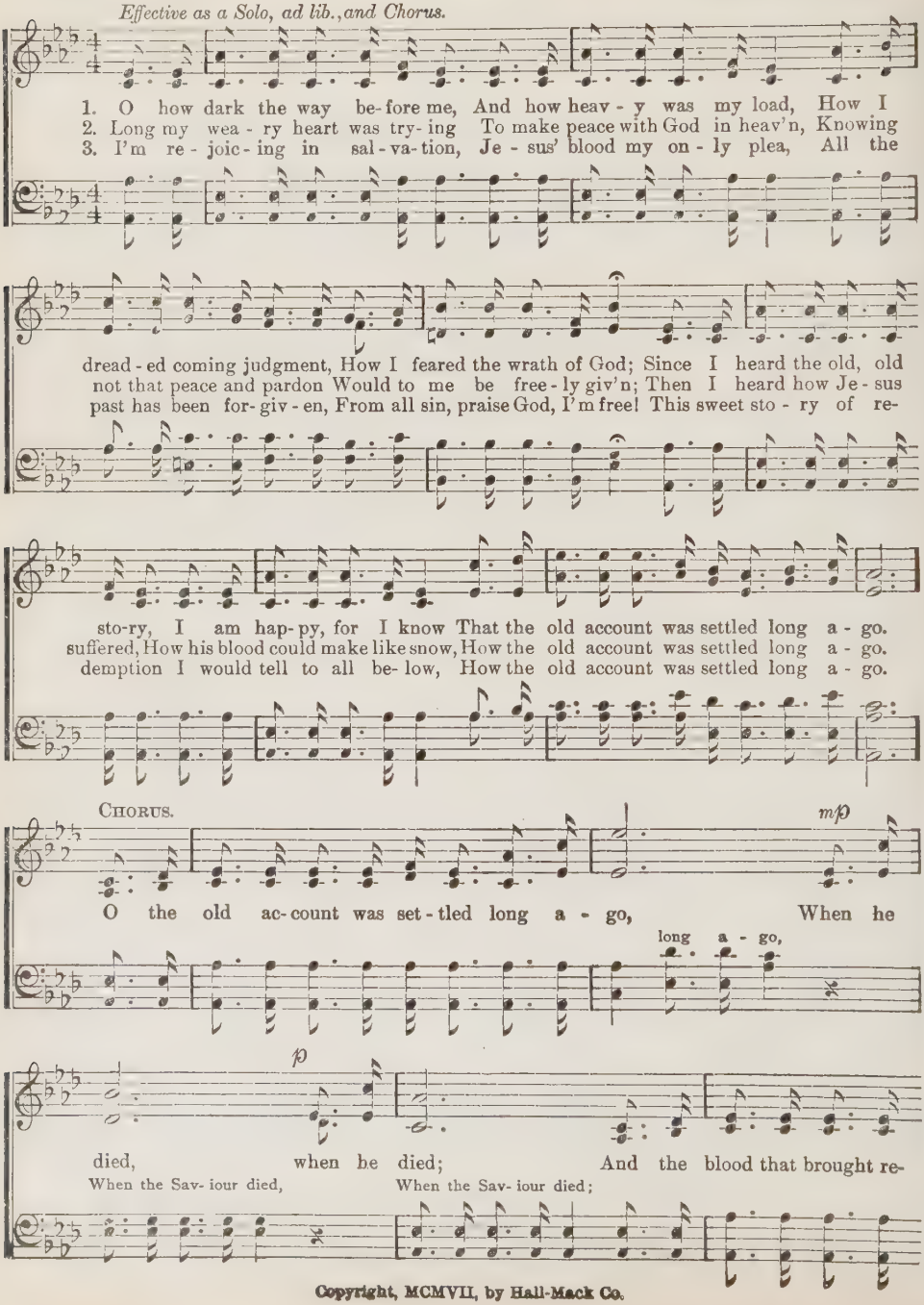
No. 235.

The Old Account was Settled.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

Effective as a Solo, ad lib., and Chorus.


1. O how dark the way be-fore me, And how heav-y was my load, How I
2. Long my wea-ry heart was try-ing To make peace with God in heav'n, Knowing
3. I'm re-joic-ing in sal-va-tion, Je-sus' blood my on-ly plea, All the
dread-ed coming judgment, How I feared the wrath of God; Since I heard the old, old
not that peace and pardon Would to me be free-ly giv'n; Then I heard how Je-sus
past has been for-giv-en, From all sin, praise God, I'm free! This sweet sto-ry of re-
sto-ry, I am hap-py, for I know That the old account was settled long a-go.
suffered, How his blood could make like snow, How the old account was settled long a-go.
demption I would tell to all be-low, How the old account was settled long a-go.
CHORUS.
mp
O the old ac-count was set-tled long a-go, When he
long a-go,
p
died, when he died; And the blood that brought re-
When the Sav-iour died, When the Sav-iour died;

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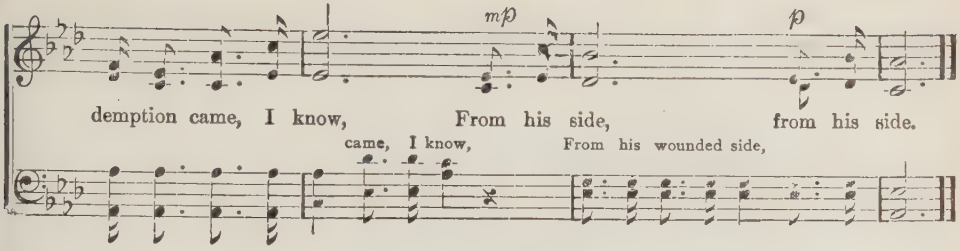
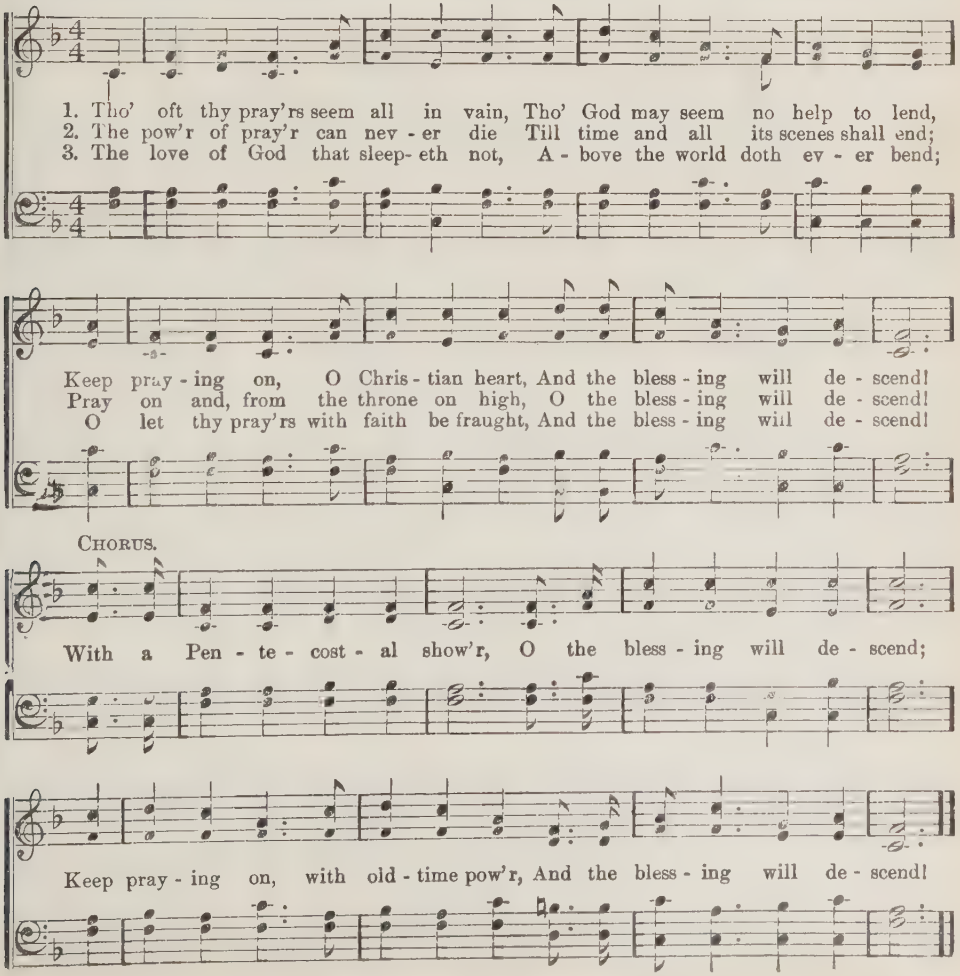


No. 236. The Blessing Will Descend.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Tho' oft thy pray'rs seem all in vain, Tho' God may seem no help to lend,
2. The pow'r of pray'r can nev - er die Till time and all its scenes shall end;
3. The love of God that sleep- eth not, A - bove the world doth ev - er bend;
Keep pray - ing on, O Chris - tian heart, And the bless - ing will de - scend!
Pray on and, from the throne on high, O the bless - ing will de - scend!
O let thy pray'rs with faith be fraught, And the bless - ing will de - scend!
CHORUS.
With a Pen - te - cost - al show'r, O the bless - ing will de - scend;
Keep pray - ing on, with old - time pow'r, And the bless - ing will de - scend!

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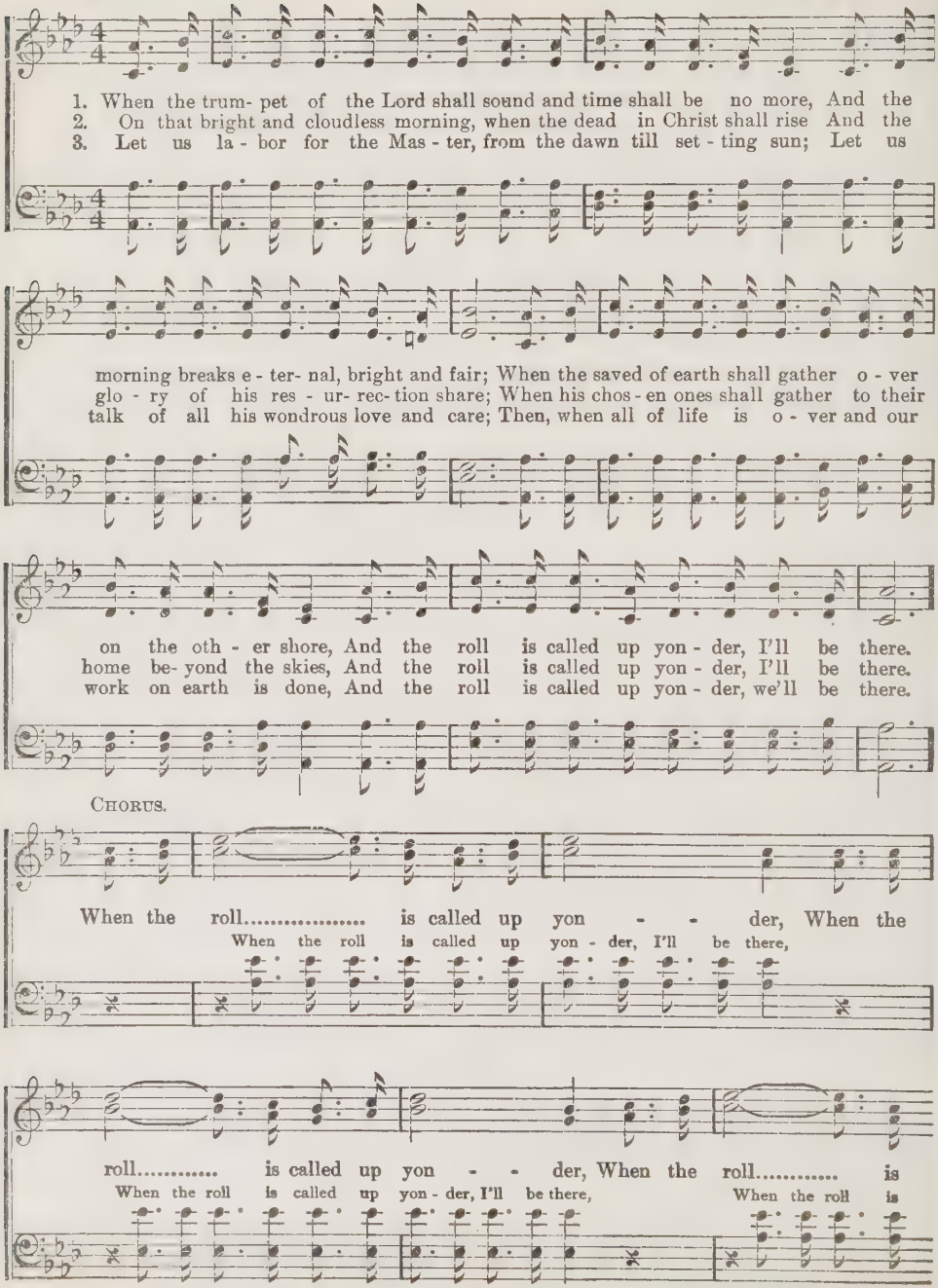
No. 237.

When the Roll is Called.

B. M. J. J. M. Black.

1. When the trum- pet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter, from the dawn till set - ting sun; Let us
morning breaks e - ter- nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather o - ver
glo - ry of his res - ur- rec- tion share; When his chos - en ones shall gather to their
talk of all his wondrous love and care; Then, when all of life is o - ver and our
on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
home be- yond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der, we'll be there.
Chorus.
When the roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,
roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the roll..... is
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is

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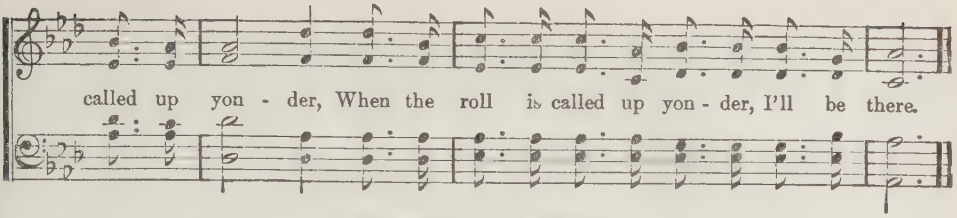
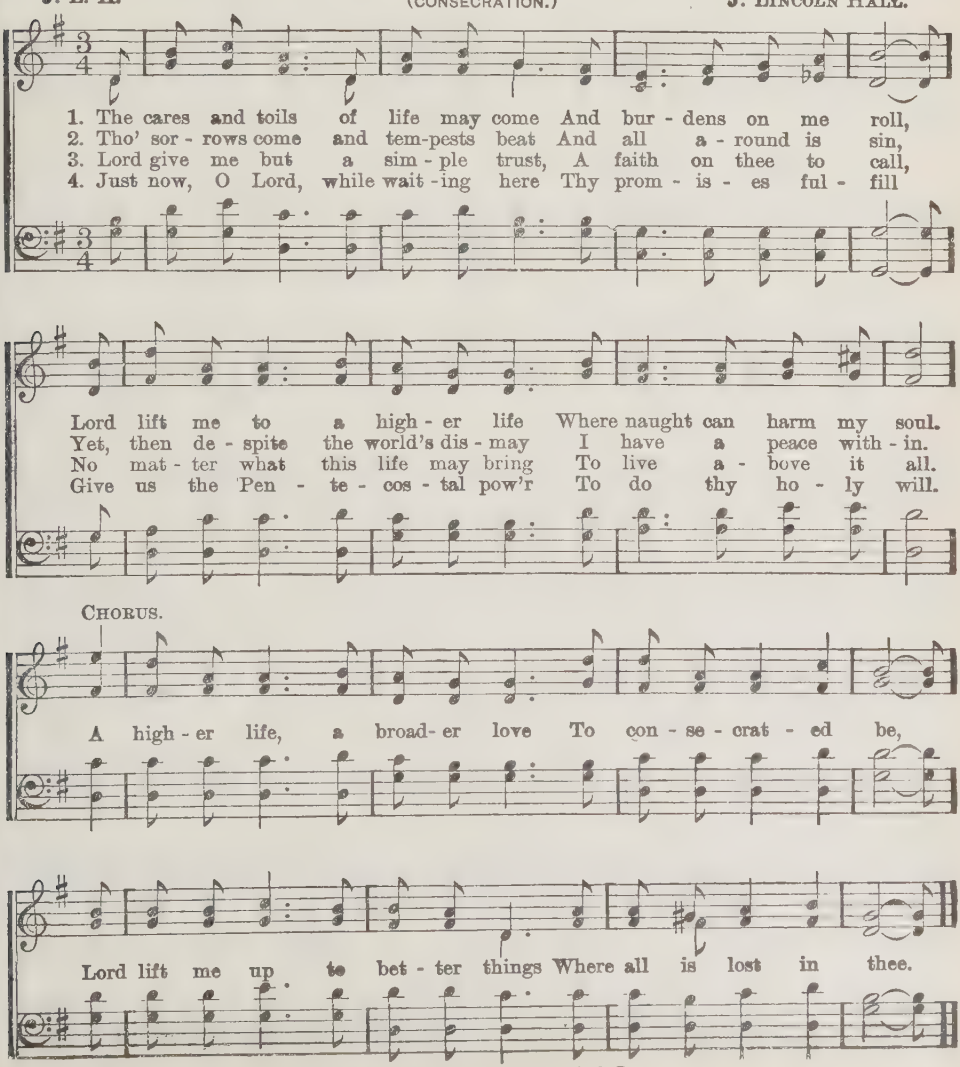
When the Roll is Called.—Concluded.



No. 238. A Higher Life.

J. L. H. (CONSECRATION.) J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. The cares and toils of life may come And bur - dens on me roll,
2. Tho' sor - rows come and tem-pests beat And all a - round is sin,
3. Lord give me but a sim - ple trust, A faith on thee to call,
4. Just now, O Lord, while wait - ing here Thy prom - is - es ful - fill
Lord lift me to a high - er life Where naught can harm my soul.
Yet, then de - spite the world's dis - may I have a peace with - in.
No mat - ter what this life may bring To live a - bove it all.
Give us the Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r To do thy ho - ly will.
CHORUS.
A high - er life, a broad- er love To con - se - crat - ed be,
Lord lift me up to bet - ter things Where all is lost in thee.

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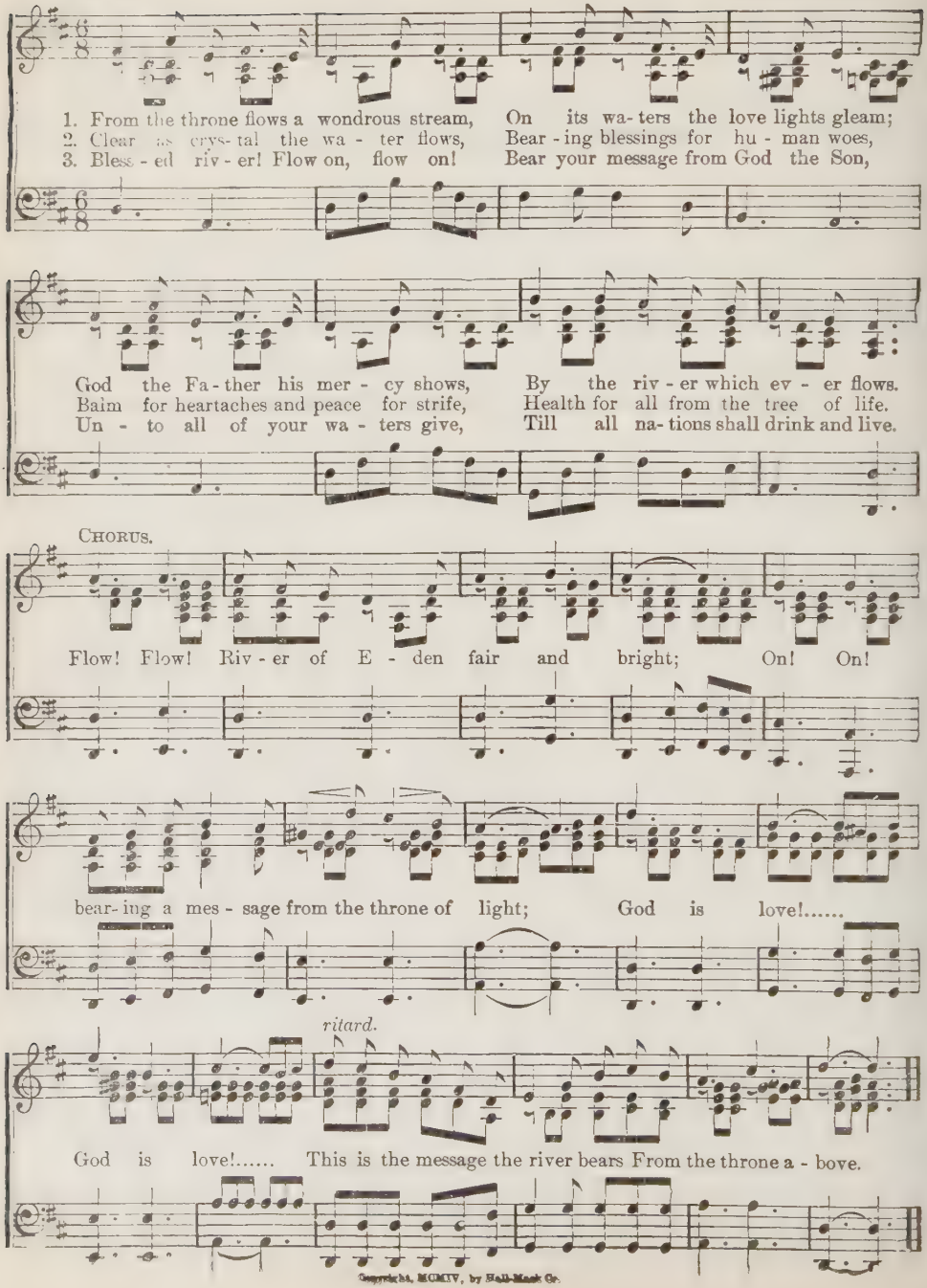
No. 239.

River of Eden.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. From the throne flows a wondrous stream, On its wa-ters the love lights gleam;
2. Clear as crys-tal the wa - ter flows, Bear - ing blessings for hu - man woes,
3. Bless - ed riv - er! Flow on, flow on! Bear your message from God the Son,
God the Fa-ther his mer - cy shows, By the riv - er which ev - er flows.
Baim for heartaches and peace for strife, Health for all from the tree of life.
Un - to all of your wa - ters give, Till all na-tions shall drink and live.
Chorus.
Flow! Flow! Riv - er of E - den fair and bright; On! On!
bear-ing a mes - sage from the throne of light; God is love!.....
ritard.
God is love!..... This is the message the river bears From the throne a - bove.

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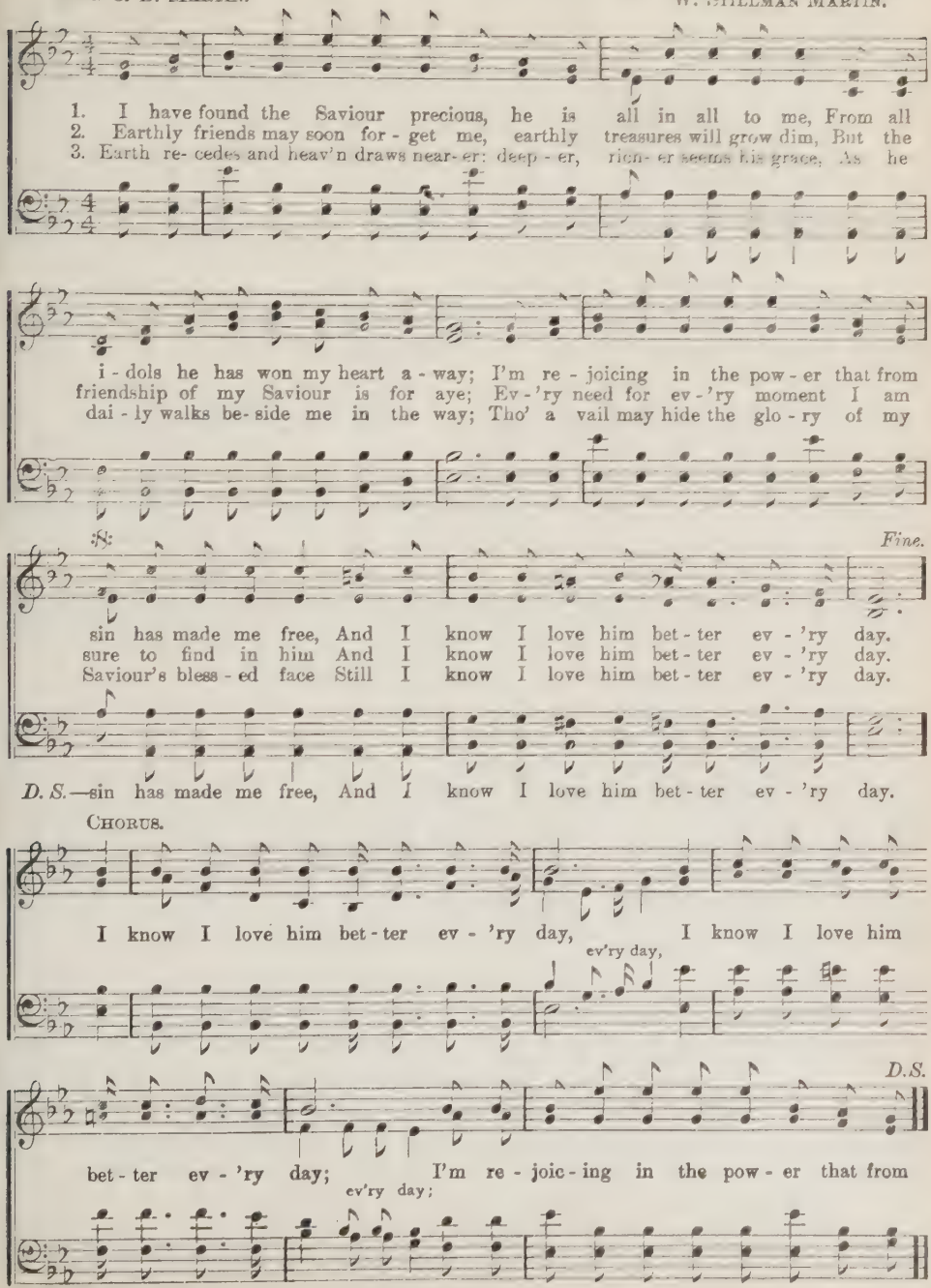
No. 240. I Know I Love Him Better.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. I have found the Saviour precious, he is all in all to me, From all
2. Earthly friends may soon for - get me, earthly treasures will grow dim, But the
3. Earth re- cedes and heav'n draws near- er: deep - er, rich- er seems his grace, As he
i - dols he has won my heart a - way; I'm re - joicing in the pow - er that from
friendship of my Saviour is for aye; Ev - 'ry need for ev - 'ry moment I am
dai - ly walks be- side me in the way; Tho' a vail may hide the glo - ry of my
:S:
Fine.
sin has made me free, And I know I love him bet - ter ev - 'ry day.
sure to find in him And I know I love him bet - ter ev - 'ry day.
Saviour's bless - ed face Still I know I love him bet - ter ev - 'ry day.
D. S.—sin has made me free, And I know I love him bet - ter ev - 'ry day.
CHORUS.
I know I love him bet - ter ev - 'ry day, I know I love him
ev'ry day,
D.S.
bet - ter ev - 'ry day; I'm re - joic - ing in the pow - er that from
ev'ry day;

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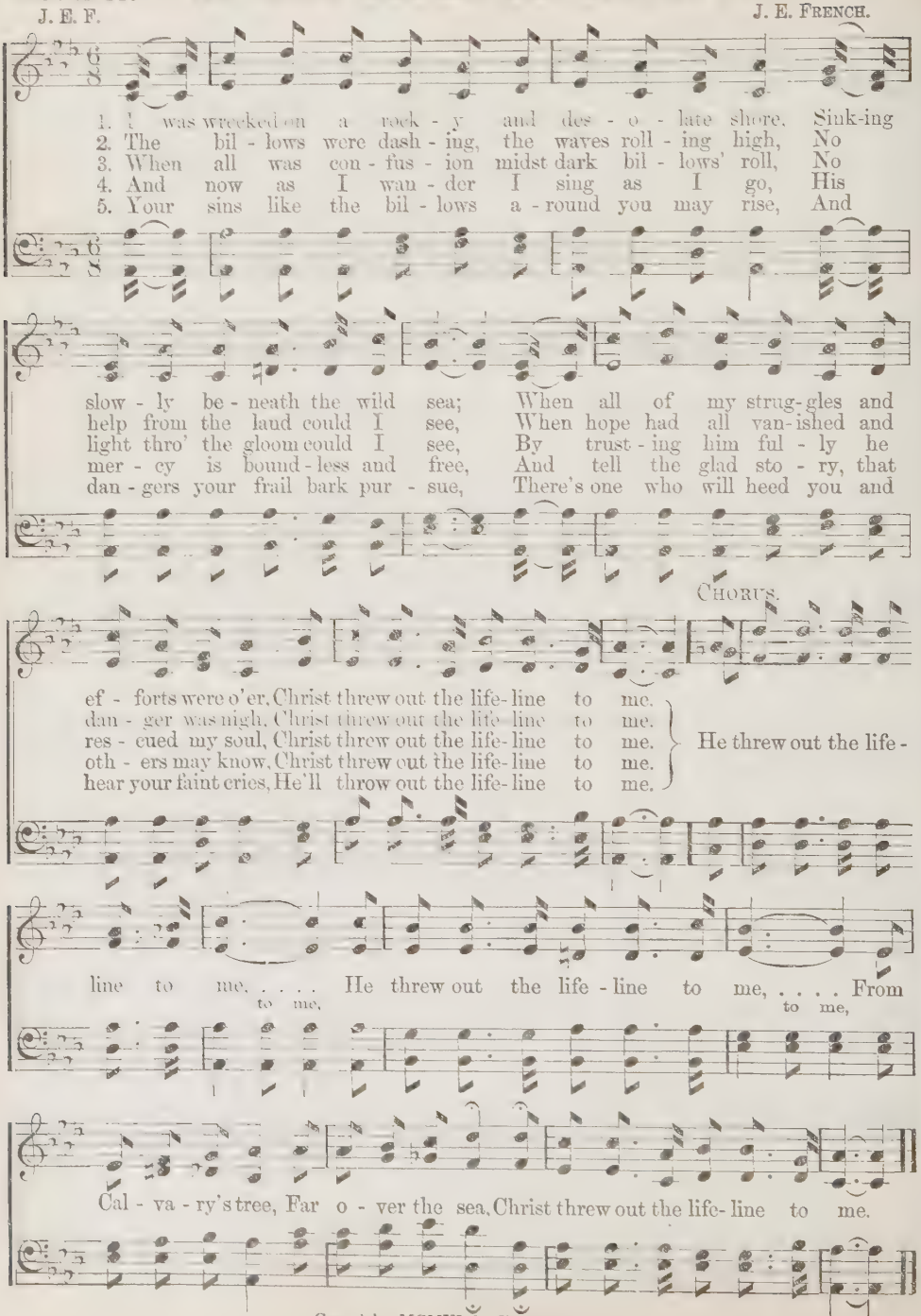
No. 241. He Threw Out the Life-Line to Me.

J. E. F. J. E. FRENCH.


1. I was wrecked on a rock - y and des - o - late shore, Sink-ing
2. The bil - lows were dash - ing, the waves roll - ing high, No
3. When all was con - fus - ion midst dark bil - lows' roll, No
4. And now as I wan - der I sing as I go, His
5. Your sins like the bil - lows a - round you may rise, And
slow - ly be - neath the wild sea; When all of my strug-gles and
help from the land could I see, When hope had all van-ished and
light thro' the gloom could I see, By trust - ing him ful - ly he
mer - cy is bound - less and free, And tell the glad sto - ry, that
dan - gers your frail bark pur - sue, There's one who will heed you and
CHORUS.
ef - forts were o'er, Christ threw out the life-line to me.
dan - ger was nigh, Christ threw out the life-line to me.
res - cued my soul, Christ threw out the life-line to me.
oth - ers may know, Christ threw out the life-line to me.
hear your faint cries, He'll throw out the life-line to me.
He threw out the life -
line to me, ... He threw out the life - line to me, ... From
to me, to me,
Cal - va - ry's tree, Far o - ver the sea, Christ threw out the life-line to me.

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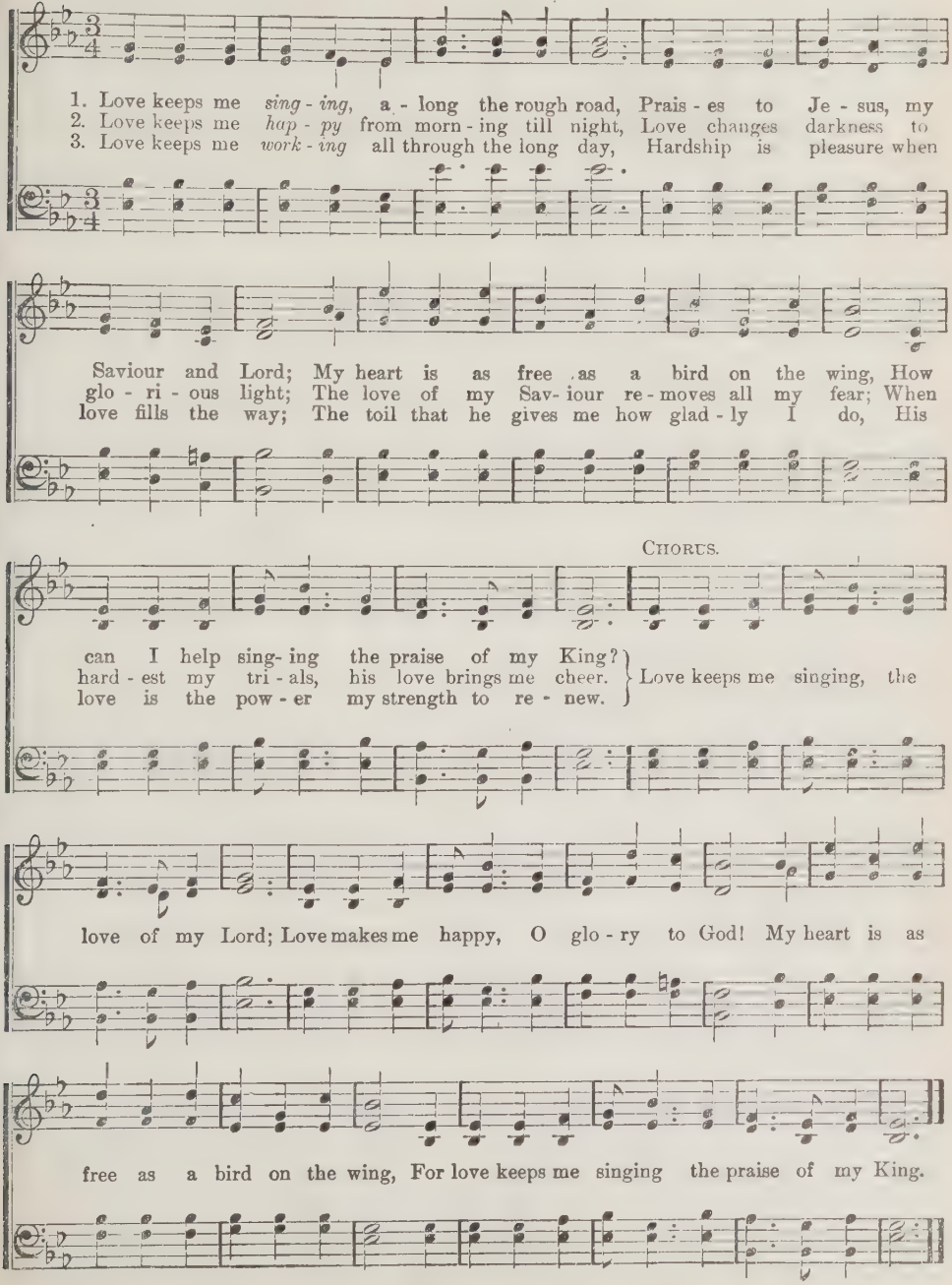
No. 242.

Love Keeps Me Singing.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Love keeps me sing - ing, a - long the rough road, Prais - es to Je - sus, my
2. Love keeps me hap - py from morn - ing till night, Love changes darkness to
3. Love keeps me work - ing all through the long day, Hardship is pleasure when
Saviour and Lord; My heart is as free as a bird on the wing, How
glo - ri - ous light; The love of my Sav - iour re - moves all my fear; When
love fills the way; The toil that he gives me how glad - ly I do, His
CHORUS.
can I help sing - ing the praise of my King?
hard - est my tri - als, his love brings me cheer.
love is the pow - er my strength to re - new.
Love keeps me singing, the
love of my Lord; Love makes me happy, O glo - ry to God! My heart is as
free as a bird on the wing, For love keeps me singing the praise of my King.

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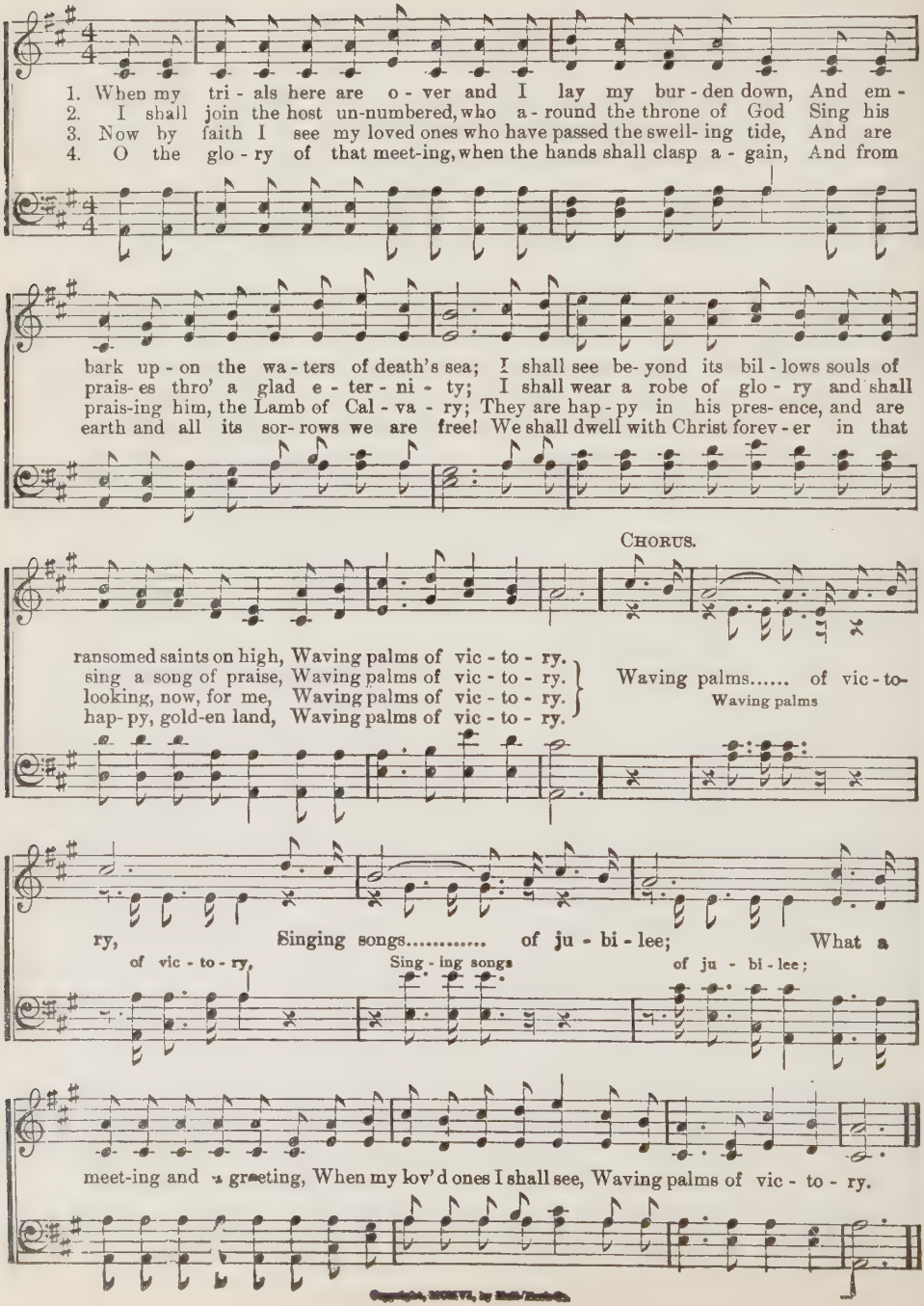
No. 243. Waving Palms of Victory.

W. W. V. W. W. VANSANT.


1. When my tri - als here are o - ver and I lay my bur - den down, And em -
2. I shall join the host un-numbered, who a - round the throne of God Sing his
3. Now by faith I see my loved ones who have passed the swell- ing tide, And are
4. O the glo - ry of that meet-ing, when the hands shall clasp a - gain, And from
bark up - on the wa - ters of death's sea; I shall see be- yond its bil - lows souls of
prais- es thro' a glad e - ter - ni - ty; I shall wear a robe of glo - ry and shall
prais-ing him, the Lamb of Cal - va - ry; They are hap - py in his pres- ence, and are
earth and all its sor- rows we are free! We shall dwell with Christ forev - er in that
CHORUS.
ransomed saints on high, Waving palms of vic - to - ry.
sing a song of praise, Waving palms of vic - to - ry.
looking, now, for me, Waving palms of vic - to - ry.
hap- py, gold-en land, Waving palms of vic - to - ry.
Waving palms..... of vic - to-
Waving palms
ry,
Singing songs..... of ju - bi - lee;
What a
of vic - to - ry,
Sing - ing songs
of ju - bi - lee;
meet-ing and a greeting, When my lov'd ones I shall see, Waving palms of vic - to - ry.

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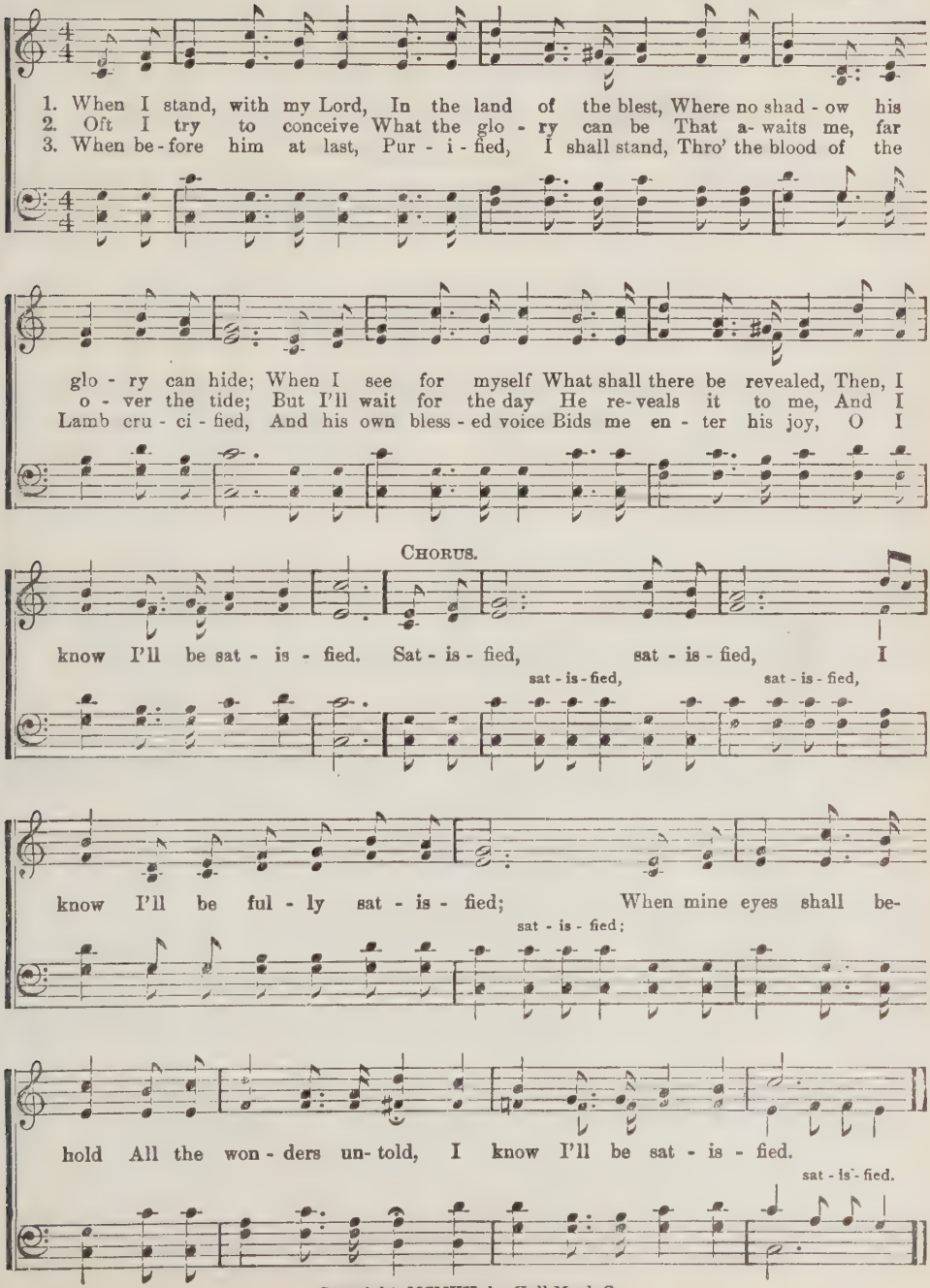
No. 244.

I Know I'll Be Satisfied.

J. B. M.

J. B. MACKAY.

1. When I stand, with my Lord, In the land of the blest, Where no shad - ow his
2. Oft I try to conceive What the glo - ry can be That a- waits me, far
3. When be - fore him at last, Pur - i - fied, I shall stand, Thro' the blood of the
glo - ry can hide; When I see for myself What shall there be revealed, Then, I
o - ver the tide; But I'll wait for the day He re- veals it to me, And I
Lamb cru - ci - fied, And his own bless - ed voice Bids me en - ter his joy, O I
CHORUS.
know I'll be sat - is - fied. Sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied, I
sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied,
know I'll be ful - ly sat - is - fied; When mine eyes shall be-
sat - is - fied;
hold All the won - ders un- told, I know I'll be sat - is - fied.
sat - is - fied.

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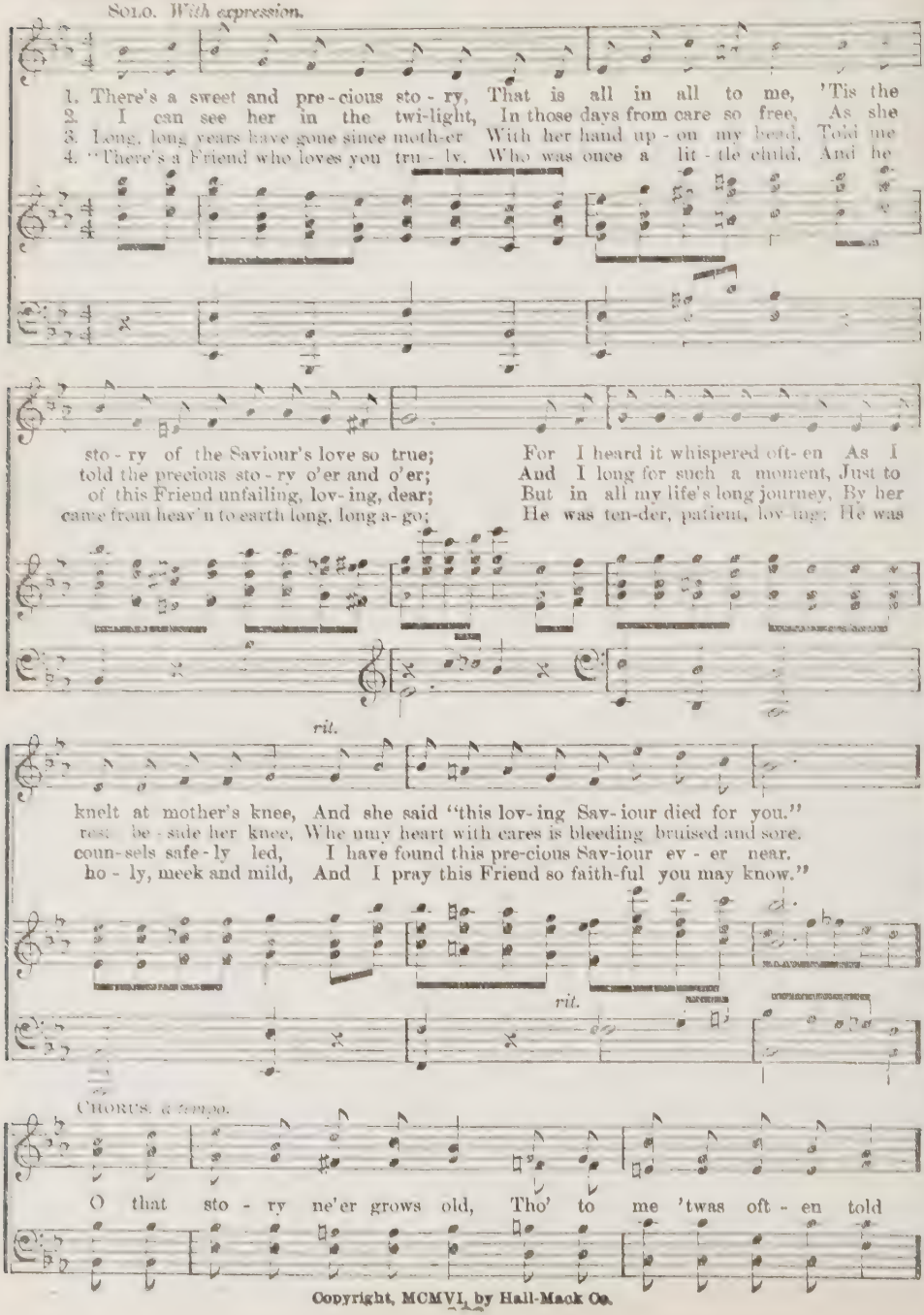
No. 245.

When I Knelt at Mother's Knee.

FRANK E. GRAEFF. J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOLO. *With expression.*


1. There's a sweet and pre-cious sto-ry, That is all in all to me, 'Tis the
2. I can see her in the twi-light, In those days from care so free, As she
3. Long, long years have gone since moth-er With her hand up-on my head, Told me
4. "There's a Friend who loves you tru-ly, Who was once a lit-tle child, And he
sto-ry of the Saviour's love so true; For I heard it whispered oft-en As I
told the precious sto-ry o'er and o'er; And I long for such a moment, Just to
of this Friend unfailing, lov-ing, dear; But in all my life's long journey, By her
came from heav'n to earth long, long a-go; He was ten-der, patient, lov-ing; He was
rit.
knelt at mother's knee, And she said "this lov-ing Sav-iour died for you."
rest be-side her knee, Whe unmy heart with cares is bleeding bruised and sore.
coun-sels safe-ly led, I have found this pre-cious Sav-iour ev-er near.
ho-ly, meek and mild, And I pray this Friend so faith-ful you may know."
rit.
CHORUS. *a tempo.*
O that sto-ry ne'er grows old, Tho' to me 'twas oft-en told

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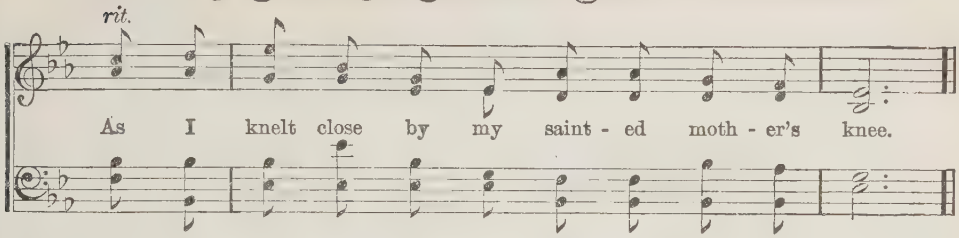
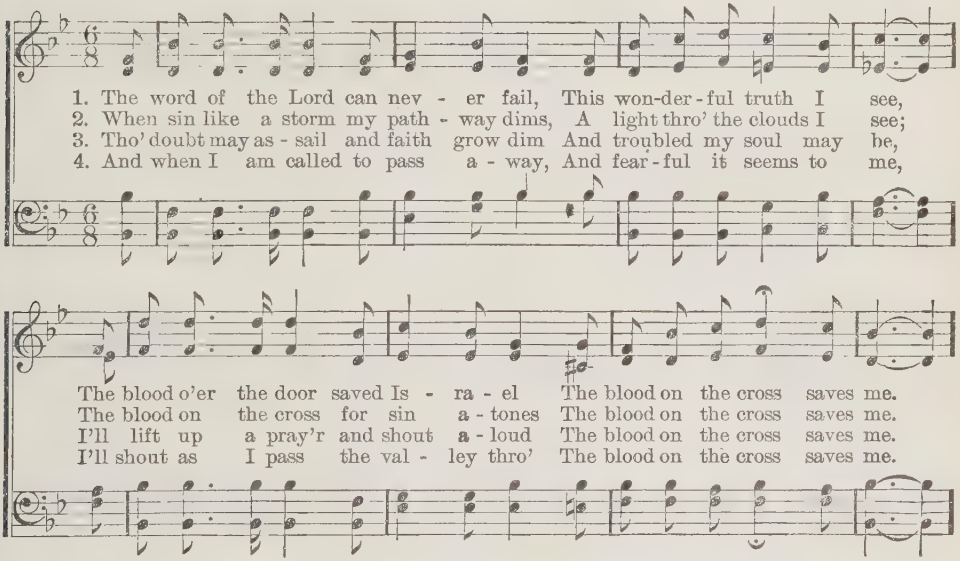
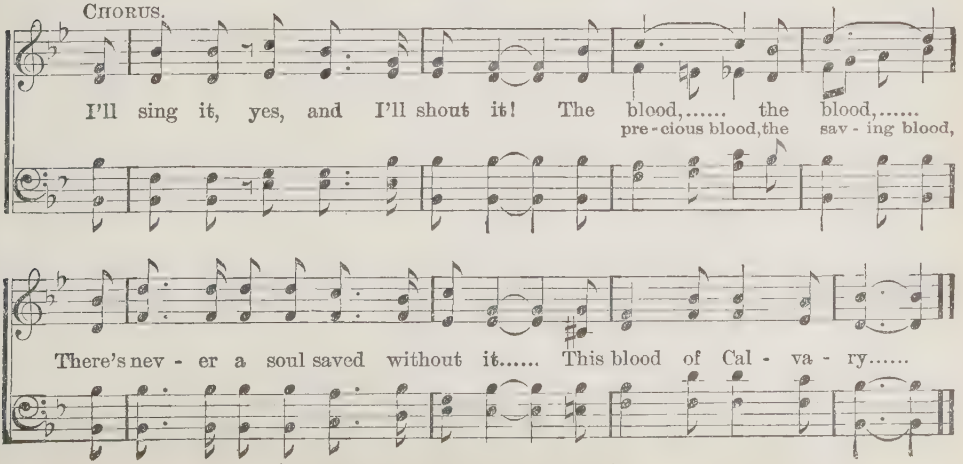
When I Knelt At Mother's Knee.—Concluded.



No. 246. The Blood On the Cross.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. The word of the Lord can nev - er fail, This won-der-ful truth I see,
2. When sin like a storm my path - way dims, A light thro' the clouds I see;
3. Tho' doubt may as - sail and faith grow dim And troubled my soul may be,
4. And when I am called to pass a - way, And fear-ful it seems to me,
The blood o'er the door saved Is - ra - el The blood on the cross saves me.
The blood on the cross for sin a - tones The blood on the cross saves me.
I'll lift up a pray'r and shout a - loud The blood on the cross saves me.
I'll shout as I pass the val - ley thro' The blood on the cross saves me.


CHORUS.
I'll sing it, yes, and I'll shout it! The blood,..... the blood,.....
pre-cious blood, the sav - ing blood,
There's nev - er a soul saved without it..... This blood of Cal - va - ry.....

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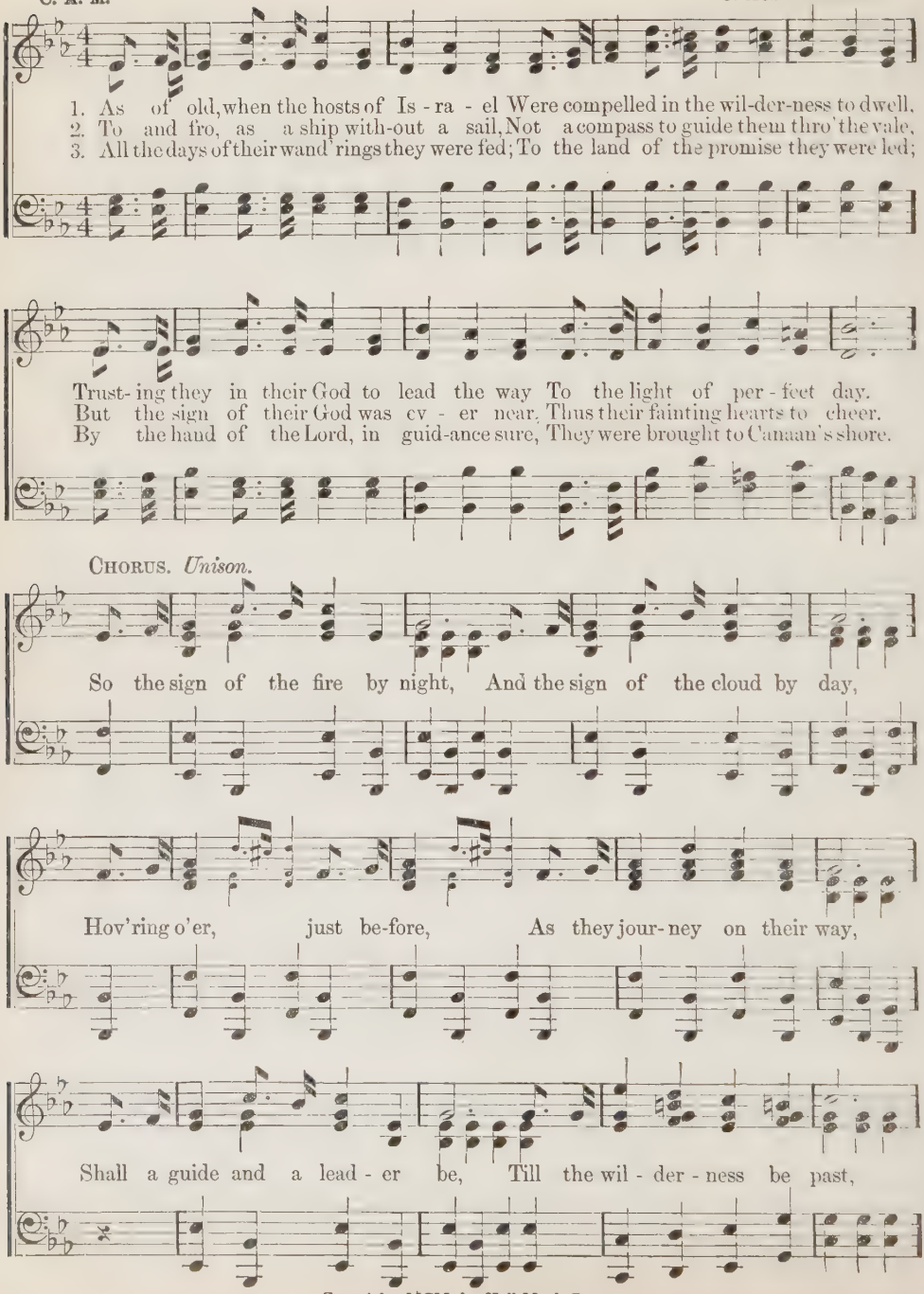
No. 247. The Cloud and Fire.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. As of old, when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil-der-ness to dwell,
Trust- ing they in their God to lead the way To the light of per - fect day.
CHORUS. *Unison.*
So the sign of the fire by night, And the sign of the cloud by day,
2. To and fro, as a ship with-out a sail, Not a compass to guide them thro' the vale,
But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their fainting hearts to cheer.
Hov'ring o'er, just be-fore, As they jour-ney on their way,
3. All the days of their wand'rings they were fed; To the land of the promise they were led;
By the hand of the Lord, in guid-ance sure, They were brought to Canaan's shore.
Shall a guide and a lead - er be, Till the wil - der - ness be past,

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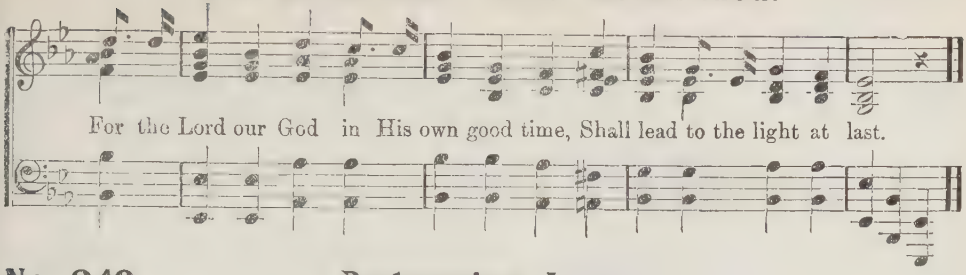
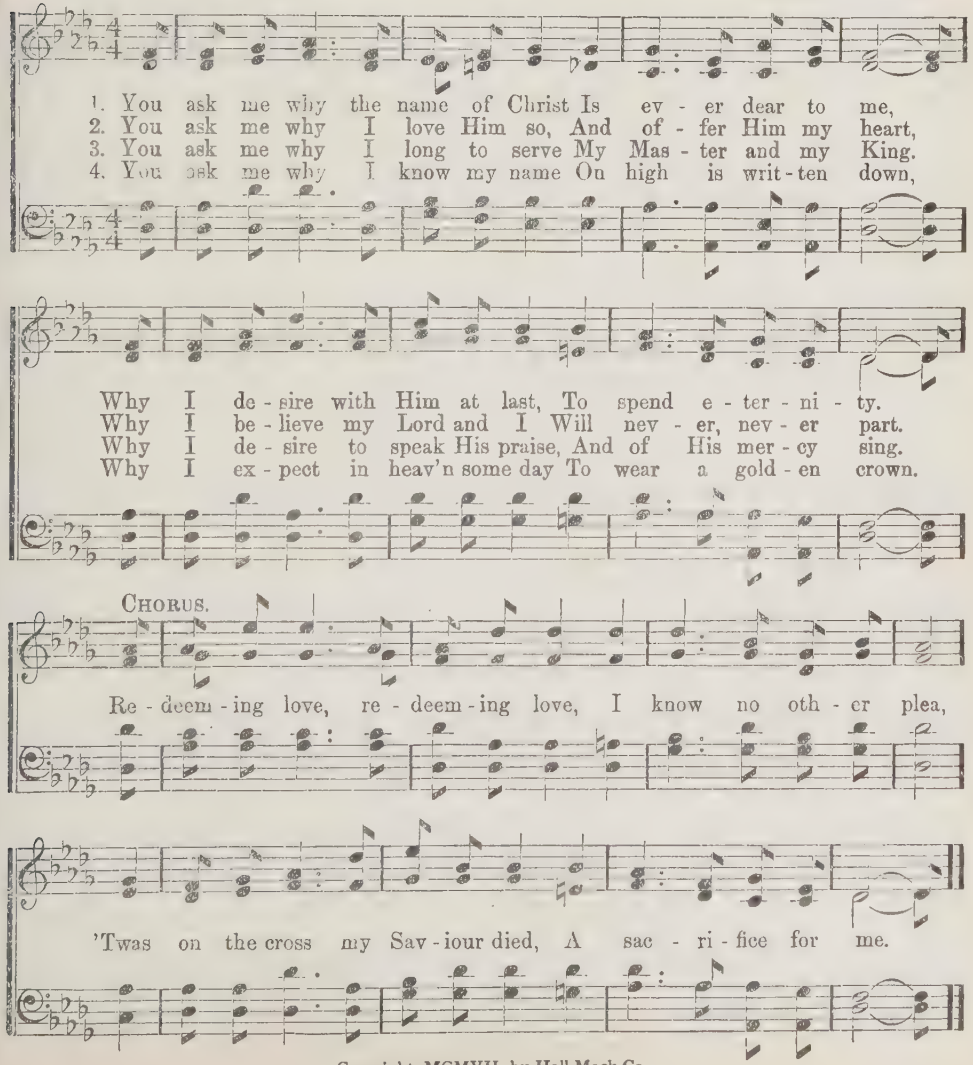
The Cloud and Fire.—Concluded.



No. 248. Redeeming Love.

Rev. T. M. Eastwood. C. Harold Lowden.

1. You ask me why the name of Christ Is ev - er dear to me,
2. You ask me why I love Him so, And of - fer Him my heart,
3. You ask me why I long to serve My Mas - ter and my King.
4. You ask me why I know my name On high is writ - ten down,
Why I de - sire with Him at last, To spend e - ter - ni - ty.
Why I be - lieve my Lord and I Will nev - er, nev - er part.
Why I de - sire to speak His praise, And of His mer - cy sing.
Why I ex - pect in heav'n some day To wear a gold - en crown.
Chorus.
Re - deem - ing love, re - deem - ing love, I know no oth - er plea,
'Twas on the cross my Sav - iour died, A sac - ri - fice for me.

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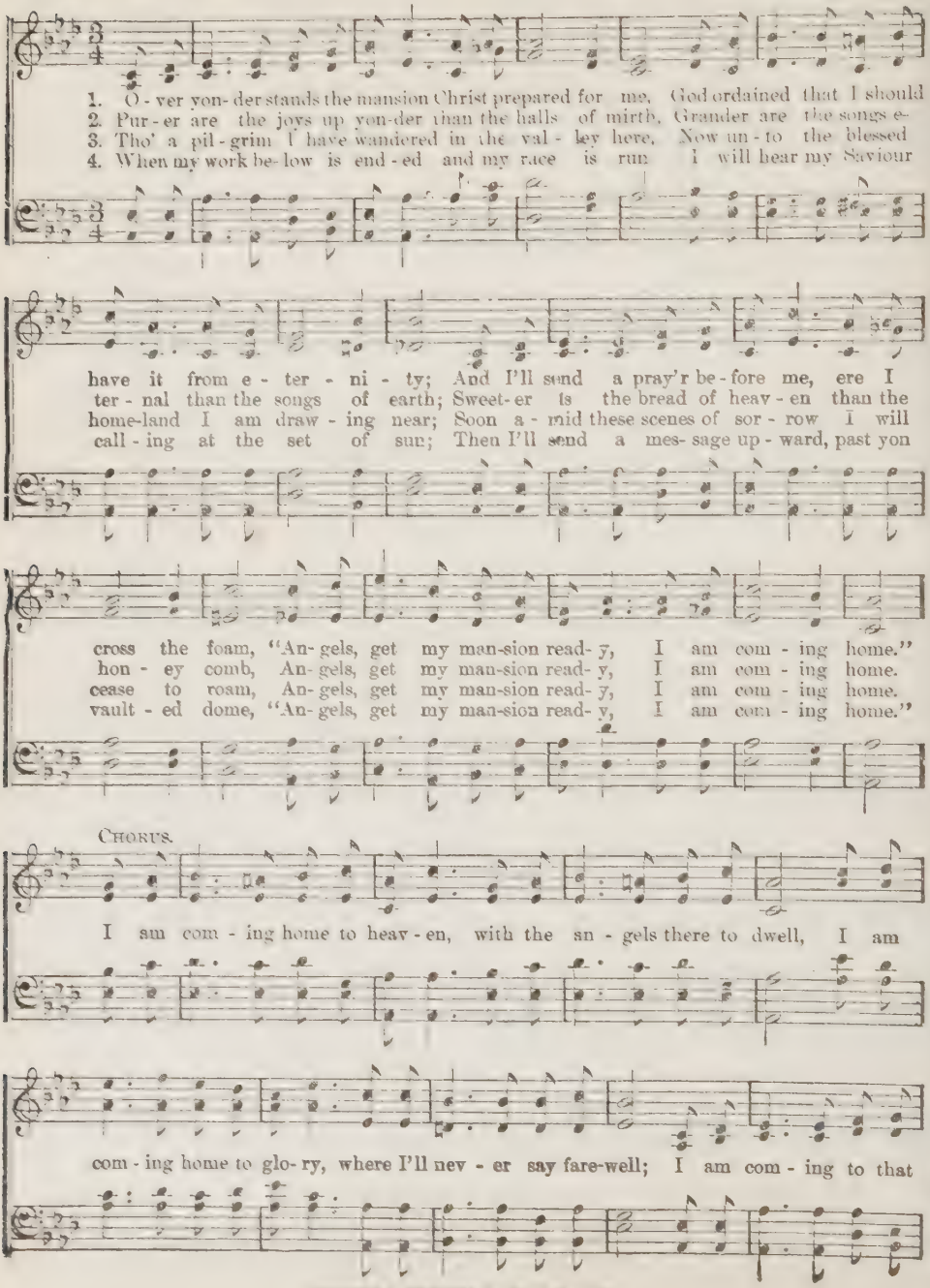
No. 249. Angels, Get My Mansion Ready.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. C. Austin Miles.


1. O - ver yon- der stands the mansion Christ prepared for me, God ordained that I should
2. Pur - er are the joys up yon-der than the halls of mirth, Grander are the songs e-
3. Tho' a pil - grim I have wandered in the val - ley here, Now un - to the blessed
4. When my work be- low is end - ed and my race is run I will hear my Saviour
have it from e - ter - ni - ty; And I'll send a pray'r be - fore me, ere I
ter - nal than the songs of earth; Sweet-er is the bread of heav - en than the
home-land I am draw - ing near; Soon a - mid these scenes of sor - row I will
call - ing at the set of sun; Then I'll send a mes- sage up - ward, past yon
cross the foam, "An- gels, get my man-sion read- y, I am com - ing home."
hon - ey comb, An- gels, get my man-sion read- y, I am com - ing home.
cease to roam, An- gels, get my man-sion read- y, I am com - ing home.
vault - ed dome, "An- gels, get my man-sion read- y, I am com - ing home."
Chorus.
I am com - ing home to heav - en, with the an - gels there to dwell, I am
com - ing home to glo- ry, where I'll nev - er say fare-well; I am com - ing to that

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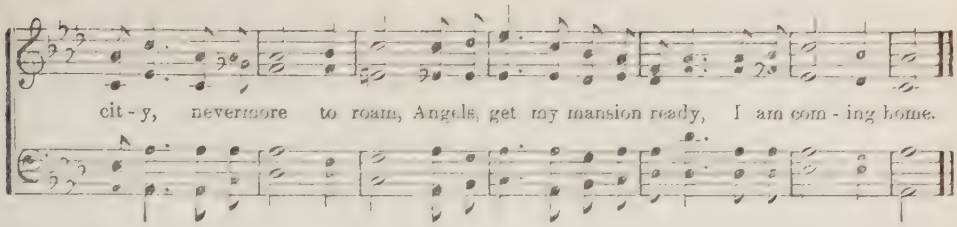
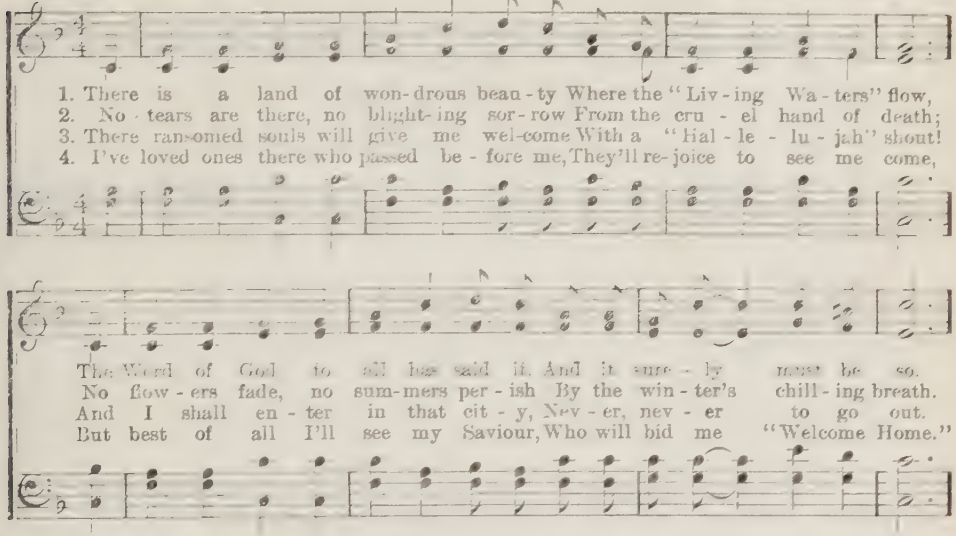
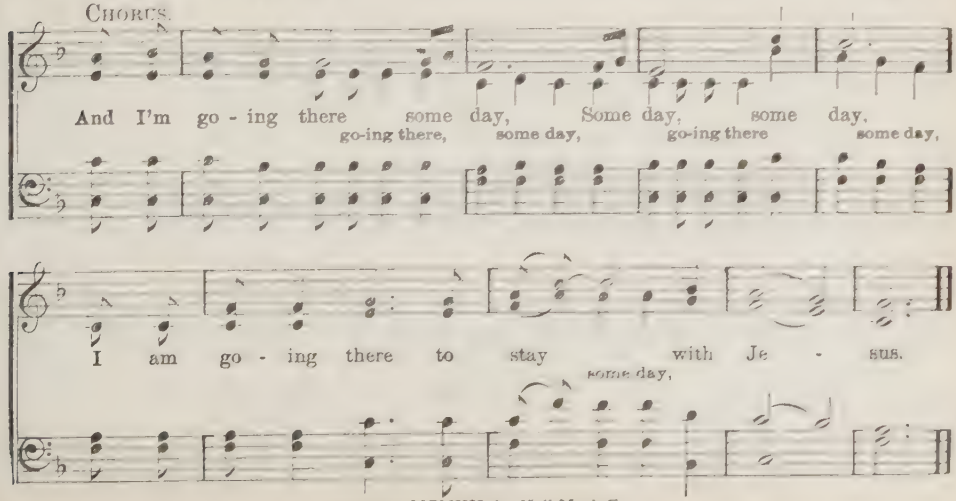
Angels, Get My Mansion Ready.—Concluded.



No. 250. I'm Going There.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. There is a land of won-drous beau-ty Where the "Liv-ing Wa-ters" flow,
2. No tears are there, no blight-ing sor-row From the cru - el hand of death;
3. There ransomed souls will give me wel-come With a "Hal - le - lu - jah" shout!
4. I've loved ones there who passed be - fore me, They'll re-joice to see me come,
The Word of God to all has said it, And it sure - ly must be so.
No flow - ers fade, no sum-mers per - ish By the win - ter's chill - ing breath.
And I shall en - ter in that cit - y, Nev - er, nev - er to go out.
But best of all I'll see my Saviour, Who will bid me "Welcome Home."


Chorus.
And I'm go - ing there some day, Some day, some day,
go-ing there, some day, go-ing there some day,
I am go - ing there to stay with Je - sus.
some day,

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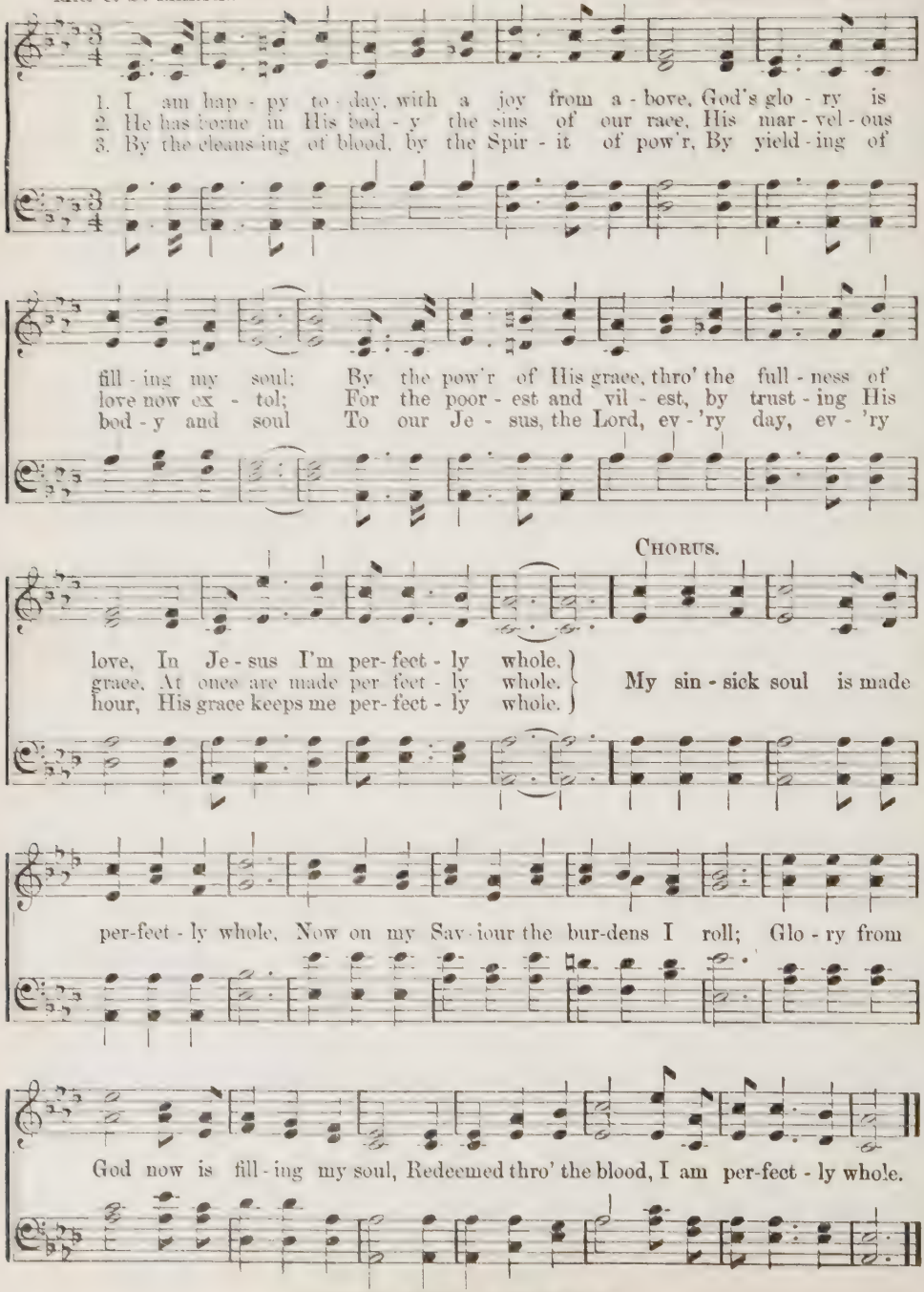
No. 251.

Perfectly Whole.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. I am hap - py to - day, with a joy from a - bove, God's glo - ry is fill - ing my soul; By the pow'r of His grace, thro' the full - ness of
2. He has borne in His bod - y the sins of our race, His mar - vel - ous love now ex - tol; For the poor - est and vil - est, by trust - ing His
3. By the cleans - ing of blood, by the Spir - it of pow'r, By yield - ing of bod - y and soul To our Je - sus, the Lord, ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry
Chorus.
love, In Je - sus I'm per - fect - ly whole.
grace, At once are made per - fect - ly whole.
hour, His grace keeps me per - fect - ly whole.
My sin - sick soul is made per - fect - ly whole, Now on my Sav - iour the bur - dens I roll; Glo - ry from God now is fill - ing my soul, Redeemed thro' the blood, I am per - fect - ly whole.

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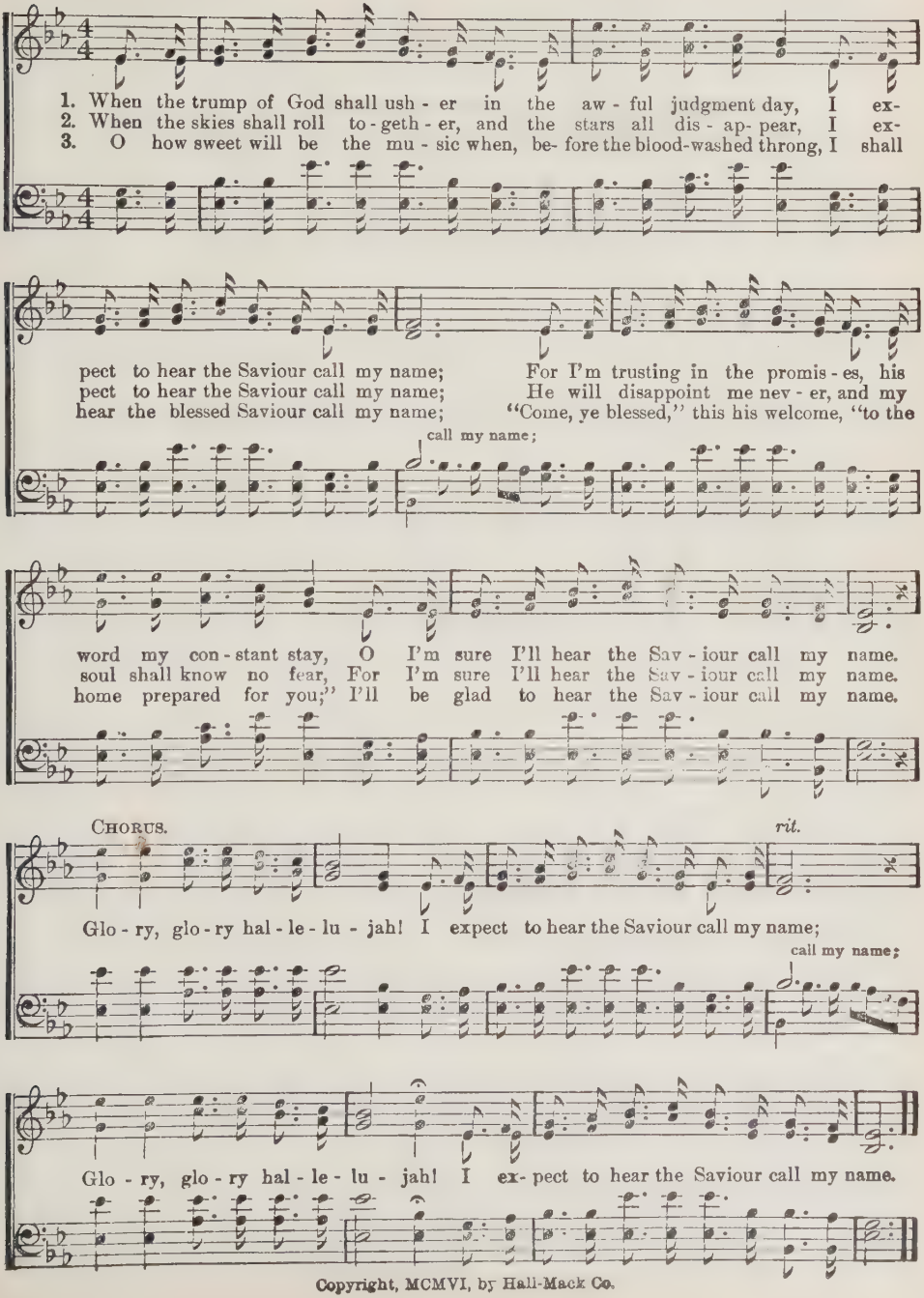
No. 252. I Expect to Hear the Saviour Call My Name.

A. W. S.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER, D. D.

1. When the trump of God shall ush - er in the aw - ful judgment day, I ex-
2. When the skies shall roll to - geth - er, and the stars all dis - ap- pear, I ex-
3. O how sweet will be the mu - sic when, be- fore the blood-washed throng, I shall
pect to hear the Saviour call my name; For I'm trusting in the promis - es, his
pect to hear the Saviour call my name; He will disappoint me nev - er, and my
hear the blessed Saviour call my name; "Come, ye blessed," this his welcome, "to the
call my name;
word my con - stant stay, O I'm sure I'll hear the Sav - iour call my name.
soul shall know no fear, For I'm sure I'll hear the Sav - iour call my name.
home prepared for you;" I'll be glad to hear the Sav - iour call my name.
CHORUS.
rit.
Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I expect to hear the Saviour call my name;
call my name;
Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I ex- pect to hear the Saviour call my name.

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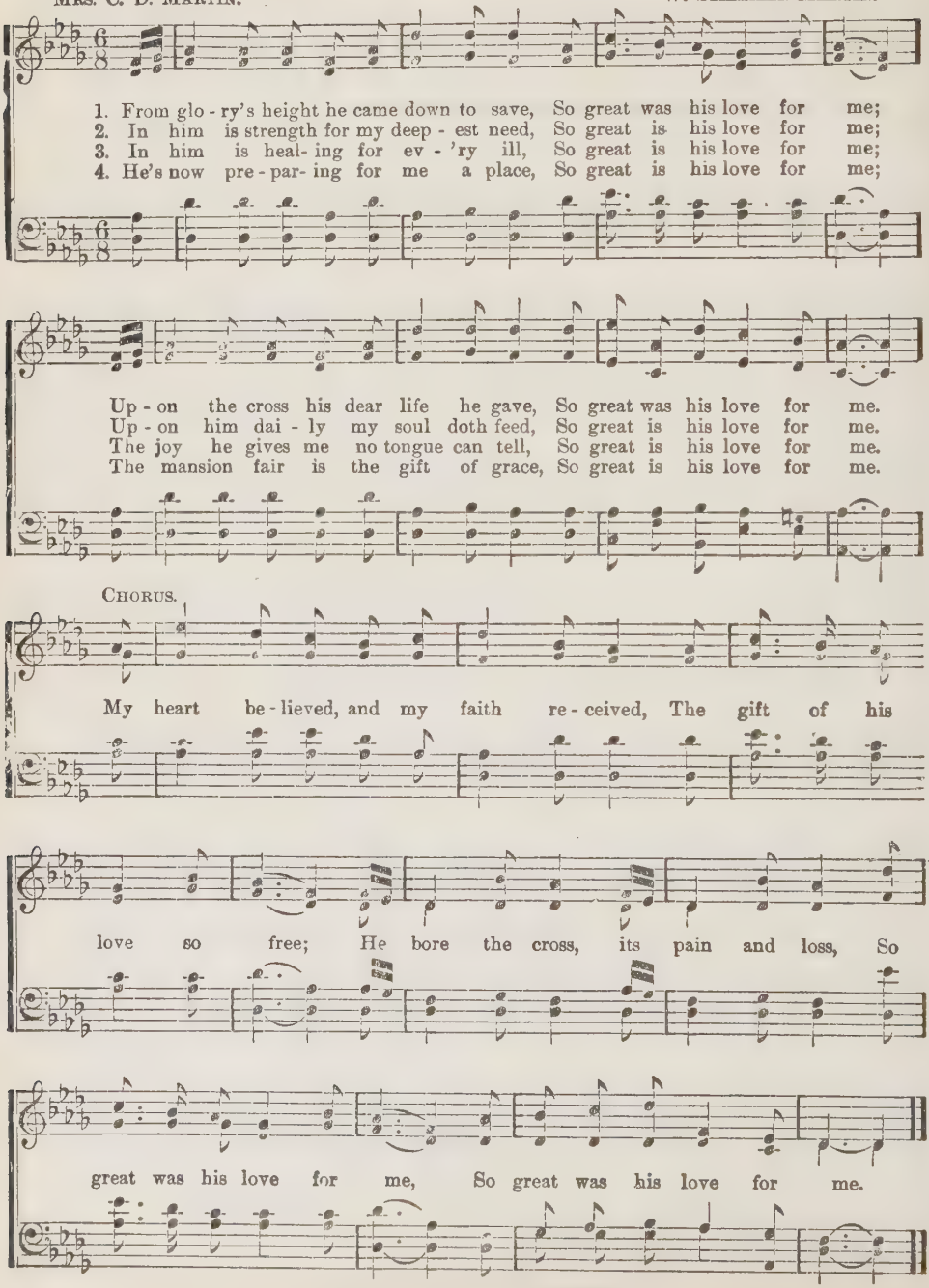
No. 253. So Great Was His Love for Me.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.


1. From glo - ry's height he came down to save, So great was his love for me;
2. In him is strength for my deep - est need, So great is his love for me;
3. In him is heal- ing for ev - 'ry ill, So great is his love for me;
4. He's now pre - par- ing for me a place, So great is his love for me;
Up - on the cross his dear life he gave, So great was his love for me.
Up - on him dai - ly my soul doth feed, So great is his love for me.
The joy he gives me no tongue can tell, So great is his love for me.
The mansion fair is the gift of grace, So great is his love for me.
CHORUS.
My heart be - lieved, and my faith re - ceived, The gift of his
love so free; He bore the cross, its pain and loss, So
great was his love for me, So great was his love for me.

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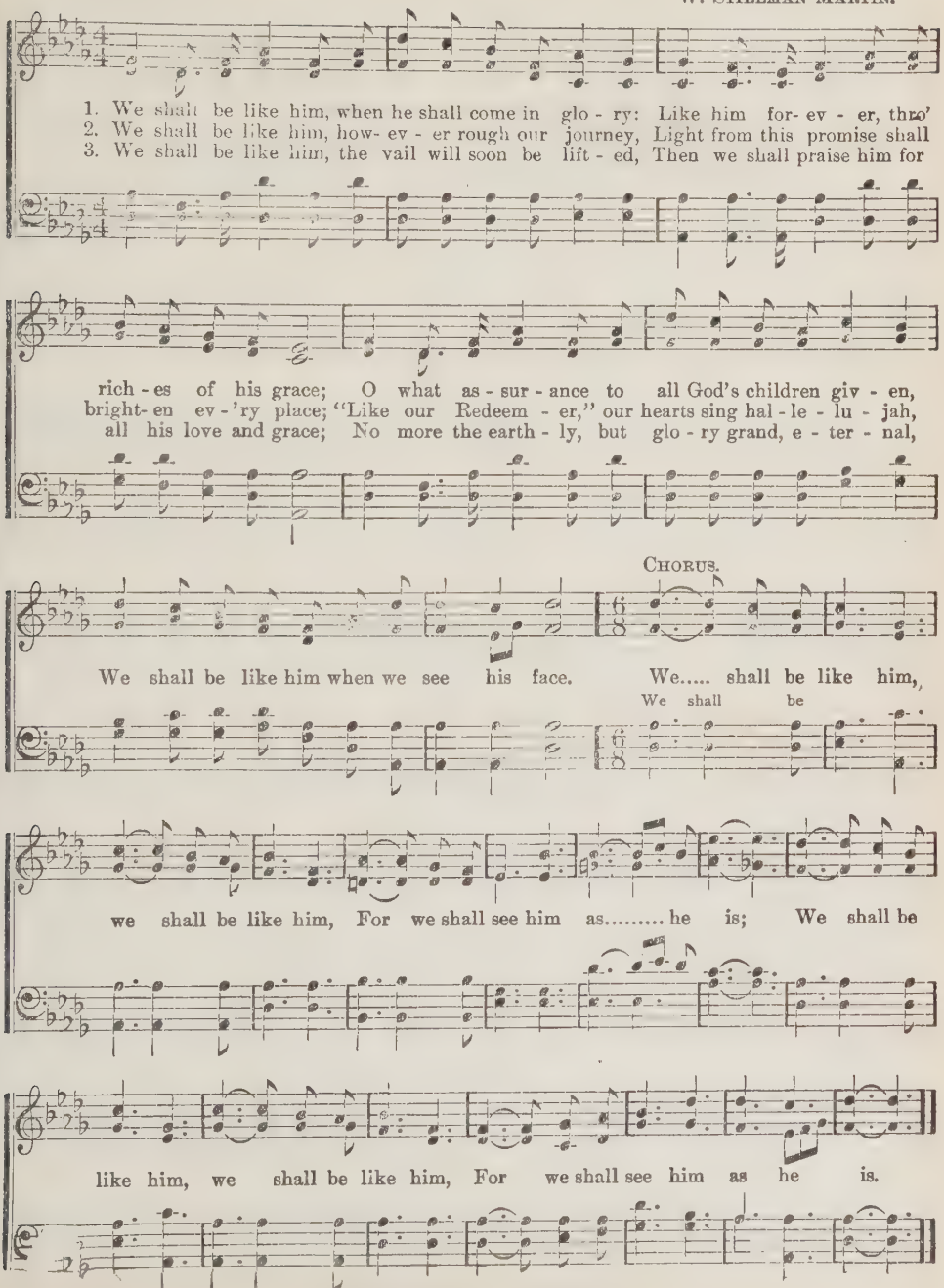
We Shall Be Like Him.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.


1. We shall be like him, when he shall come in glo - ry: Like him for- ev - er, thro'
2. We shall be like him, how- ev - er rough our journey, Light from this promise shall
3. We shall be like him, the vail will soon be lift - ed, Then we shall praise him for
rich - es of his grace; O what as - sur - ance to all God's children giv - en,
bright- en ev - 'ry place; "Like our Redeem - er," our hearts sing hal - le - lu - jah,
all his love and grace; No more the earth - ly, but glo - ry grand, e - ter - nal,
CHORUS.
We shall be like him when we see his face. We..... shall be like him,
We shall be
we shall be like him, For we shall see him as..... he is; We shall be
like him, we shall be like him, For we shall see him as he is.

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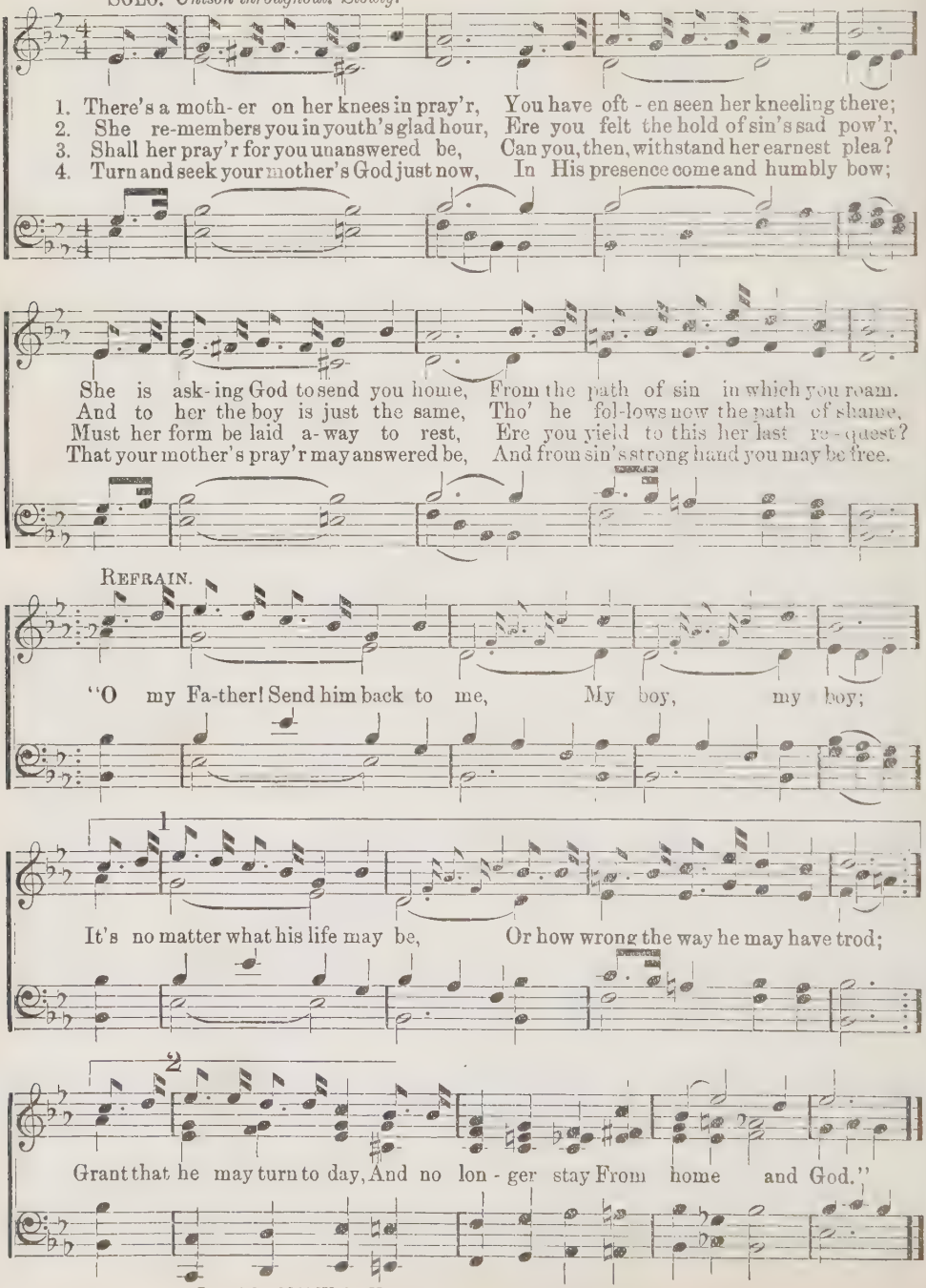
No. 255. A Mother's Prayer.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

Solo. *Unison throughout. Slowly.*


1. There's a moth- er on her knees in pray'r, You have oft - en seen her kneeling there;
2. She re-members you in youth's glad hour, Ere you felt the hold of sin's sad pow'r,
3. Shall her pray'r for you unanswered be, Can you, then, withstand her earnest plea?
4. Turn and seek your mother's God just now, In His presence come and humbly bow;
She is ask- ing God to send you home, From the path of sin in which you roam.
And to her the boy is just the same, Tho' he fol-lows now the path of shame,
Must her form be laid a- way to rest, Ere you yield to this her last re - quest?
That your mother's pray'r may answered be, And from sin's strong hand you may be free.
Refrain.
"O my Fa-ther! Send him back to me, My boy, my boy;
1
It's no matter what his life may be, Or how wrong the way he may have trod;
2
Grant that he may turn to day, And no lon - ger stay From home and God."

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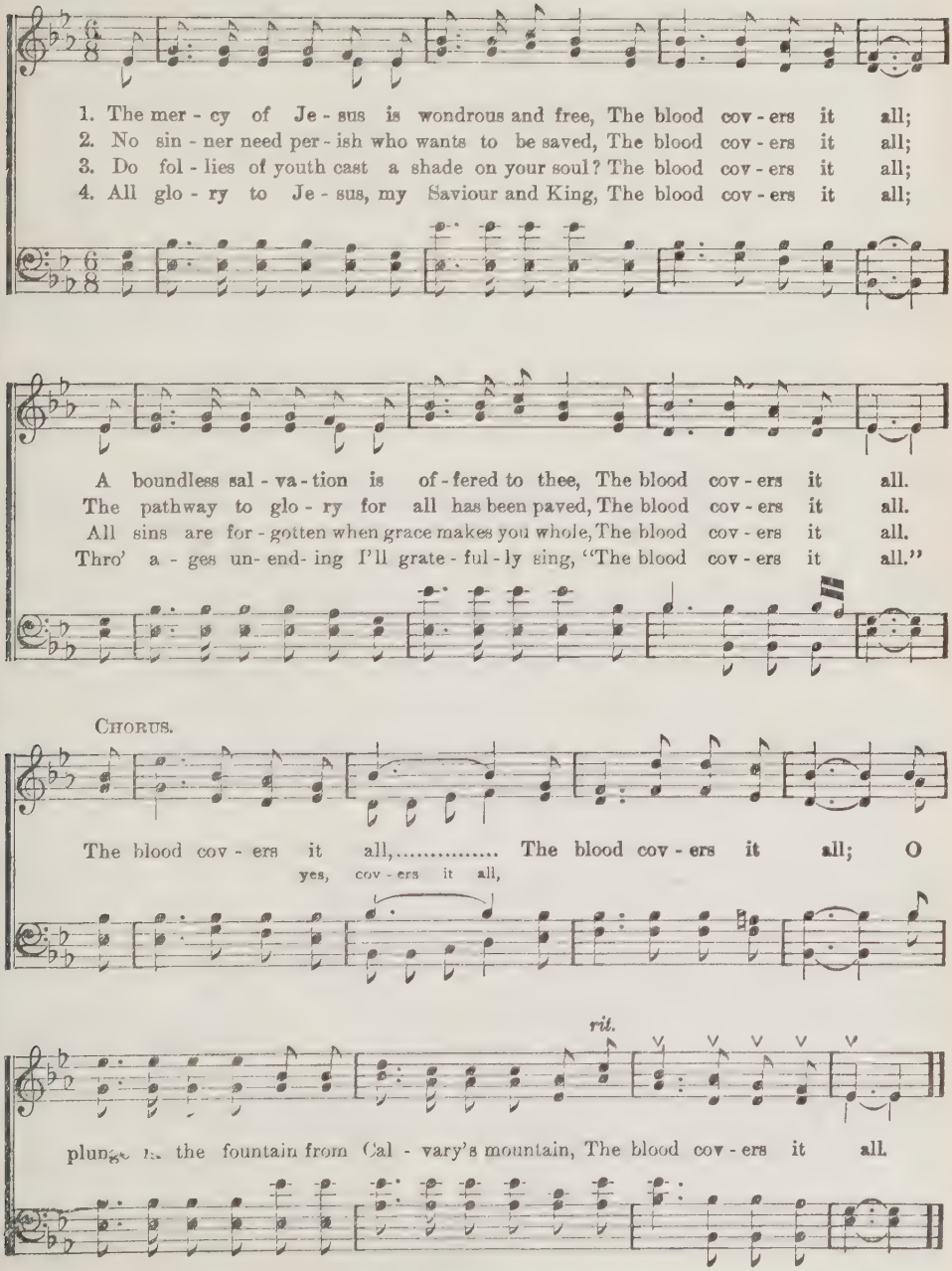
No. 256

The Blood Covers it All.

A. W. S.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER, D. D.


1. The mer - cy of Je - sus is wondrous and free, The blood cov - ers it all;
2. No sin - ner need per - ish who wants to be saved, The blood cov - ers it all;
3. Do fol - lies of youth cast a shade on your soul? The blood cov - ers it all;
4. All glo - ry to Je - sus, my Saviour and King, The blood cov - ers it all;
A boundless sal - va - tion is of - fered to thee, The blood cov - ers it all.
The pathway to glo - ry for all has been paved, The blood cov - ers it all.
All sins are for - gotten when grace makes you whole, The blood cov - ers it all.
Thro' a - ges un- end- ing I'll grate - ful - ly sing, "The blood cov - ers it all."
CHORUS.
The blood cov - ers it all, ... The blood cov - ers it all; O
yes, cov - ers it all,
rit.
plunge in the fountain from Cal - vary's mountain, The blood cov - ers it all.

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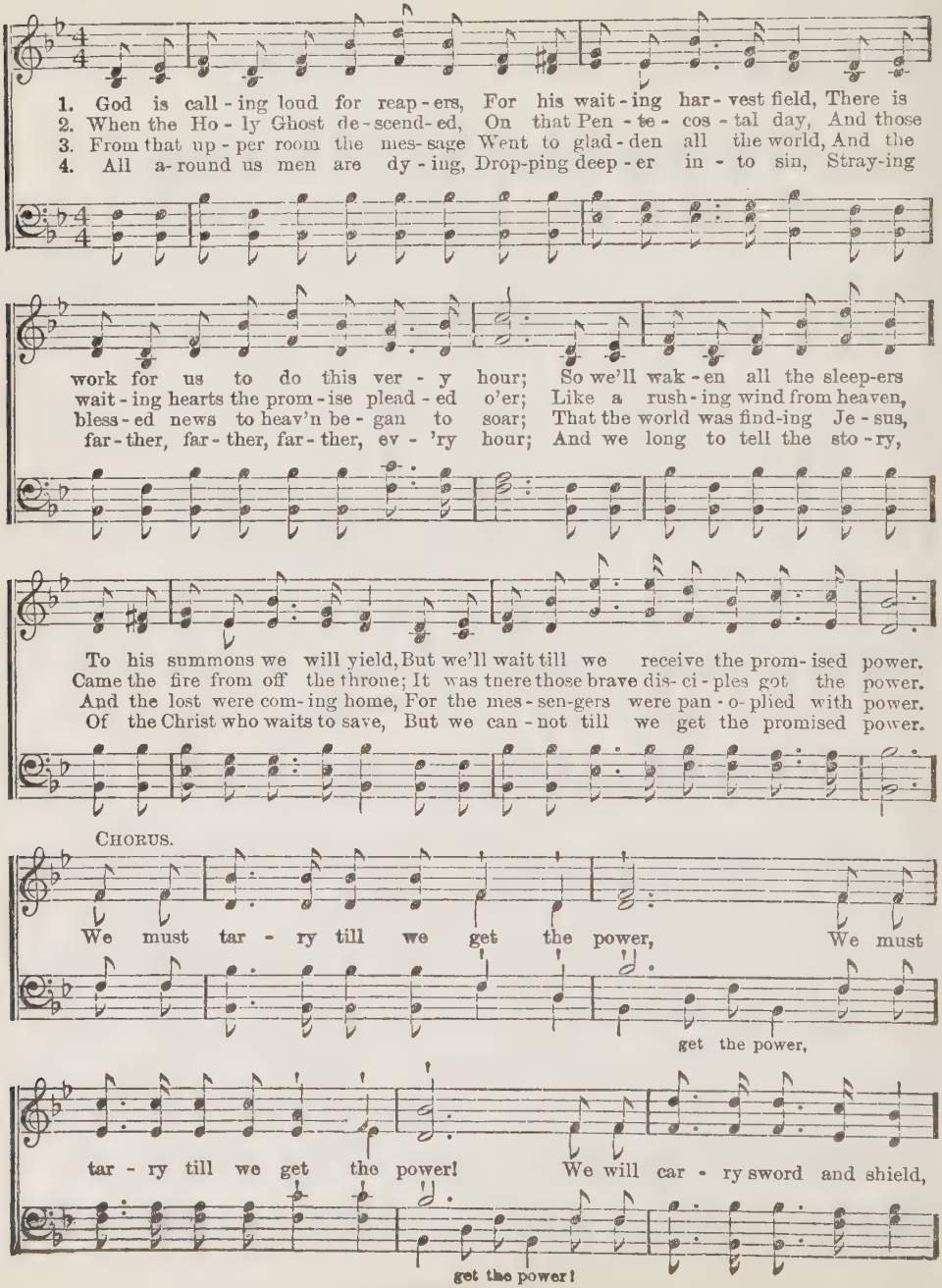
No. 257

Tarry Till You Get the Power.

A. W. S.

ARTHUR W. SPOONER, D. D.

1. God is call - ing loud for reap - ers, For his wait - ing har - vest field, There is
2. When the Ho - ly Ghost de - scend - ed, On that Pen - te - cos - tal day, And those
3. From that up - per room the mes - sage Went to glad - den all the world, And the
4. All a - round us men are dy - ing, Drop - ping deep - er in - to sin, Stray - ing
work for us to do this ver - y hour; So we'll wak - en all the sleep - ers
wait - ing hearts the prom - ise plead - ed o'er; Like a rush - ing wind from heaven,
bless - ed news to heav'n be - gan to soar; That the world was find - ing Je - sus,
far - ther, far - ther, far - ther, ev - 'ry hour; And we long to tell the sto - ry,
To his summons we will yield, But we'll wait till we receive the prom - ised power.
Came the fire from off the throne; It was there those brave dis - ci - ples got the power.
And the lost were com - ing home, For the mes - sen - gers were pan - o - plied with power.
Of the Christ who waits to save, But we can - not till we get the promised power.
CHORUS.
We must tar - ry till we get the power, We must
get the power,
tar - ry till we get the power! We will car - ry sword and shield,
get the power!

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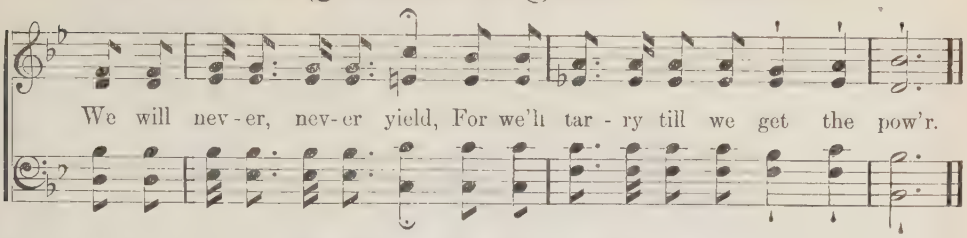
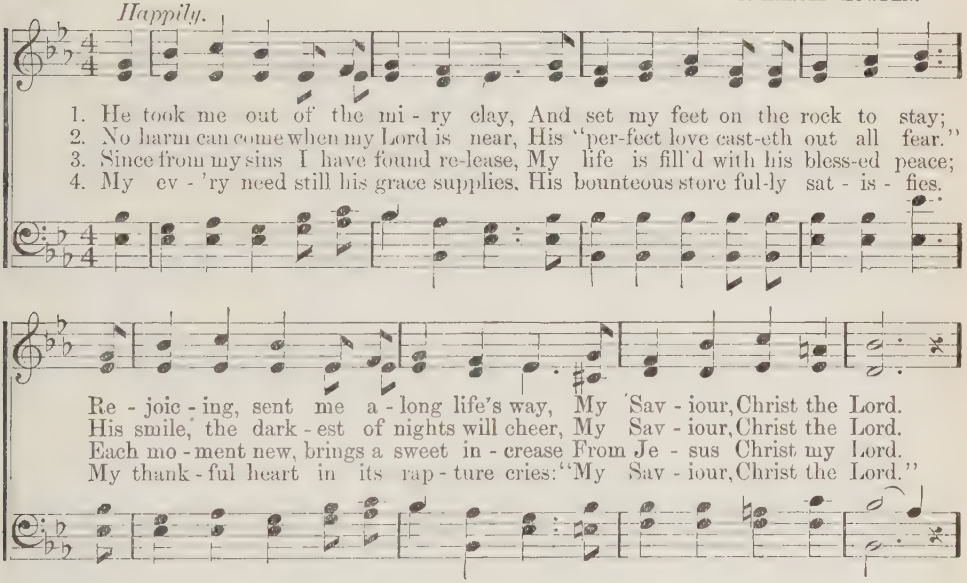

No. 258. O How I Love Him.

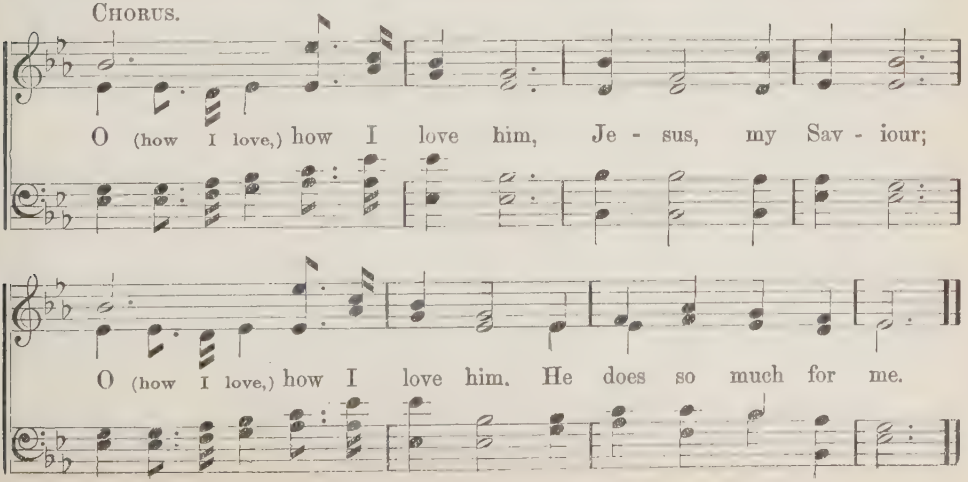
C. H. L.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

Happily.


1. He took me out of the mi-ry clay, And set my feet on the rock to stay;
2. No harm can come when my Lord is near, His "per-fect love cast-eth out all fear."
3. Since from my sins I have found re-lease, My life is fill'd with his bless-ed peace;
4. My ev-'ry need still his grace supplies, His bounteous store ful-ly sat-is-fies.
Re-joic-ing, sent me a-long life's way, My Sav-iour, Christ the Lord.
His smile, the dark-est of nights will cheer, My Sav-iour, Christ the Lord.
Each mo-ment new, brings a sweet in-crease From Je-sus Christ my Lord.
My thank-ful heart in its rap-ture cries: "My Sav-iour, Christ the Lord."

CHORUS.



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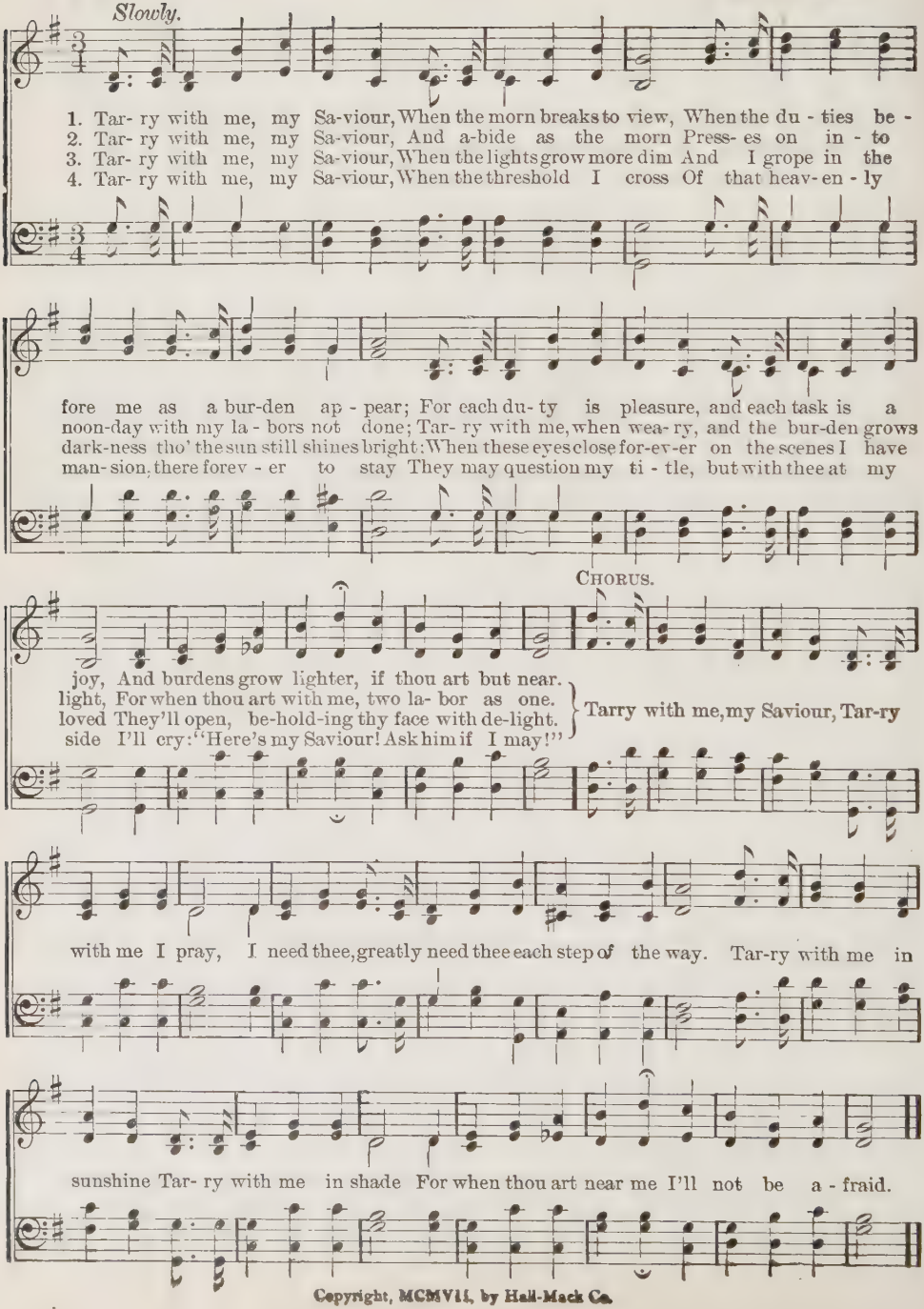
No. 259.

Tarry With Me.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

Slowly.


1. Tar- ry with me, my Sa-viour, When the morn breaks to view, When the du - ties be -
2. Tar- ry with me, my Sa-viour, And a-bide as the morn Press- es on in - to
3. Tar- ry with me, my Sa-viour, When the lights grow more dim And I grope in the
4. Tar- ry with me, my Sa-viour, When the threshold I cross Of that heav- en - ly
fore me as a bur-den ap - pear; For each du- ty is pleasure, and each task is a
noon-day with my la - bors not done; Tar- ry with me, when wea- ry, and the bur-den grows
dark-ness tho' the sun still shines bright: When these eyes close for-ev-er on the scenes I have
man- sion, there forev - er to stay They may question my ti - tle, but with thee at my
CHORUS.
joy, And burdens grow lighter, if thou art but near.
light, For when thou art with me, two la- bor as one.
loved They'll open, be-hold-ing thy face with de-light.
side I'll cry: "Here's my Saviour! Ask him if I may!"
Tarry with me, my Saviour, Tar-ry
with me I pray, I need thee, greatly need thee each step of the way. Tar-ry with me in
sunshine Tar- ry with me in shade For when thou art near me I'll not be a - fraid.

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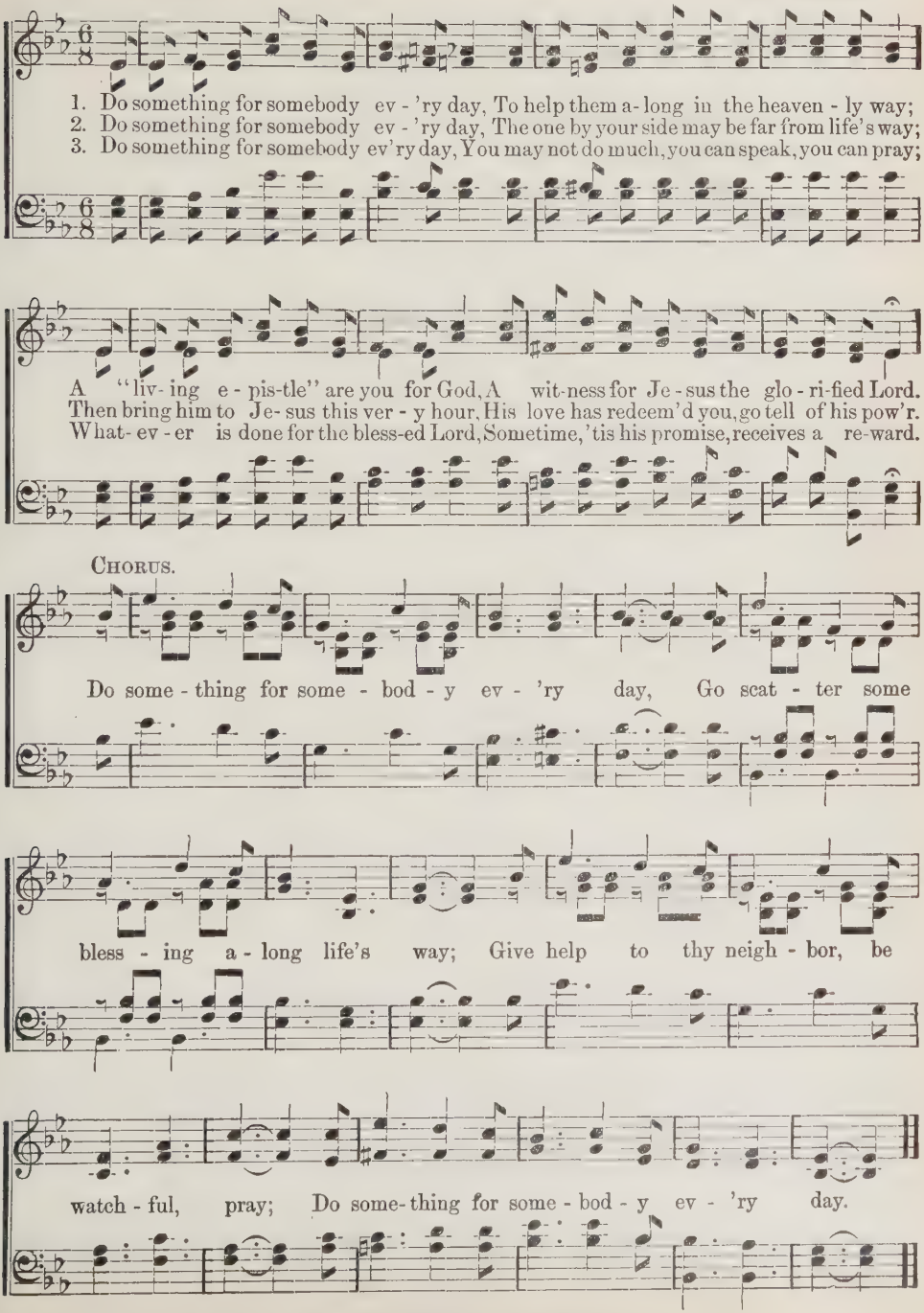
No. 260. Do Something for Somebody.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.


1. Do something for somebody ev - 'ry day, To help them a- long in the heaven - ly way;
2. Do something for somebody ev - 'ry day, The one by your side may be far from life's way;
3. Do something for somebody ev'ry day, You may not do much, you can speak, you can pray;
A "liv- ing e - pis-tle" are you for God, A wit-ness for Je - sus the glo - ri-fied Lord.
Then bring him to Je- sus this ver - y hour, His love has redeem'd you, go tell of his pow'r.
What- ev - er is done for the bless-ed Lord, Sometime, 'tis his promise, receives a re-ward.
CHORUS.
Do some - thing for some - bod - y ev - 'ry day, Go scat - ter some
bless - ing a - long life's way; Give help to thy neigh - bor, be
watch - ful, pray; Do some-thing for some - bod - y ev - 'ry day.

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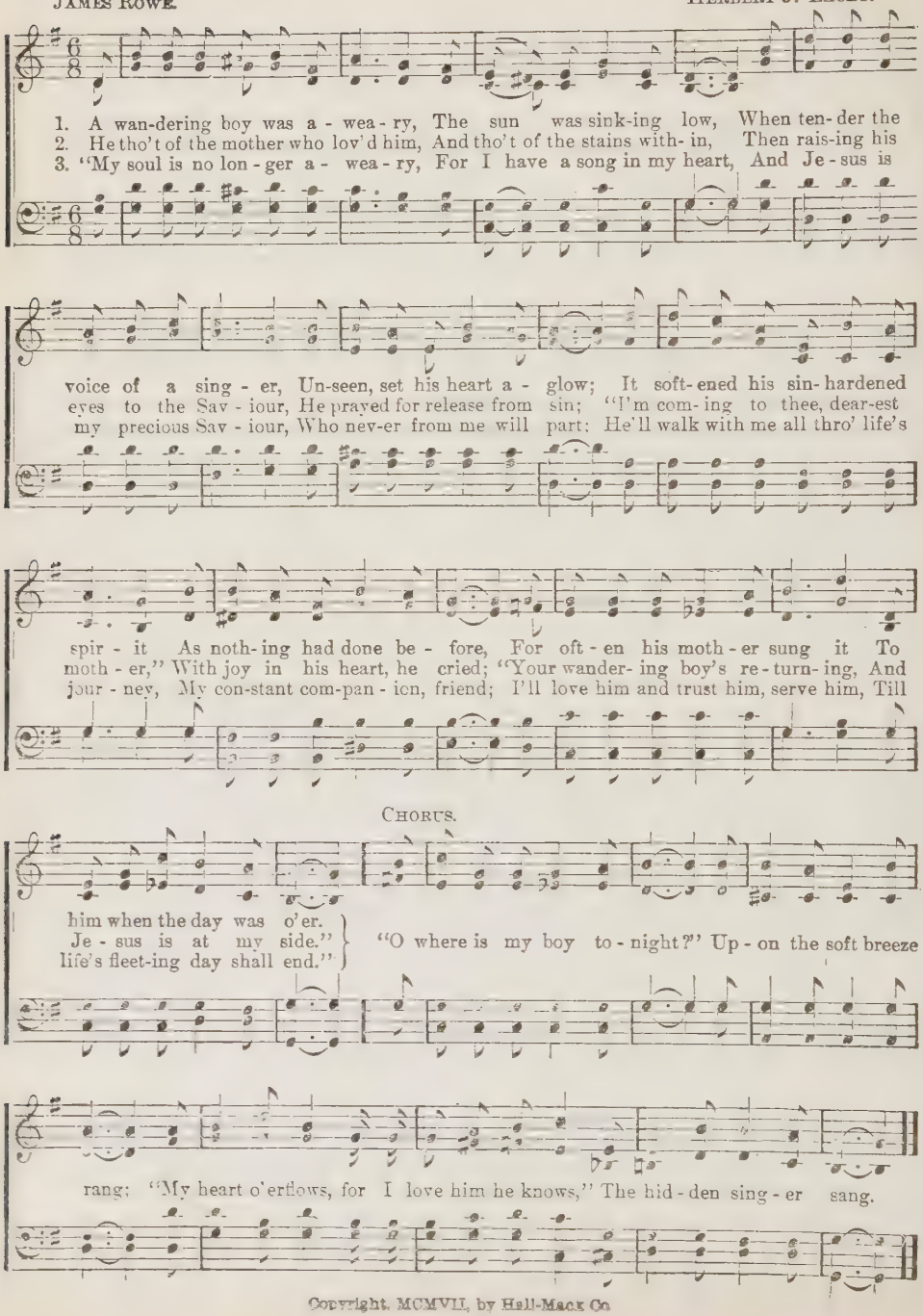
No. 261.

The Old Song.

JAMES ROWE. HERBERT J. LACEY.


1. A wan-dering boy was a - wea - ry, The sun was sink-ing low, When ten-der the
2. He tho't of the mother who lov'd him, And tho't of the stains with- in, Then rais-ing his
3. "My soul is no lon - ger a - wea - ry, For I have a song in my heart, And Je - sus is
voice of a sing - er, Un-seen, set his heart a - glow; It soft-ened his sin-hardened
eyes to the Sav - iour, He prayed for release from sin; "I'm com-ing to thee, dear-est
my precious Sav - iour, Who nev-er from me will part: He'll walk with me all thro' life's
spir - it As noth-ing had done be - fore, For oft - en his moth - er sung it To
moth - er," With joy in his heart, he cried; "Your wander- ing boy's re - turn- ing, And
jour - ney, My con-stant com-pan - ion, friend; I'll love him and trust him, serve him, Till
CHORUS.
him when the day was o'er.
Je - sus is at my side."
life's fleet-ing day shall end."
"O where is my boy to - night?" Up - on the soft breeze
rang: "My heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows," The hid - den sing - er sang.

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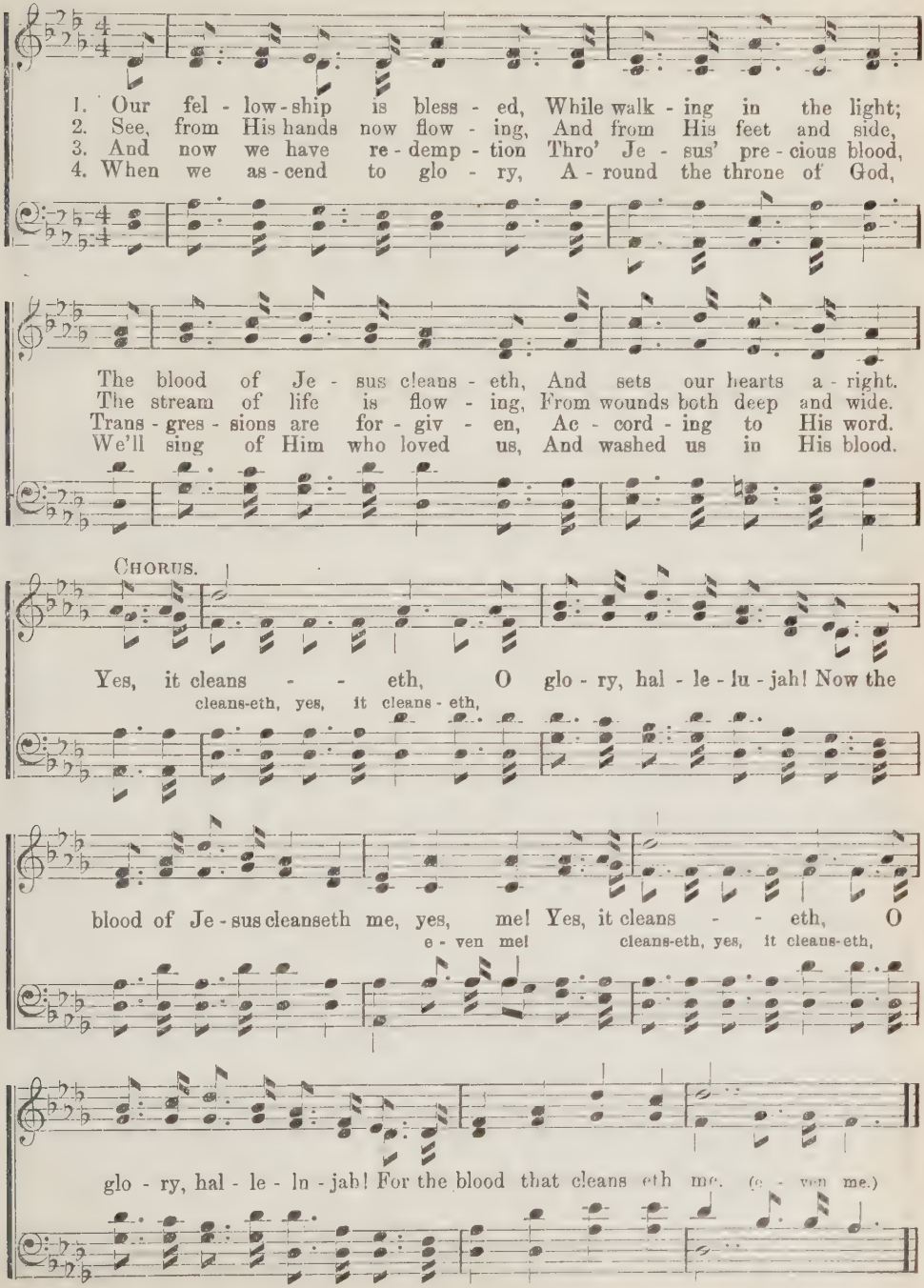
No. 262. It Cleanseth.

R v. W. H. VANDERHERCHEN. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. Our fel - low-ship is bless - ed, While walk - ing in the light;
2. See, from His hands now flow - ing, And from His feet and side,
3. And now we have re-demp - tion Thro' Je - sus' pre - cious blood,
4. When we as-cend to glo - ry, A - round the throne of God,
The blood of Je - sus cleans - eth, And sets our hearts a - right.
The stream of life is flow - ing, From wounds both deep and wide.
Trans - gres - sions are for - giv - en, Ac - cord - ing to His word.
We'll sing of Him who loved us, And washed us in His blood.
CHORUS.
Yes, it cleans - - eth, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Now the
cleans-eth, yes, it cleans - eth,
blood of Je - sus cleanseth me, yes, me! Yes, it cleans - - eth, O
e - ven me! cleans-eth, yes, it cleans-eth,
glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! For the blood that cleans eth me. (e - ven me.)

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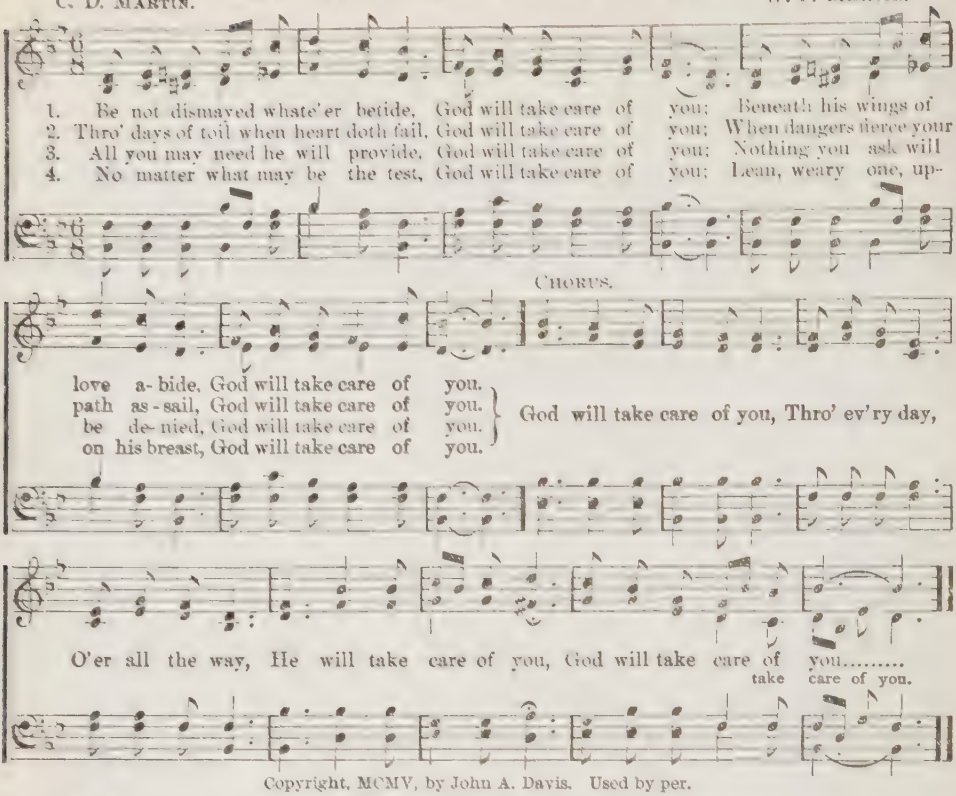
No 263.

God Will Take Care of You.

C. D. MARTIN. W. S. MARTIN.


1. Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you; Beneath his wings of
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you; When dangers fierce your
3. All you may need he will provide, God will take care of you; Nothing you ask will
4. No matter what may be the test, God will take care of you; Lean, weary one, up-
CHORUS.
love a-bide, God will take care of you.
path as-sail, God will take care of you.
be de-nied, God will take care of you.
on his breast, God will take care of you.
God will take care of you, Thro' ev'ry day,
O'er all the way, He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
take care of you.

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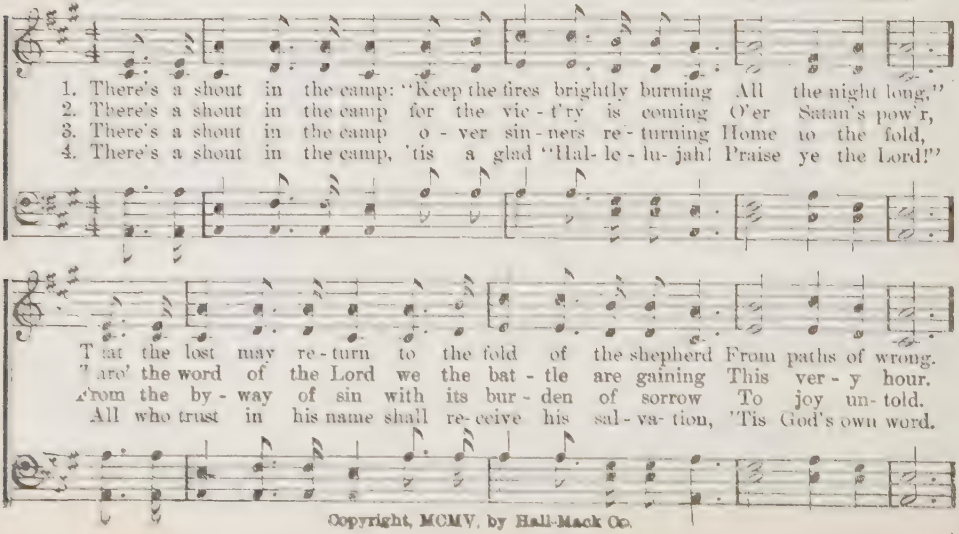
No. 264.

There's a Shout in the Camp.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. There's a shout in the camp: "Keep the fires brightly burning All the night long,"
2. There's a shout in the camp for the vic-t'ry is coming O'er Satan's pow'r,
3. There's a shout in the camp o-ver sin-ners re-turning Home to the fold,
4. There's a shout in the camp, 'tis a glad "Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord!"
That the lost may re-turn to the fold of the shepherd From paths of wrong.
'Tis' the word of the Lord we the bat-tle are gaining This ver-y hour.
From the by-way of sin with its bur-den of sorrow To joy un-told.
All who trust in his name shall re-ceive his sal-va-tion, 'Tis God's own word.

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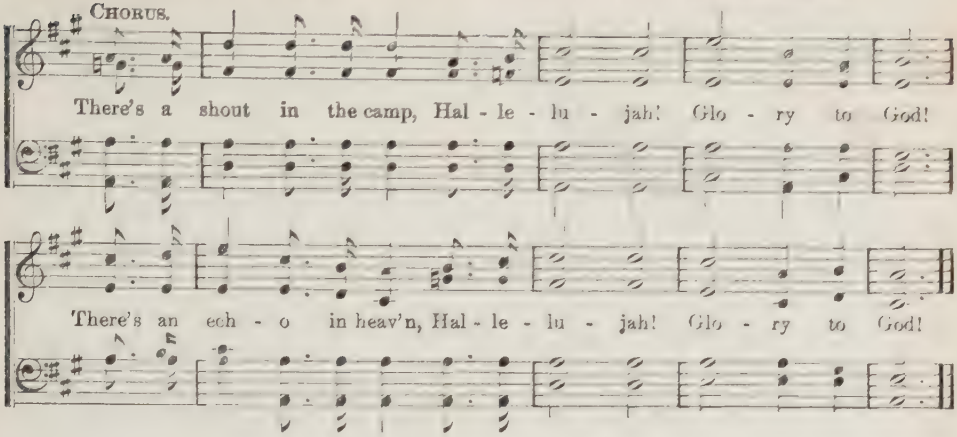
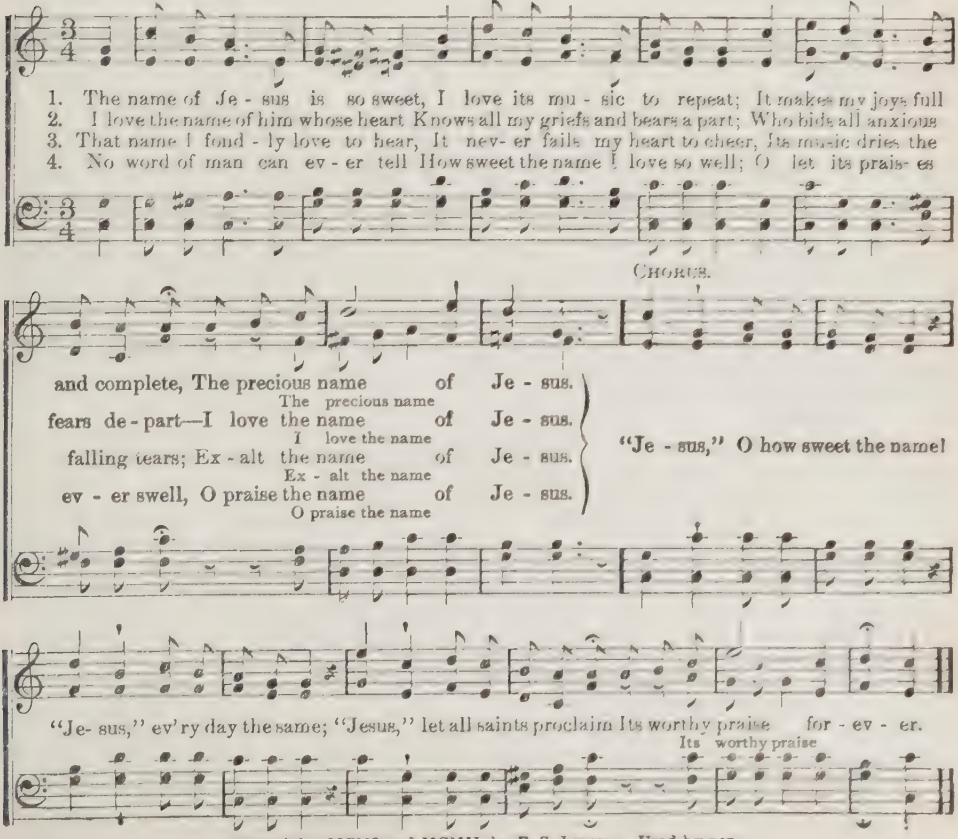
There's a Shout in the Camp.—Concluded.



No. 265. The Name of Jesus.

Rev. W. C. Martin. E. S. Lorenz.


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to repeat; It makes my joys full
2. I love the name of him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part; Who bids all anxious
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev- er fails my heart to cheer, Its mu-sic dries the
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well; O let its prais- es
Chorus.
and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
The precious name
fears de - part—I love the name of Je - sus.
I love the name
falling tears; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
Ex - alt the name
ev - er swell, O praise the name of Je - sus.
O praise the name
"Je - sus," O how sweet the name!
"Je- sus," ev'ry day the same; "Jesus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise for - ev - er.
Its worthy praise

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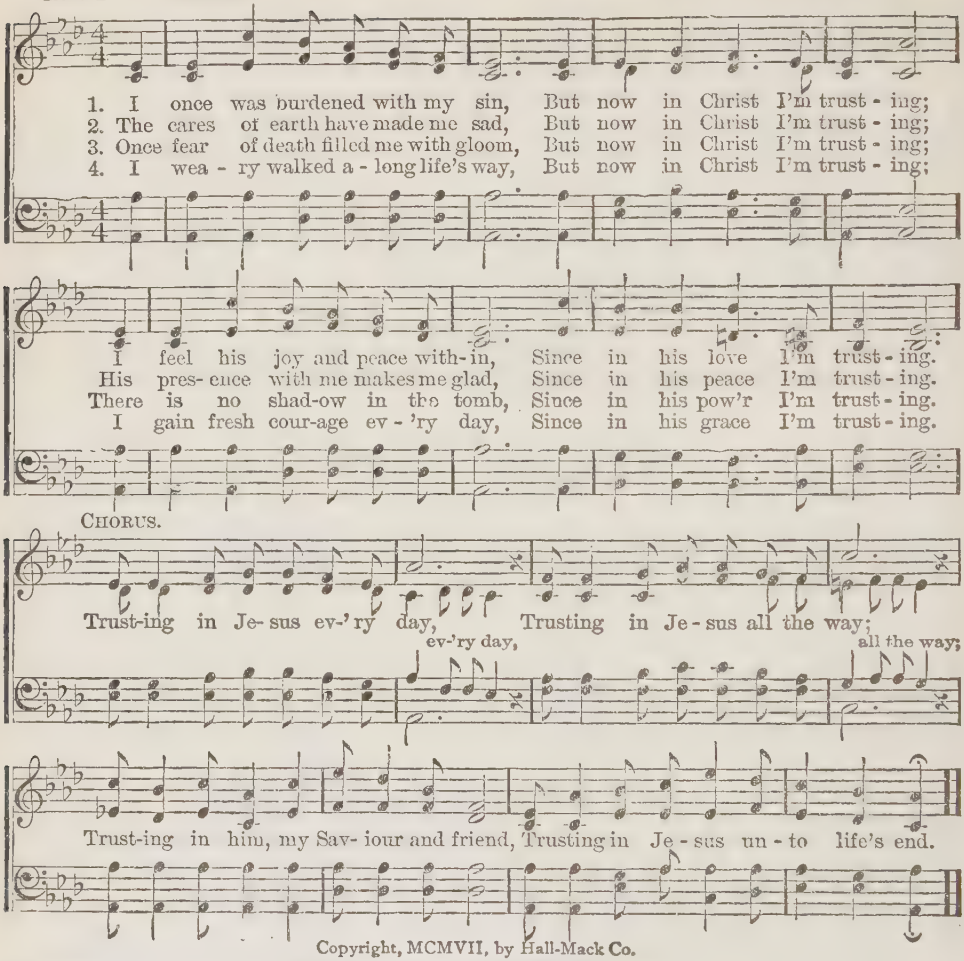
No. 266 Trusting in Jesus.

Rev. T. M. EASTWOOD. MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

1. I once was burdened with my sin, But now in Christ I'm trust - ing;
2. The cares of earth have made me sad, But now in Christ I'm trust - ing;
3. Once fear of death filled me with gloom, But now in Christ I'm trust - ing;
4. I wea - ry walked a - long life's way, But now in Christ I'm trust - ing;
I feel his joy and peace with-in, Since in his love I'm trust - ing.
His pres- ence with me makes me glad, Since in his peace I'm trust - ing.
There is no shad-ow in the tomb, Since in his pow'r I'm trust - ing.
I gain fresh cour-age ev - 'ry day, Since in his grace I'm trust - ing.
CHORUS.
Trust-ing in Je- sus ev-'ry day, Trusting in Je - sus all the way;
ev-'ry day,
all the way;
Trust-ing in him, my Sav- iour and friend, Trusting in Je - sus un - to life's end.

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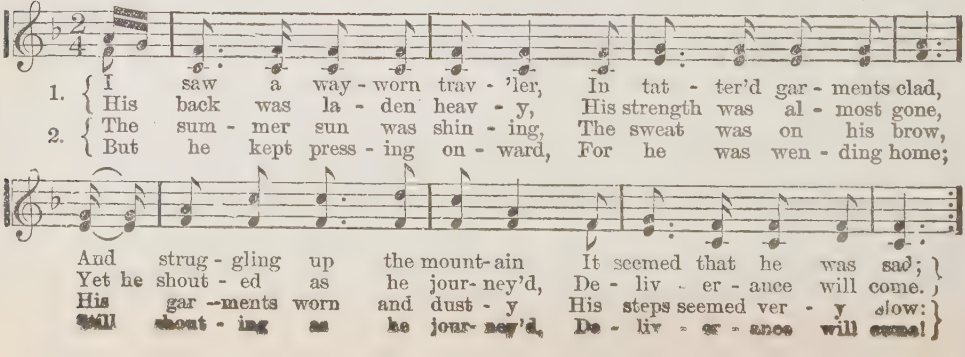
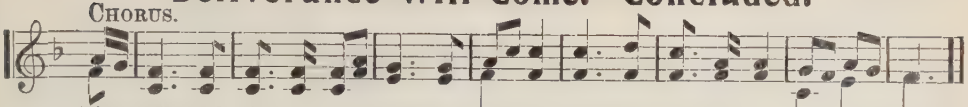
No. 267 Deliverance Will Come.

Words arr. Arr. by Rev. W. M'DONALD, by per.


1. I saw a way - worn trav - 'ler, In tat - ter'd gar - ments clad,
His back was la - den heav - y, His strength was al - most gone,
2. The sum - mer sun was shin - ing, The sweat was on his brow,
But he kept press - ing on - ward, For he was wen - ding home;
And strug - gling up the mount-ain It seemed that he was sad;
Yet he shout - ed as he jour- ney'd, De - liv - er - ance will come.
His gar --ments worn and dust - y His steps seemed ver - y slow:
Still shout - ing as he jour- ney'd, De - liv - er - ance will come!

Deliverance Will Come.—Concluded.



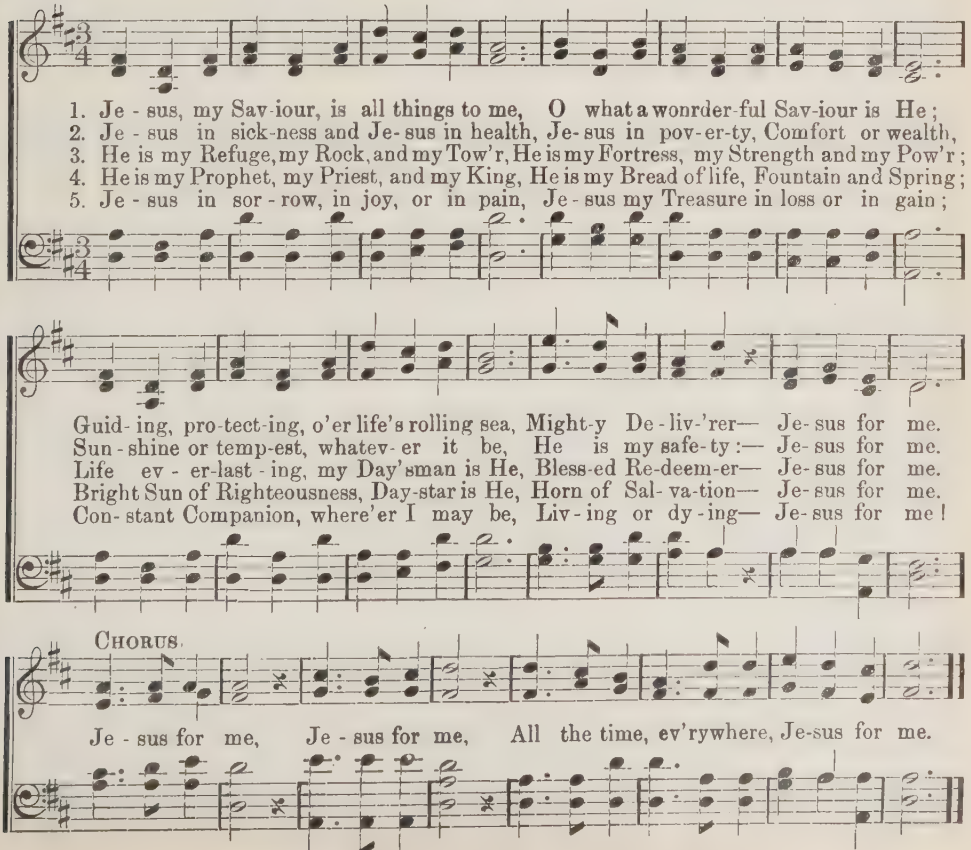
3 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna!
Deliverance will come!

4 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God;
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come!

5 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer never more:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna!
Deliverance has come!

No. 268. Jesus for Me.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, is all things to me, O what a wonder-ful Sav-iour is He;
2. Je - sus in sick-ness and Je-sus in health, Je-sus in pov-er-ty, Comfort or wealth,
3. He is my Refuge, my Rock, and my Tow'r, He is my Fortress, my Strength and my Pow'r;
4. He is my Prophet, my Priest, and my King, He is my Bread of life, Fountain and Spring;
5. Je - sus in sor - row, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus my Treasure in loss or in gain;
Guid- ing, pro-tect-ing, o'er life's rolling sea, Might-y De - liv-'rer— Je - sus for me.
Sun - shine or temp-est, whatev - er it be, He is my safe-ty:— Je - sus for me.
Life ev - er-last - ing, my Day'sman is He, Bless-ed Re-deem-er— Je - sus for me.
Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day-star is He, Horn of Sal - va-tion— Je - sus for me.
Con - stant Companion, where'er I may be, Liv - ing or dy - ing— Je - sus for me!
Chorus.
Je - sus for me, Je - sus for me, All the time, ev'rywhere, Je-sus for me.

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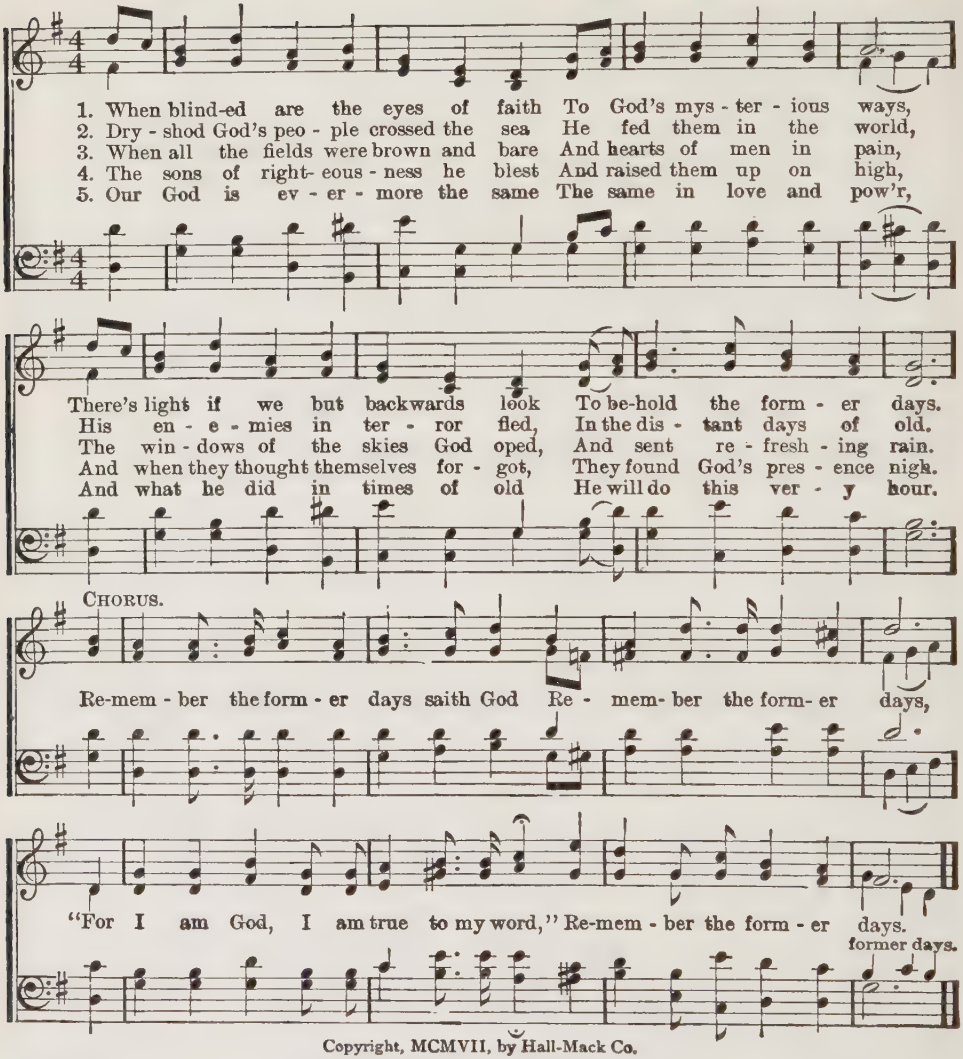
No. 269 The Former Days.

T. M. EASTWOOD. MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

1. When blind-ed are the eyes of faith To God's mys - ter - ious ways,
2. Dry - shod God's peo - ple crossed the sea He fed them in the world,
3. When all the fields were brown and bare And hearts of men in pain,
4. The sons of right- eous - ness he blest And raised them up on high,
5. Our God is ev - er - more the same The same in love and pow'r,
There's light if we but backwards look To be-hold the form - er days.
His en - e - mies in ter - ror fled, In the dis - tant days of old.
The win - dows of the skies God oped, And sent re - fresh - ing rain.
And when they thought themselves for - got, They found God's pres - ence nigh.
And what he did in times of old He will do this ver - y hour.
CHORUS.
Re-mem - ber the form - er days saith God Re - mem- ber the form- er days,
"For I am God, I am true to my word," Re-mem - ber the form - er days.
former days.

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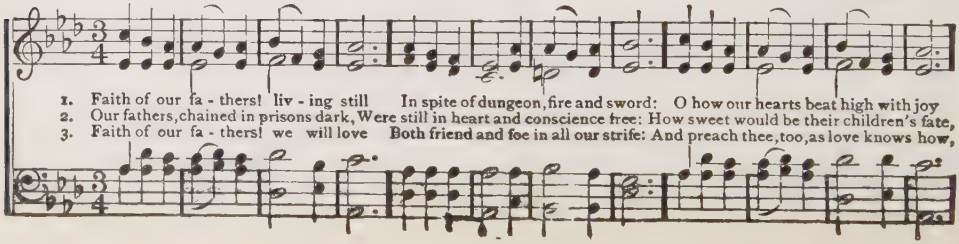
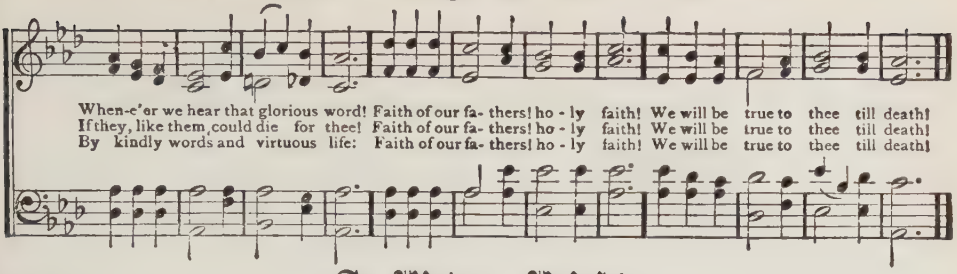
No. 270 Faith of Our Fathers.

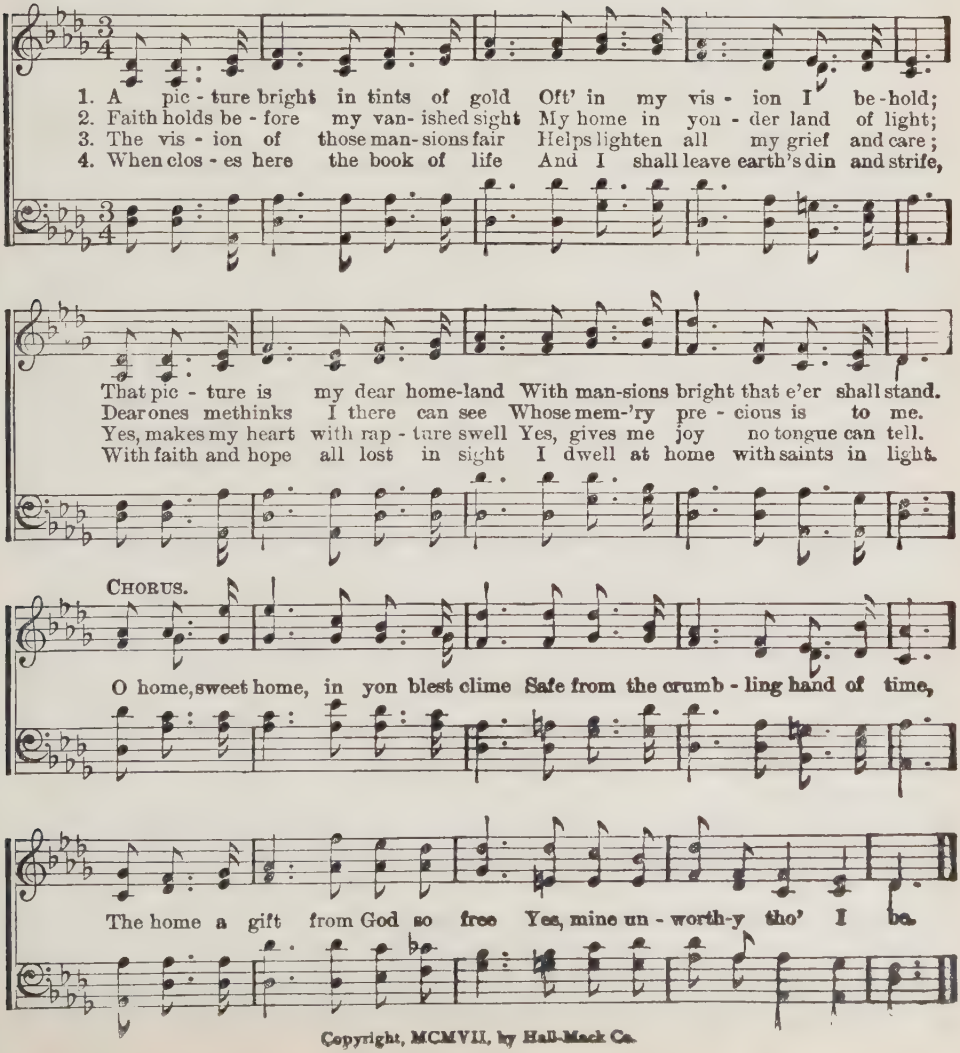
FREDERICK W FABER. (ST. CATHERINE.) J. G. WALTON.


1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword: O how our hearts beat high with joy
2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free: How sweet would be their children's fate,
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife: And preach thee, too, as love knows how,


When-e'er we hear that glorious word! Faith of our fa- thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
If they, like them, could die for thee! Faith of our fa- thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
By kindly words and virtuous life: Faith of our fa- thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

No. 271.

A Picture Bright.

CHAS. J. BUTLER. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. A pic - ture bright in tints of gold Oft' in my vis - ion I be-hold;
2. Faith holds be - fore my van- ished sight My home in yon - der land of light;
3. The vis - ion of those man- sions fair Helps lighten all my grief and care;
4. When clos - es here the book of life And I shall leave earth's din and strife,
That pic - ture is my dear home-land With man-sions bright that e'er shall stand.
Dear ones methinks I there can see Whose mem-'ry pre - cious is to me.
Yes, makes my heart with rap - ture swell Yes, gives me joy no tongue can tell.
With faith and hope all lost in sight I dwell at home with saints in light.
CHORUS.
O home, sweet home, in yon blest clime Safe from the crumb - ling hand of time,
The home a gift from God so free Yes, mine un - worth-y tho' I be.

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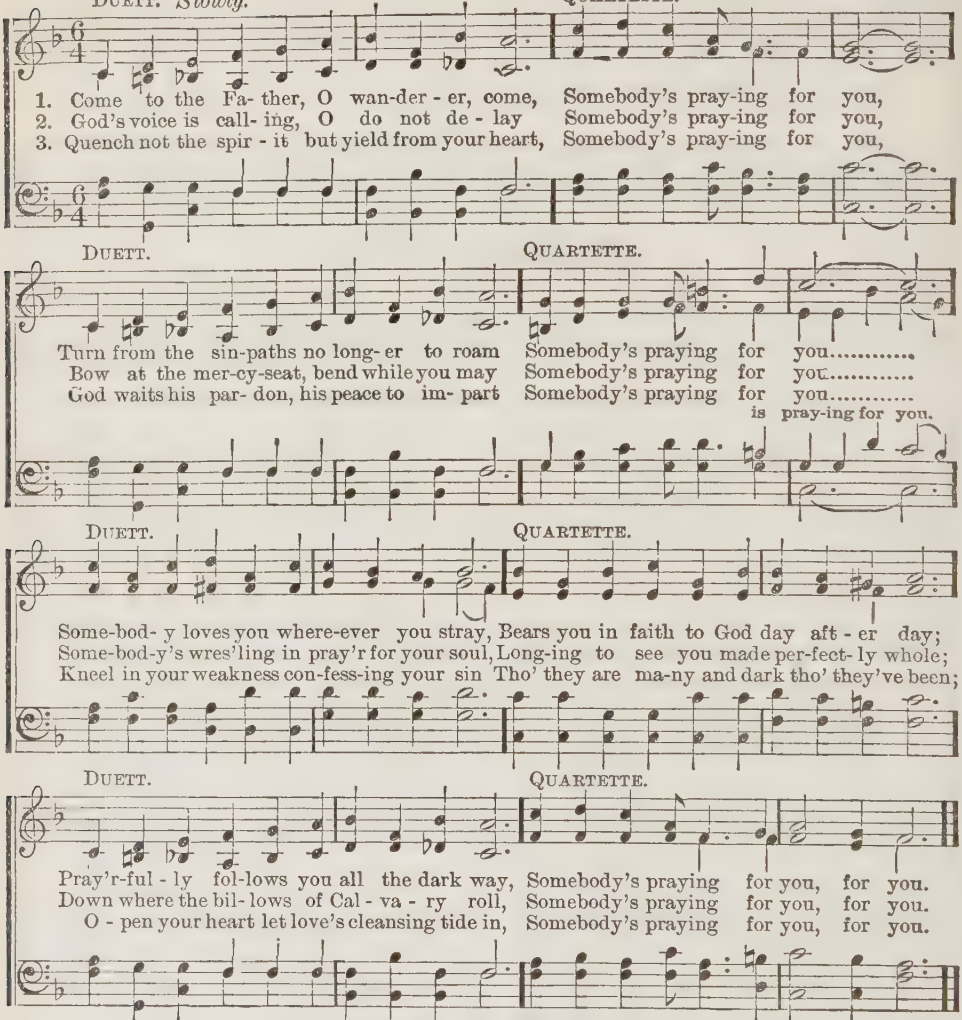
No. 272 Somebody's Praying For You.

IDA L. REED. C. AUSTIN MILES.


DUETT. Slowly.
QUARTETTE.
1. Come to the Fa- ther, O wan-der - er, come, Somebody's pray-ing for you,
2. God's voice is call- ing, O do not de - lay Somebody's pray-ing for you,
3. Quench not the spir - it but yield from your heart, Somebody's pray-ing for you,
DUETT.
QUARTETTE.
Turn from the sin-paths no long- er to roam Somebody's praying for you.....
Bow at the mer-cy-seat, bend while you may Somebody's praying for you.....
God waits his par- don, his peace to im- part Somebody's praying for you.....
is pray-ing for you.
DUETT.
QUARTETTE.
Some-bod- y loves you where-ever you stray, Bears you in faith to God day aft - er day;
Some-bod-y's wres'ling in pray'r for your soul, Long-ing to see you made per-fect- ly whole;
Kneel in your weakness con-fess-ing your sin Tho' they are ma-ny and dark tho' they've been;
DUETT.
QUARTETTE.
Pray'r-ful - ly fol-lows you all the dark way, Somebody's praying for you, for you.
Down where the bil- lows of Cal - va - ry roll, Somebody's praying for you, for you.
O - pen your heart let love's cleansing tide in, Somebody's praying for you, for you.

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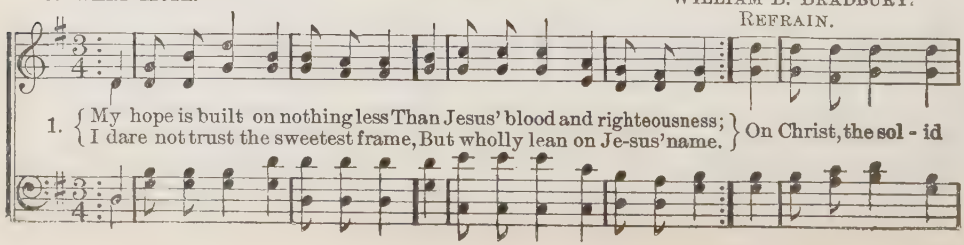
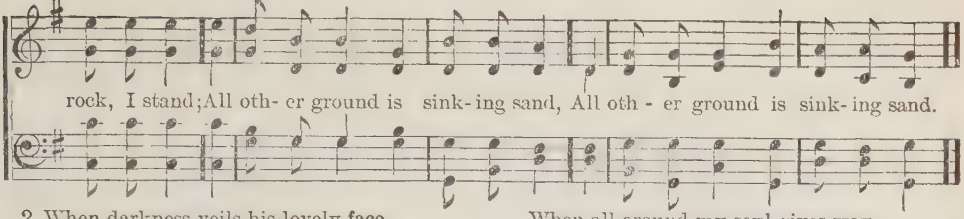
No. 273 The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.


REFRAIN.
1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.
On Christ, the sol - id

The Solid Rock.—Concluded.

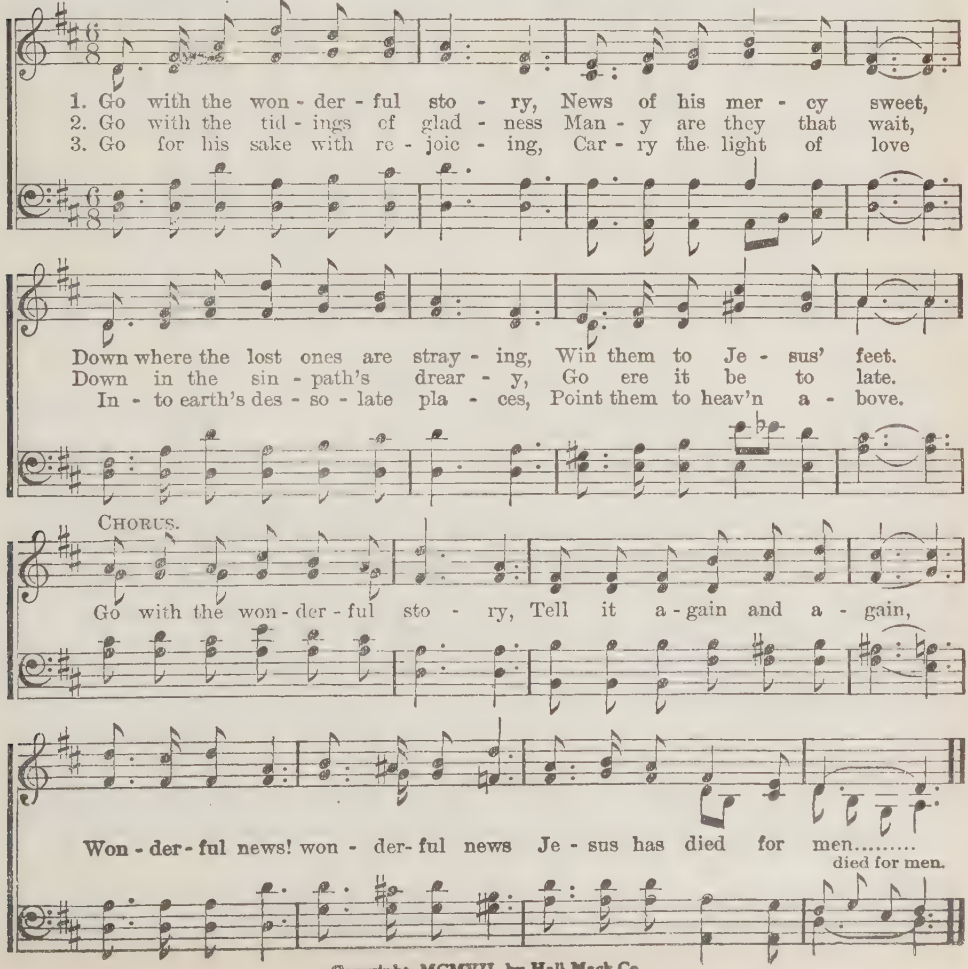


2 When darkness veils his lovely face
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, his convenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When he shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in him be found;
Dressed in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

No. 274 Go With the Wonderful Story.

IDA L. REED. MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

1. Go with the won - der - ful sto - ry, News of his mer - cy sweet,
2. Go with the tid - ings of glad - ness Man - y are they that wait,
3. Go for his sake with re - joic - ing, Car - ry the light of love
Down where the lost ones are stray - ing, Win them to Je - sus' feet.
Down in the sin - path's drear - y, Go ere it be to late.
In - to earth's des - so - late pla - ces, Point them to heav'n a - bove.
CHORUS.
Go with the won - der - ful sto - ry, Tell it a - gain and a - gain,
Won - der - ful news! won - der- ful news Je - sus has died for men.....
died for men.

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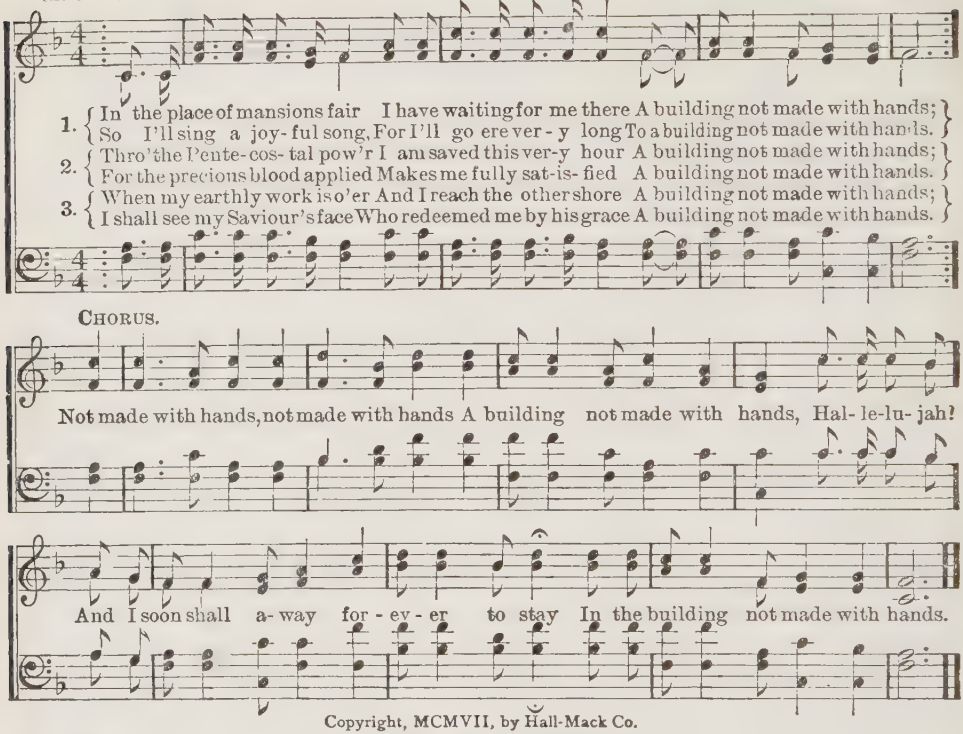
No. 275

A Building Not Made With Hands.

H. J. L.

HERBERT J. LACEY.


1. In the place of mansions fair I have waiting for me there A building not made with hands;
So I'll sing a joy-ful song, For I'll go ere ver-y long To a building not made with hands.
2. Thro' the Pente-cos-tal pow'r I am saved this ver-y hour A building not made with hands;
For the precious blood applied Makes me fully sat-is-fied A building not made with hands.
3. When my earthly work is o'er And I reach the other shore A building not made with hands;
I shall see my Saviour's face Who redeemed me by his grace A building not made with hands.
CHORUS.
Not made with hands, not made with hands A building not made with hands, Hal-le-lu-jah!
And I soon shall a-way for-ev-er to stay In the building not made with hands.

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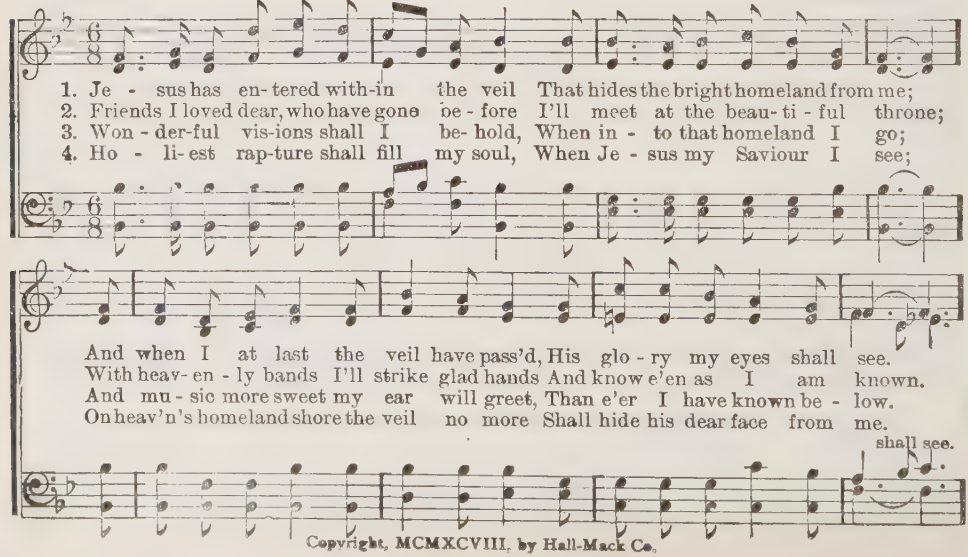
No. 276

Only A Veil Between.

J. B. M.

J. B. MACKAY.


1. Je - sus has en-tered with-in the veil That hides the bright homeland from me;
2. Friends I loved dear, who have gone be - fore I'll meet at the beau-ti - ful throne;
3. Won - der-ful vis-ions shall I be- hold, When in - to that homeland I go;
4. Ho - li-est rap-ture shall fill my soul, When Je - sus my Saviour I see;
And when I at last the veil have pass'd, His glo - ry my eyes shall see.
With heav-en - ly bands I'll strike glad hands And know e'en as I am known.
And mu - sic more sweet my ear will greet, Than e'er I have known be - low.
On heav'n's homeland shore the veil no more Shall hide his dear face from me.
shall see.

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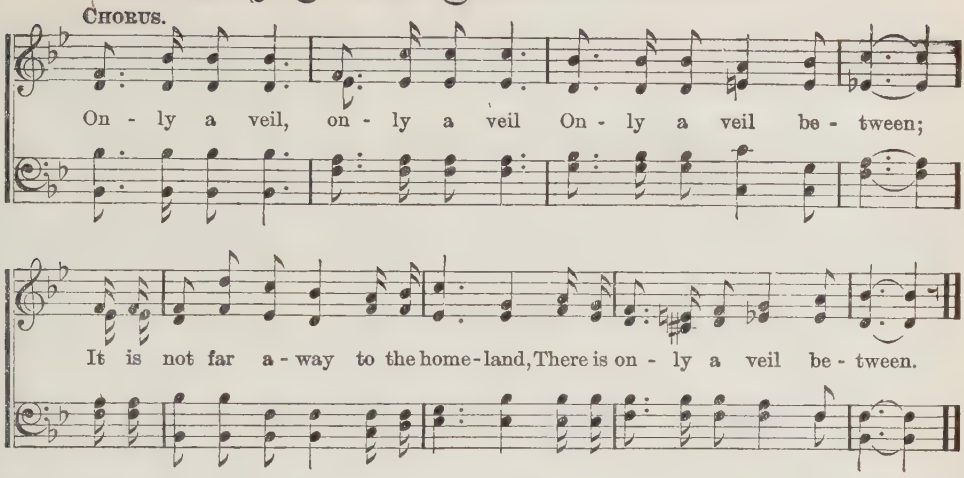
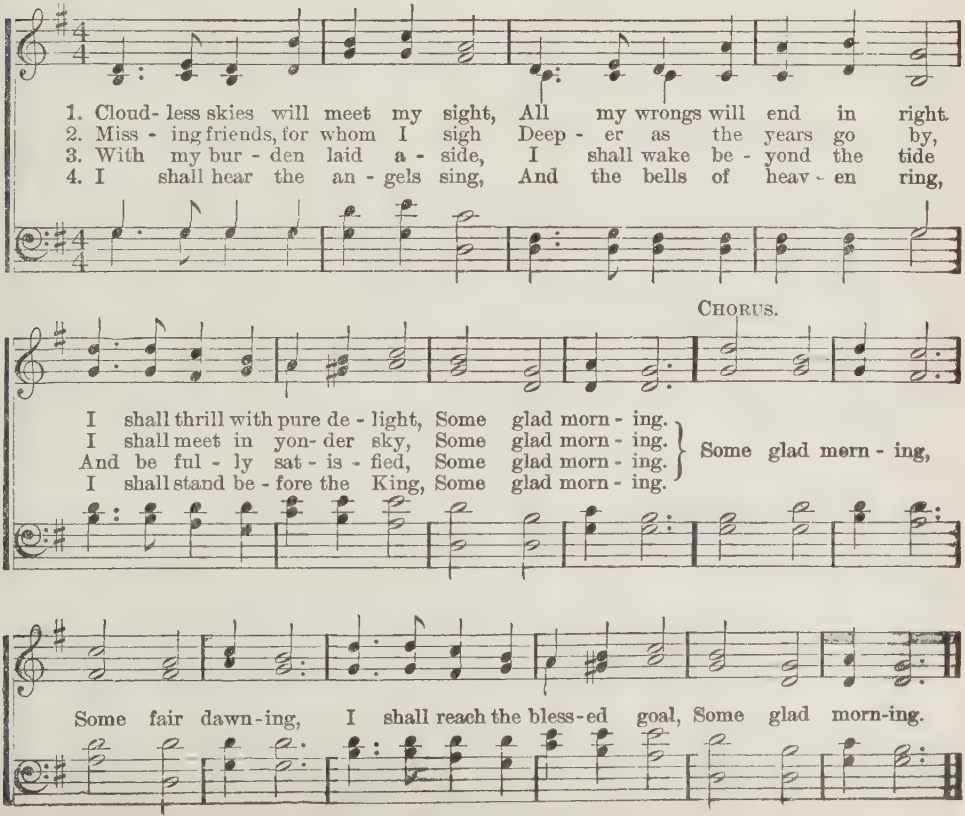
Only A Veil Between.—Concluded.



No. 277

Some Glad Morning.

James Rowe. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. Cloud- less skies will meet my sight, All my wrongs will end in right.
2. Miss - ing friends, for whom I sigh Deep - er as the years go by,
3. With my bur - den laid a - side, I shall wake be - yond the tide
4. I shall hear the an - gels sing, And the bells of heav - en ring,
Chorus.
I shall thrill with pure de - light, Some glad morn - ing.
I shall meet in yon- der sky, Some glad morn - ing.
And be ful - ly sat - is - fied, Some glad morn - ing.
I shall stand be - fore the King, Some glad morn - ing.
Some glad morn - ing,
Some fair dawn-ing, I shall reach the bless-ed goal, Some glad morn-ing.

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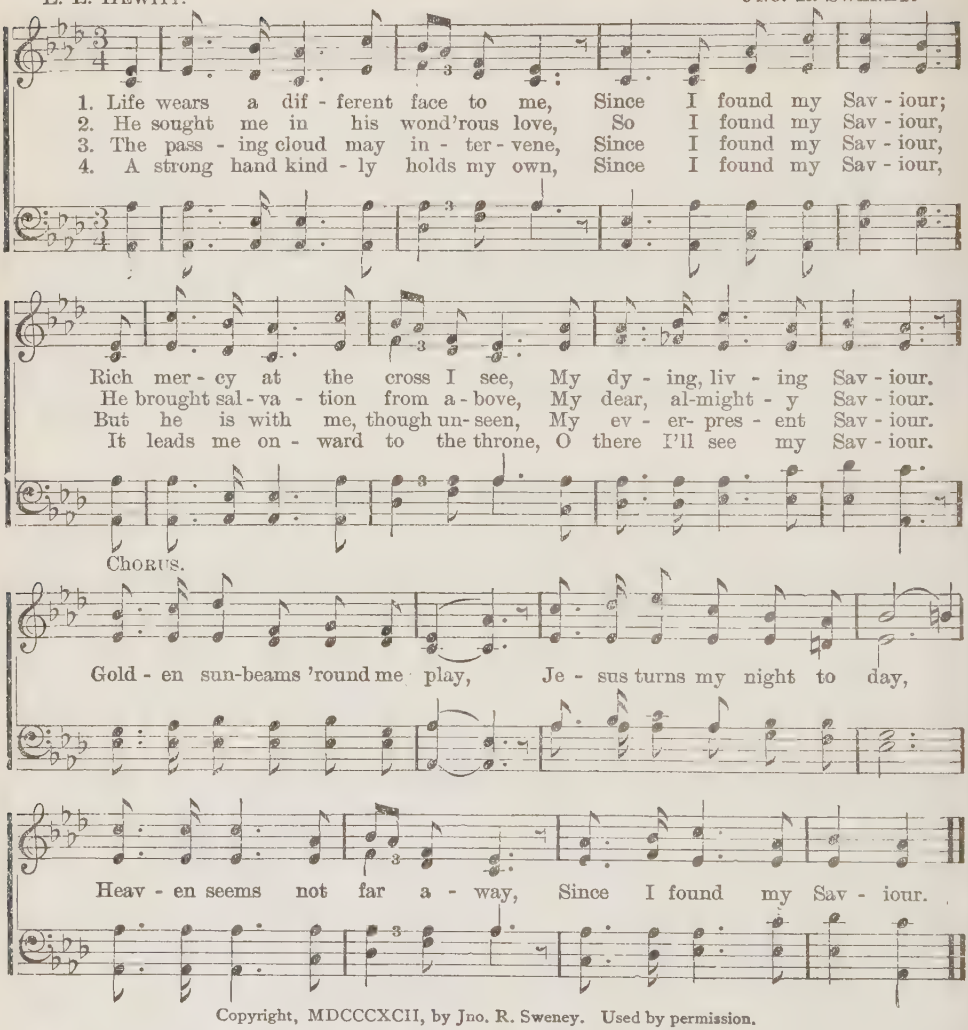
No. 278. Since I Found My Saviour.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Life wears a dif - ferent face to me, Since I found my Sav - iour;
2. He sought me in his wond'rous love, So I found my Sav - iour,
3. The pass - ing cloud may in - ter - vene, Since I found my Sav - iour,
4. A strong hand kind - ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav - iour,
Rich mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav - iour.
He brought sal - va - tion from a - bove, My dear, al-might - y Sav - iour.
But he is with me, though un - seen, My ev - er- pres - ent Sav - iour.
It leads me on - ward to the throne, O there I'll see my Sav - iour.
CHORUS.
Gold - en sun-beams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to day,
Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - iour.

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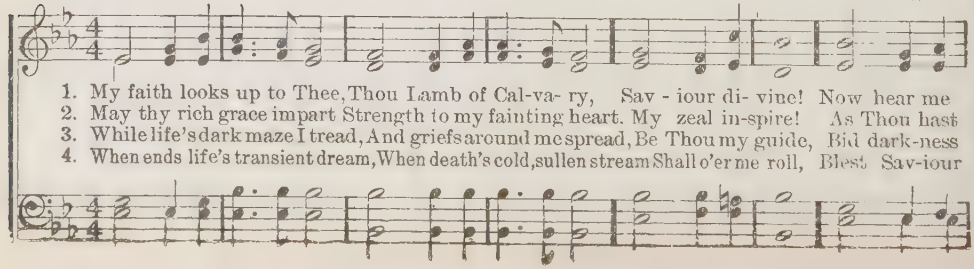
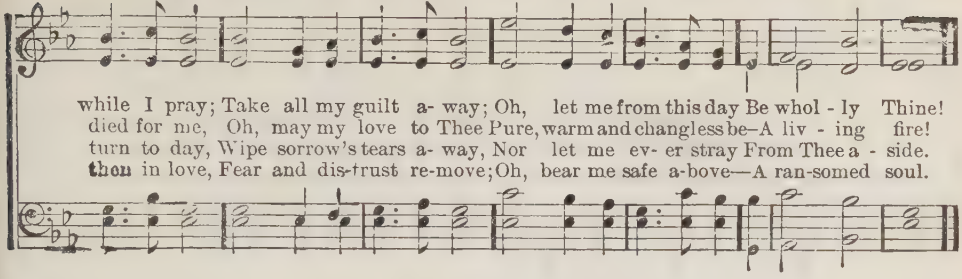
No. 279 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

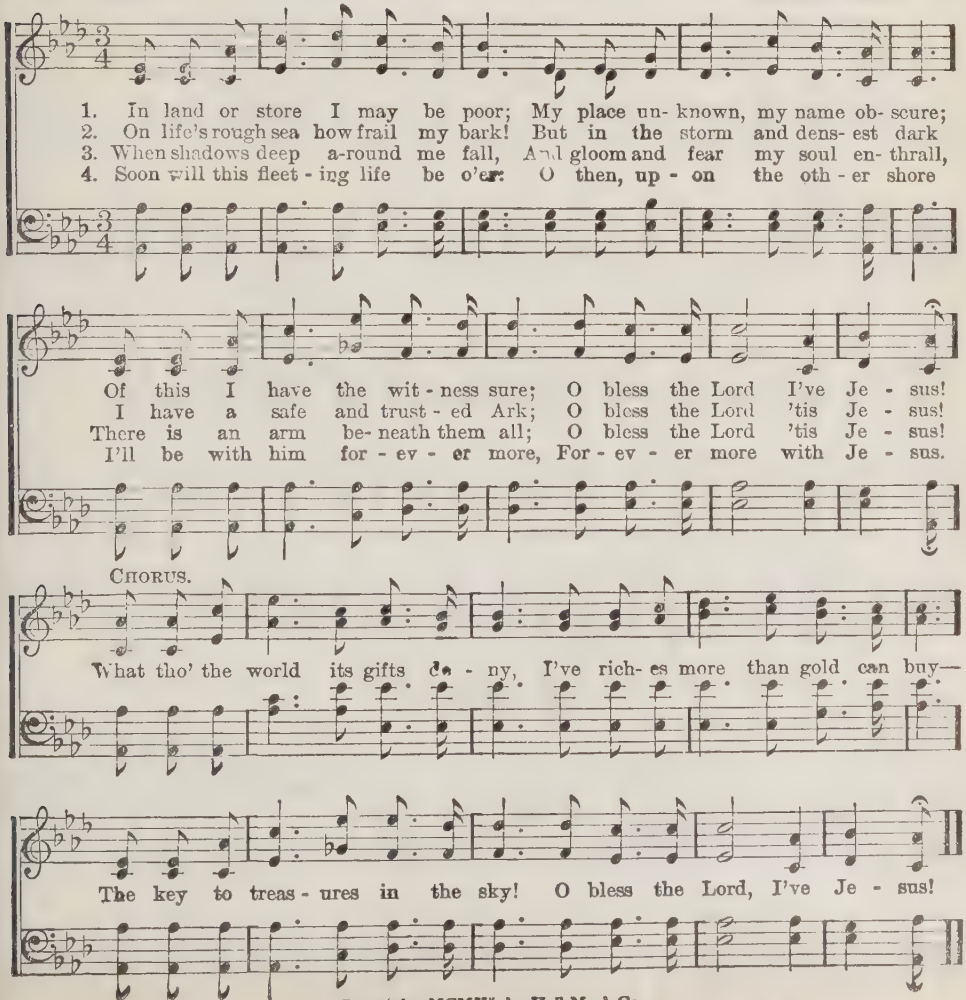
RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va- ry, Sav - iour di- vine! Now hear me
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart. My zeal in-spire! As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide, Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.—Concluded.


while I pray; Take all my guilt a- way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changless be—A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a- way, Nor let me ev- er stray From Thee a - side.
thou in love, Fear and dis-trust re-move; Oh, bear me safe a-bove—A ran-somed soul.

No. 280. 'Tis Jesus!

S.C. KIRK. ALFRED JUDSON.

1. In land or store I may be poor; My place un- known, my name ob- scure;
2. On life's rough sea how frail my bark! But in the storm and dens- est dark
3. When shadows deep a-round me fall, And gloom and fear my soul en- thrall,
4. Soon will this fleet - ing life be o'er: O then, up - on the oth - er shore
Of this I have the wit - ness sure; O bless the Lord I've Je - sus!
I have a safe and trust - ed Ark; O bless the Lord 'tis Je - sus!
There is an arm be- neath them all; O bless the Lord 'tis Je - sus!
I'll be with him for - ev - er more, For - ev - er more with Je - sus.
CHORUS.
What tho' the world its gifts de - ny, I've rich- es more than gold can buy—
The key to treas - ures in the sky! O bless the Lord, I've Je - sus!

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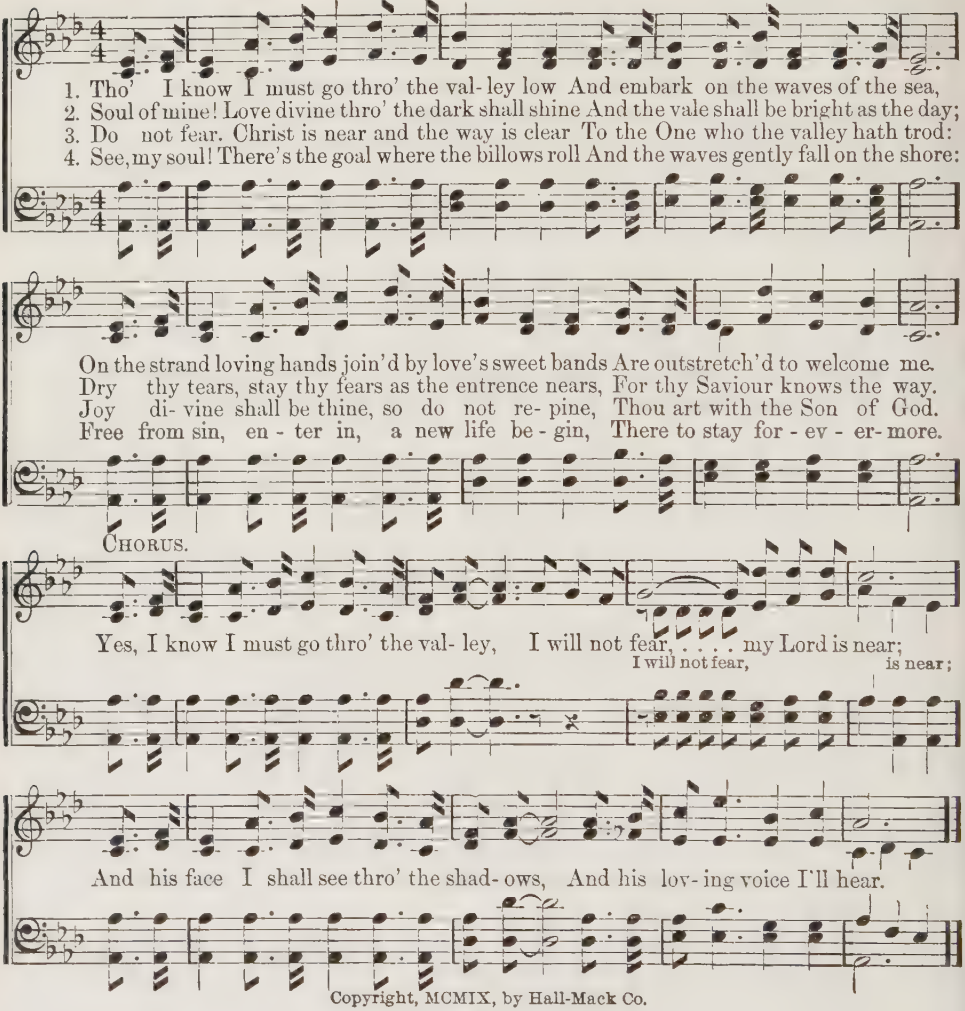
No. 281. The Christian's Home-Coming.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. Tho' I know I must go thro' the val-ley low And embark on the waves of the sea,
2. Soul of mine! Love divine thro' the dark shall shine And the vale shall be bright as the day;
3. Do not fear. Christ is near and the way is clear To the One who the valley hath trod:
4. See, my soul! There's the goal where the billows roll And the waves gently fall on the shore:
On the strand loving hands join'd by love's sweet bands Are outstretch'd to welcome me.
Dry thy tears, stay thy fears as the entrence nears, For thy Saviour knows the way.
Joy di-vine shall be thine, so do not re-pine, Thou art with the Son of God.
Free from sin, en-ter in, a new life be-gin, There to stay for-ev-er-more.
Chorus.
Yes, I know I must go thro' the val-ley, I will not fear, ... my Lord is near;
I will not fear, is near;
And his face I shall see thro' the shad-ows, And his lov-ing voice I'll hear.

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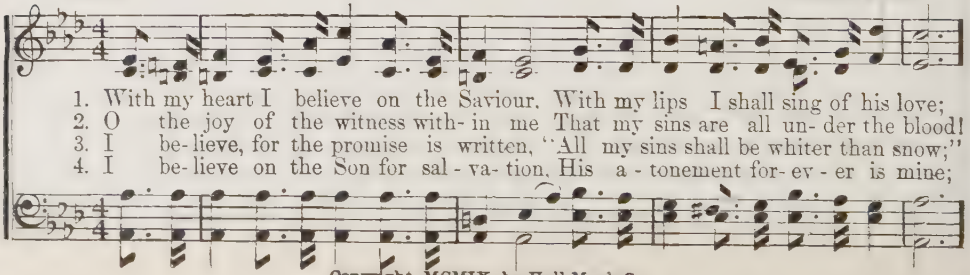
No. 282. I Believe.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. With my heart I believe on the Saviour. With my lips I shall sing of his love;
2. O the joy of the witness with-in me That my sins are all un-der the blood!
3. I be-lieve, for the promise is written, "All my sins shall be whiter than snow;"
4. I be-lieve on the Son for sal-va-tion, His a-tonement for-ev-er is mine;

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I Believe.—Concluded.

All my life I would walk in His footsteps Till I en - ter my home a - bove.
So I'll sing, lest my fears o-ver-whelm me, "I be-lieve on the Son of God."
In the blood from the cross they are hidden, They are all un-derneath its flow.
He redeemed me, and daily He keeps me By His pow - er and grace di - vine.

CHORUS.

1 2

I be-lieve, I be-lieve on the Son of God,
And I know I am saved (*Omit*.....) thro' His precious blood.

1. I be-lieve, I be-lieve on the Son of God.

No. 283. Answer Us Now.

A. W. S. ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER.

1. Lord, we are pleading, pleading for pow'r, Send it up - on us, send it this hour!
2. Lord, we are pleading, pleading for peace, Sorrows are pressing, cares never cease;
3. Lord, to the sin - ner far from the fold, Lost in the darkness, hungry and cold,
4. Lord, for Thy child that's gone far a- stray, Charm'd by the world, but starving to-day,

rit.

While we are wait- ing, Spir-it, for Thee, Grant us Thy bless-ing, answer our plea.
Hearts, heav-y- lad - en, burdened with grief, Long-ing for com-fort, send them re- lief.
Wea - ry of wan-d'ring, sick of his sin, O- pen the door and bid him come in.
Far from his Fa- ther tempt-ed to roam, Bring him, O Spirit, back to his home.

CHORUS. *rit.*

Answer us now, Lord, answer us now; Lord, we are wait-ing, an-swer us now.

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No. 284. I Surrender All.

J. W. VanDeVenter. W. S. Weeden.

Solo.

1. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to him I free - ly give;
   I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres - ence dai - ly live.
2. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at his feet I bow,
   World - ly pleas - ure all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
3. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour, whol - ly thine;
   Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine.

Chorus.

I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;
I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;
All to thee my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to thee;
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to his name.

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No. 285. Send It Now.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Send sal - va - tion, Lord, send thy full sal - va - tion, Lord, Send it now,
2. Send thy par - don, Lord, send thy gra - cious par - don, Lord, Send it now,
3. Send, O send the fire, send the all re - fin - ing fire, Send it now,

Send it now,

send it now; Come in sav - ing grace, sweep these al - tars, fill this place,
send it now; Lost with - out thy grace, show thy rec - on - cil - ed face,
send it now; O comsume our sin, sanc - ti - fy and make us clean,

send it now;

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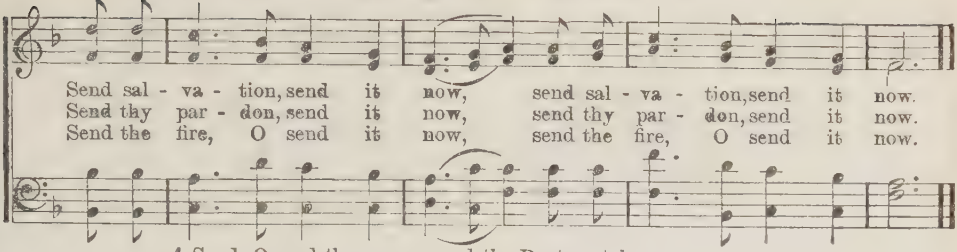
Send It Now.—Concluded.


Send sal - va - tion, send it now, send sal - va - tion, send it now.
Send thy par - don, send it now, send thy par - don, send it now.
Send the fire, O send it now, send the fire, O send it now.

4 Send, O send the power, send the Pentecostal power.
Send it now, send it now;
Blessed Holy Ghost, breathe upon this waiting host,
Send the power, O send it now, send the power, O send it now.

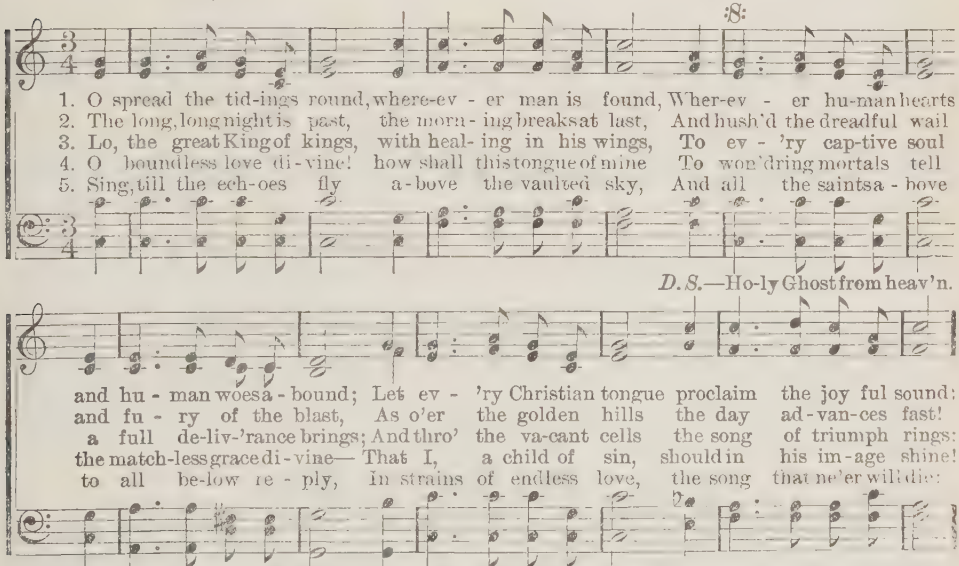
5 For he comes, he comes, lo, the blessed Spirit comes,
Fills me now, fills me now;
Fully saved I am, glory, glory to the Lamb,
For he comes and fills me now, for he comes and fills me now.

No. 286

The Comforter has Come!

"I will pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever."—John 14: 16.

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. O spread the tid-ings round, where-ev - er man is found, Wher-ev - er hu-man hearts
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last, And hush'd the dreadful wail
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in his wings, To ev - 'ry cap-tive soul
4. O boundless love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To won'dring mortals tell
5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a - bove the vaulted sky, And all the saints a - bove
D. S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n.
and hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian tongue proclaim the joy ful sound:
and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the golden hills the day ad-van-ces fast!
a full de-liv-'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant cells the song of triumph rings:
the match-less grace di - vine— That I, a child of sin, should in his im-age shine!
to all be-low re - ply, In strains of endless love, the song that ne'er will die:
The Fath-er's promise giv'n: O spread the tidings round, Wher-ev - er man is found—
Fine.
Chorus.
D. S.
The Com - fort-er has come! The Com-fort-er has come, The Com-fort-er has come! The
The Com - fort-er has come!

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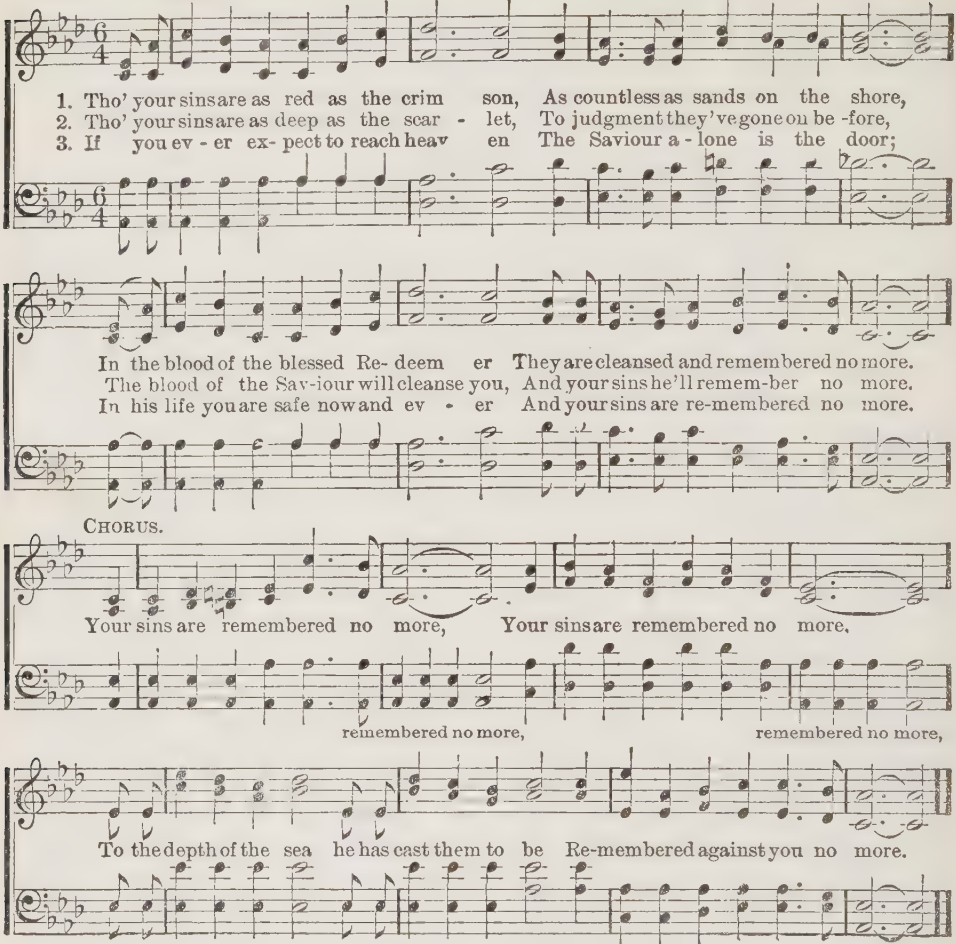
No. 287 Your Sins are Remembered No More.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Tho' your sins are as red as the crim son, As countless as sands on the shore,
2. Tho' your sins are as deep as the scar - let, To judgment they've gone on be -fore,
3. If you ev - er ex- pect to reach heav en The Saviour a - lone is the door;
In the blood of the blessed Re- deem er They are cleansed and remembered no more.
The blood of the Sav-iour will cleanse you, And your sins he'll remem-ber no more.
In his life you are safe now and ev - er And your sins are re-membered no more.
Chorus.
Your sins are remembered no more, Your sins are remembered no more,
remembered no more, remembered no more,
To the depth of the sea he has cast them to be Re-membered against you no more.

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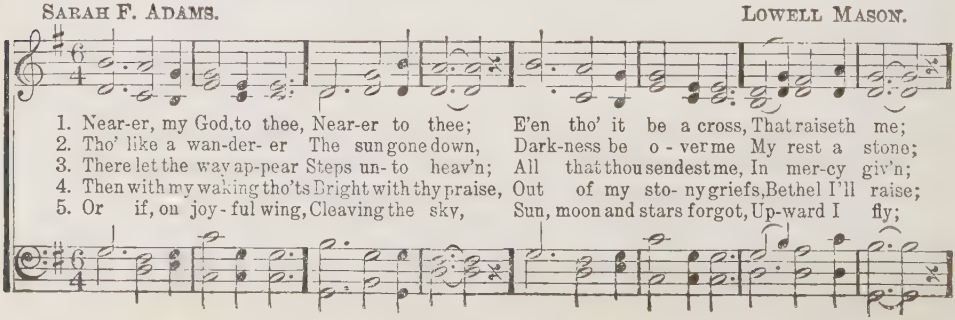
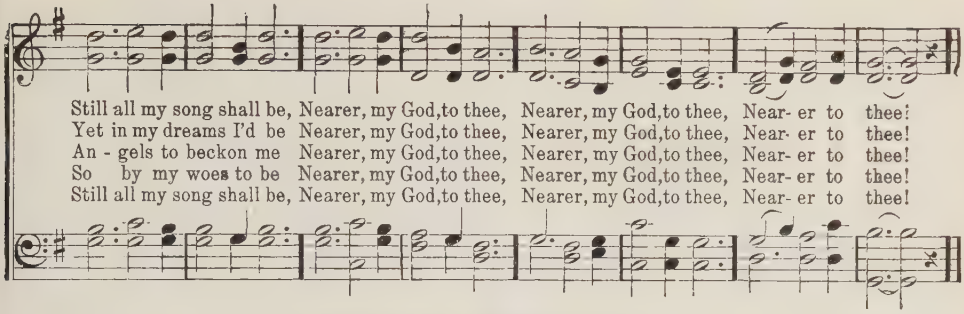
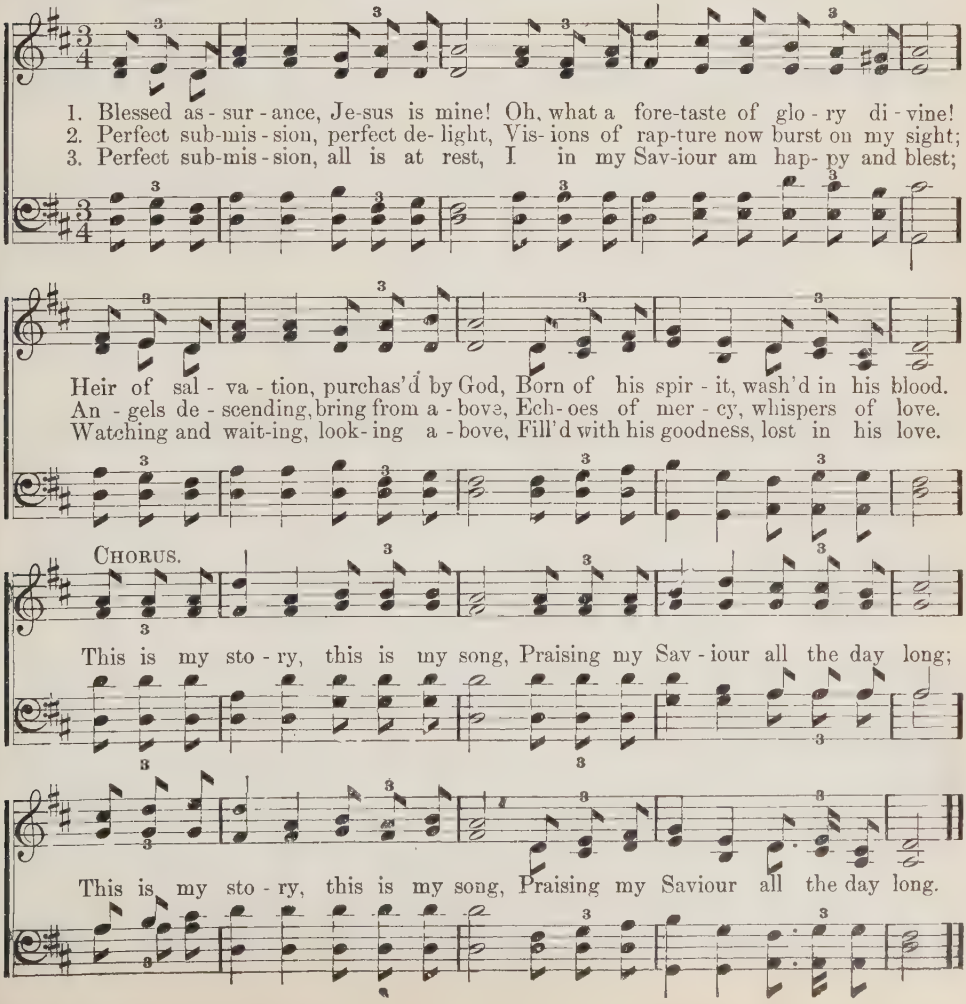
No. 288 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.


1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross, That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der- er The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un- to heav'n; All that thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;
4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my sto- ny griefs, Bethel I'll raise;
5. Or if, on joy- ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot, Up-ward I fly;

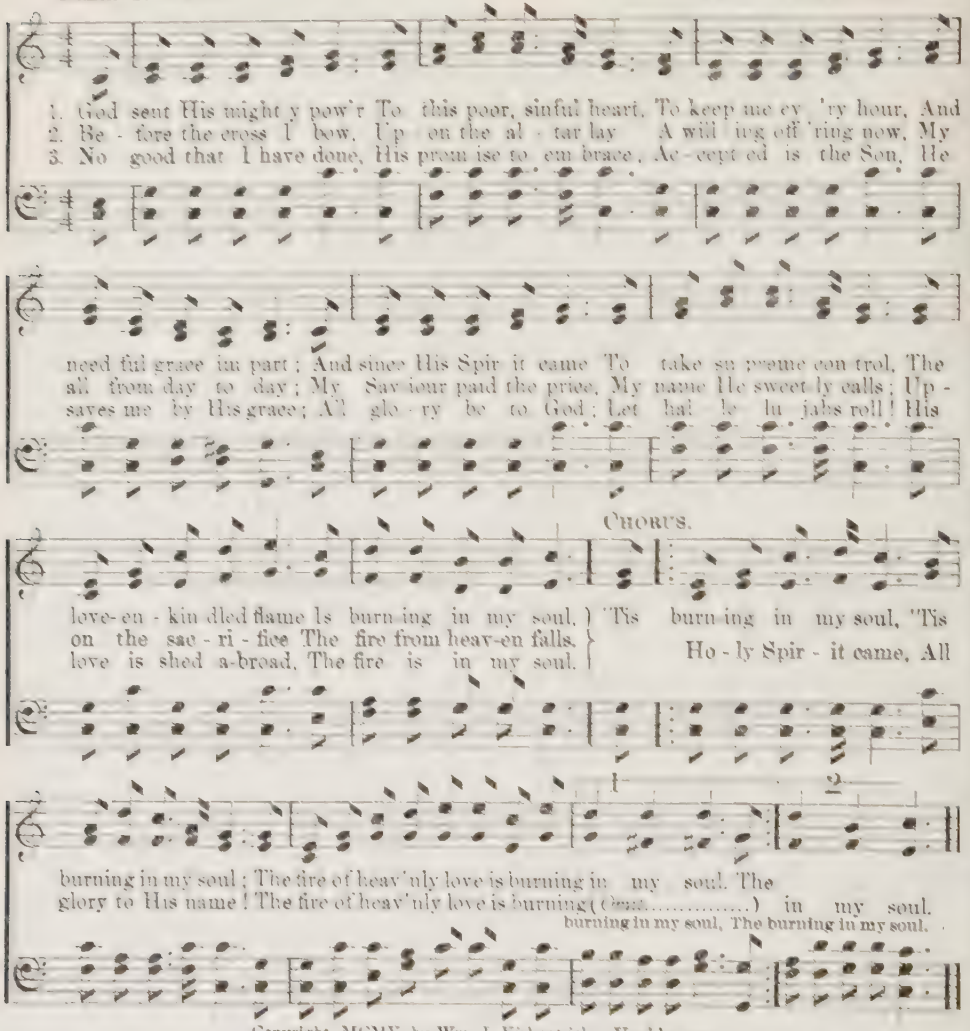
Nearer, My God, to Thee.—Concluded.

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near- er to thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near- er to thee!
An - gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near- er to thee!
So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near- er to thee!
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near- er to thee!

No. 289. Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine!
2. Perfect sub-mis - sion, perfect de- light, Vis- ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight;
3. Perfect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap- py and blest;
Heir of sal - va - tion, purchas'd by God, Born of his spir - it, wash'd in his blood.
An - gels de - scending, bring from a - bove, Ech- oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.
Watching and wait-ing, look- ing a - bove, Fill'd with his goodness, lost in his love.
CHORUS.
This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long;
This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

No. 290. 'Tis Burning In My Soul.

DELIA T. WHITE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. God sent His might y pow'r To this poor, sinful heart, To keep me ev 'ry hour, And
2. Be - fore the cross I bow, Up on the al - tar lay A will ing off 'ring now, My
3. No good that I have done, His prom ise to em brace, Ac - cept ed is the Son, He
need ful grace im part; And since His Spir it came To take su preme con trol, The
all from day to day; My Sav iour paid the price, My name He sweet ly calls; Up -
saves me by His grace; All glo - ry be to God; Let hal le lu jahs roll! His
CHORUS.
love-en - kin dled flame Is burn ing in my soul.
on the sac - ri - fice The fire from heav-en falls.
love is shed a-broad, The fire is in my soul.
'Tis burn ing in my soul, 'Tis
Ho - ly Spir - it came, All
burning in my soul; The fire of heav'nly love is burning in my soul. The
glory to His name! The fire of heav'nly love is burning (Oooo.....) in my soul.
burning in my soul, The burning in my soul.

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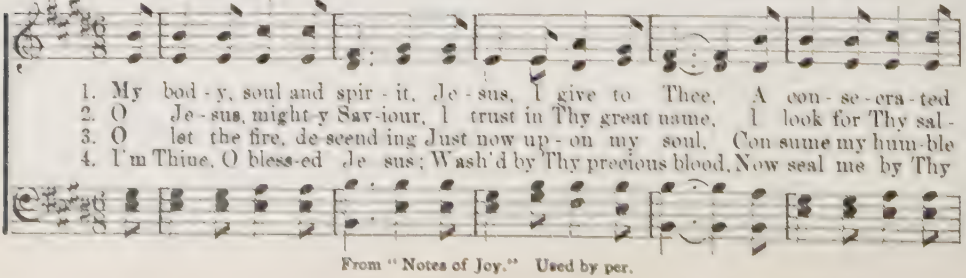
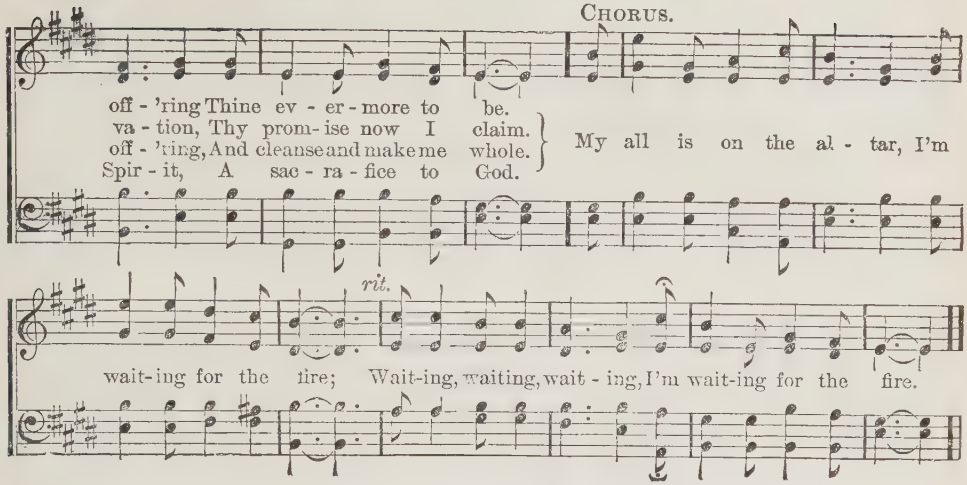
No. 291. Consecration.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.


1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to Thee, A con - se - cra - ted
2. O Je - sus, might - y Sav - iour, I trust in Thy great name, I look for Thy sal -
3. O let the fire, de-scend ing Just now up - on my soul, Con sume my hum - ble
4. I'm Thine, O bless-ed Je sus; Wash'd by Thy precious blood, Now seal me by Thy

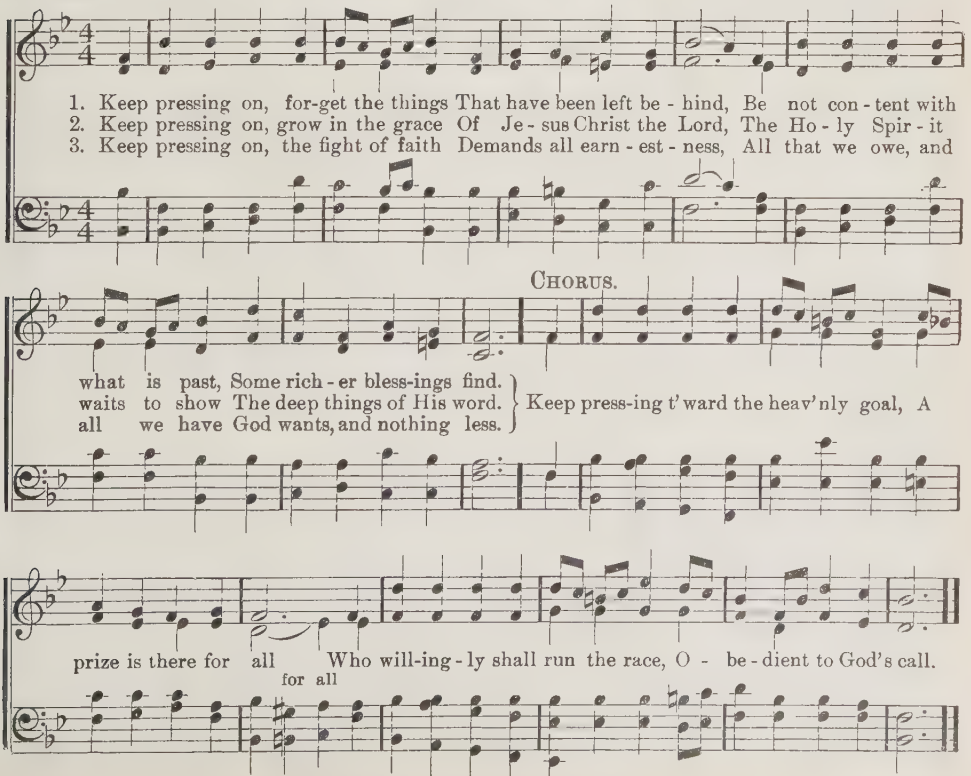
From "Notes of Joy." Used by per.

Consecration.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
off - 'ring Thine ev - er - more to be.
va - tion, Thy prom - ise now I claim.
off - 'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
Spir - it, A sac - ra - fice to God.
My all is on the al - tar, I'm
rit.
wait - ing for the fire; Wait - ing, waiting, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

No. 292. Keep Pressing On.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.


1. Keep pressing on, for-get the things That have been left be - hind, Be not con - tent with
2. Keep pressing on, grow in the grace Of Je - sus Christ the Lord, The Ho - ly Spir - it
3. Keep pressing on, the fight of faith Demands all earn - est - ness, All that we owe, and
CHORUS.
what is past, Some rich - er bless-ings find.
waits to show The deep things of His word.
all we have God wants, and nothing less.
Keep press-ing t'ward the heav'nly goal, A
prize is there for all Who will-ing - ly shall run the race, O - be - dient to God's call.
for all

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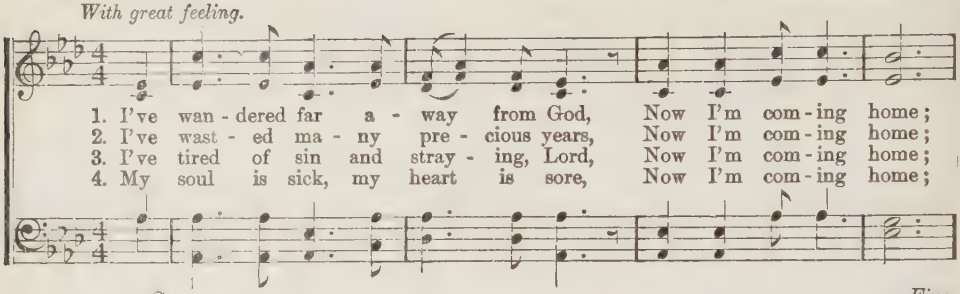
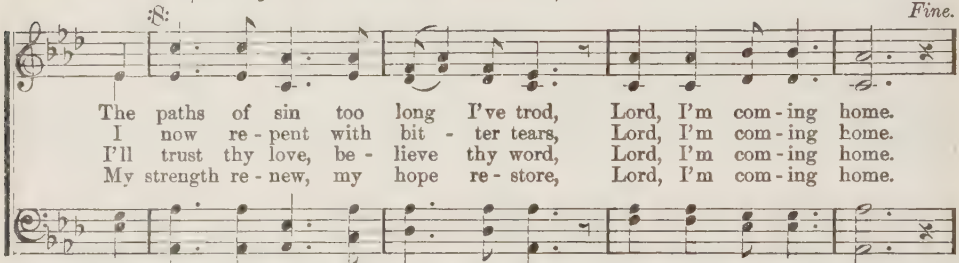
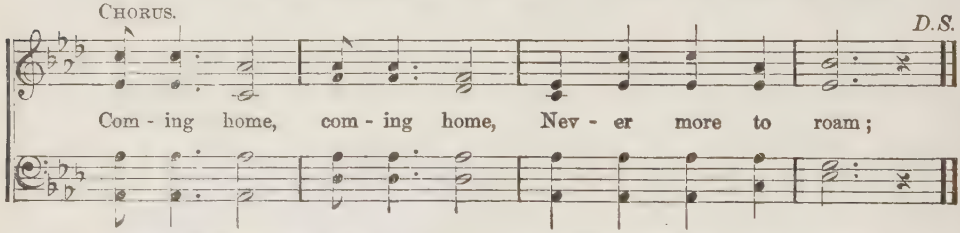
No. 293. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With great feeling.

1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com - ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com - ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com - ing home;


Fine.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
D.S.—O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.



5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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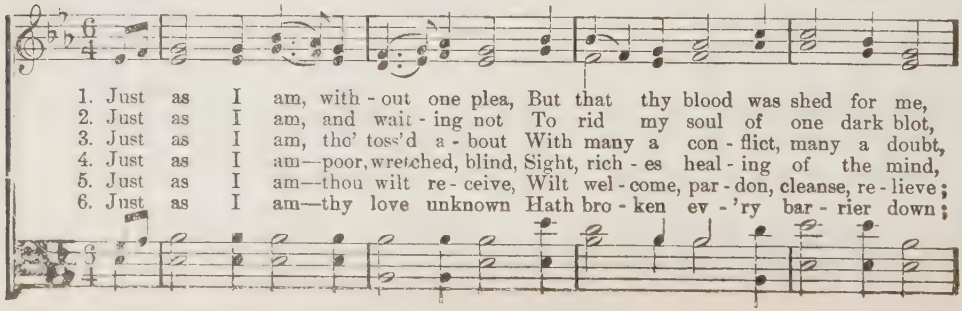
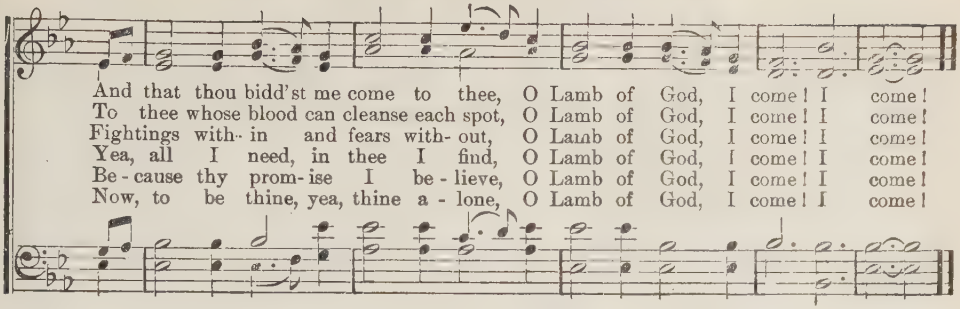
No. 294. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

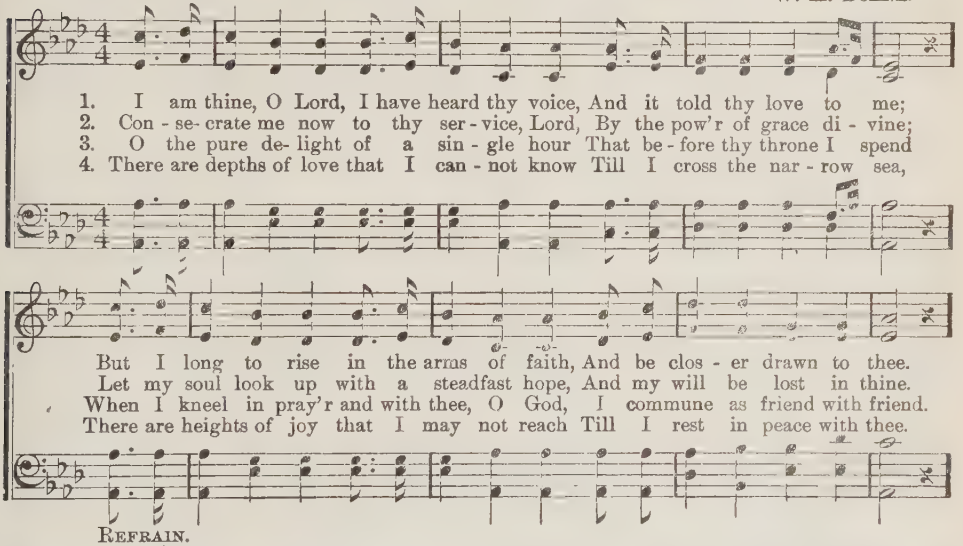

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich - es heal - ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve;
6. Just as I am—thy love unknown Hath bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;

Just as I Am.—Concluded.

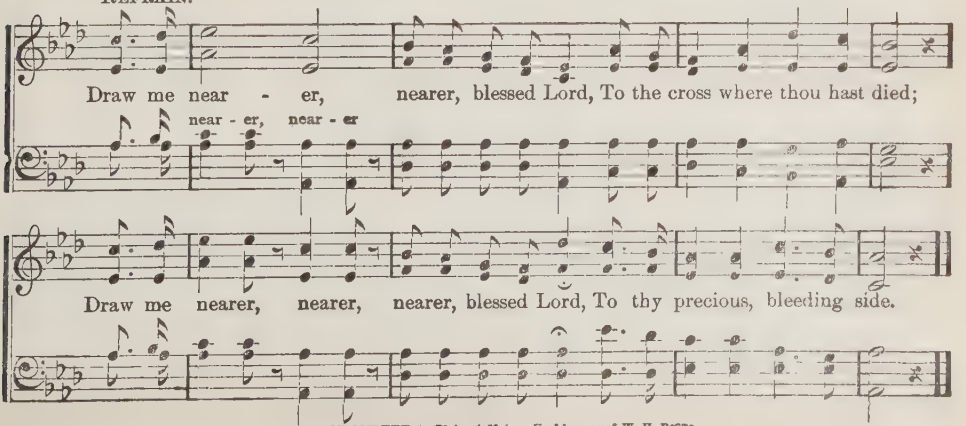

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings with- in and fears with- out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in thee I find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be- cause thy prom- ise I be- lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now, to be thine, yea, thine a- lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 295. I am Thine, O Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Let us draw near with a true heart."—Heb. 10: 22. W. H. DOANE.


1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
2. Con- se- crate me now to thy ser- vice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di- vine;
3. O the pure de- light of a sin- gle hour That be- fore thy throne I spend
4. There are depths of love that I can- not know Till I cross the nar- row sea,
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos- er drawn to thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine.
When I kneel in pray'r and with thee, O God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.

REFRAIN.


Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died;
near - er, near - er
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To thy precious, bleeding side.

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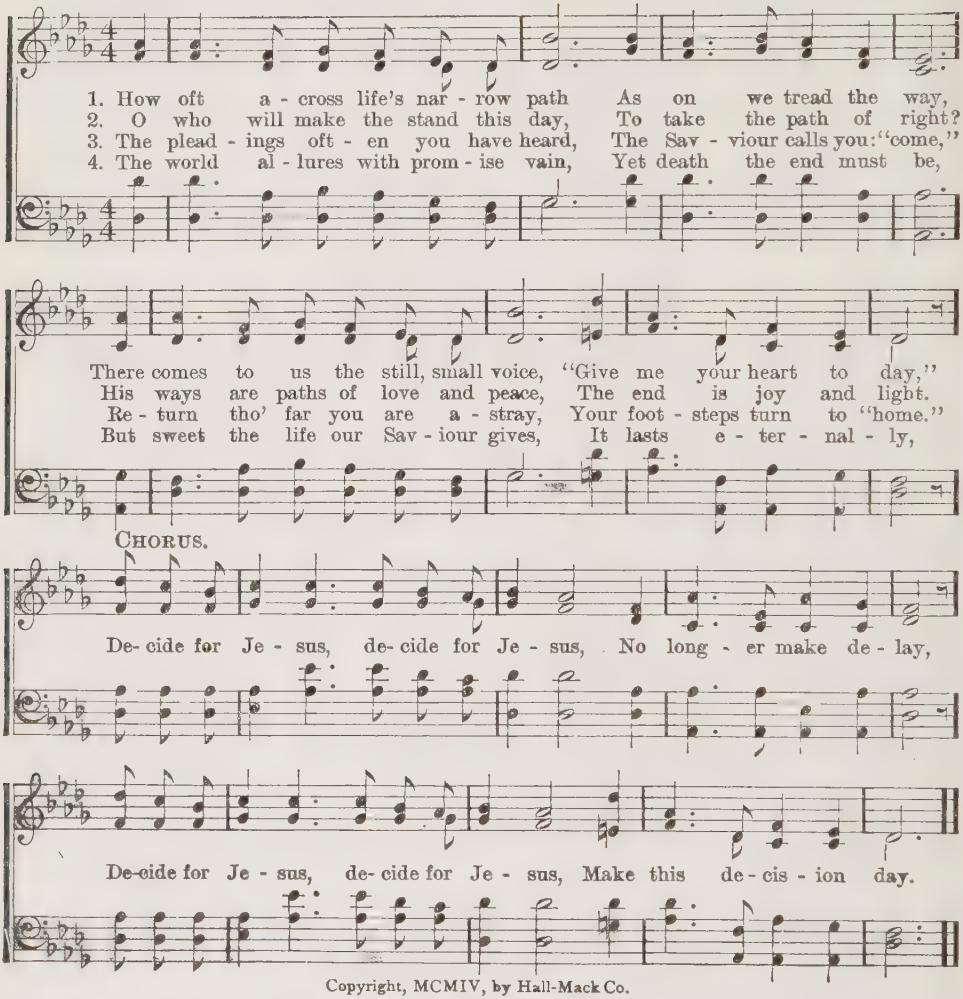
No. 296 Decide for Jesus.

IRVIN H. MACK. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. How oft a - cross life's nar - row path As on we tread the way,
2. O who will make the stand this day, To take the path of right?
3. The plead - ings oft - en you have heard, The Sav - iour calls you: "come,"
4. The world al - lures with prom - ise vain, Yet death the end must be,
There comes to us the still, small voice, "Give me your heart to day,"
His ways are paths of love and peace, The end is joy and light.
Re - turn tho' far you are a - stray, Your foot - steps turn to "home."
But sweet the life our Sav - iour gives, It lasts e - ter - nal - ly,
CHORUS.
De- cide for Je - sus, de- cide for Je - sus, No long - er make de - lay,
De-cide for Je - sus, de- cide for Je - sus, Make this de - cis - ion day.

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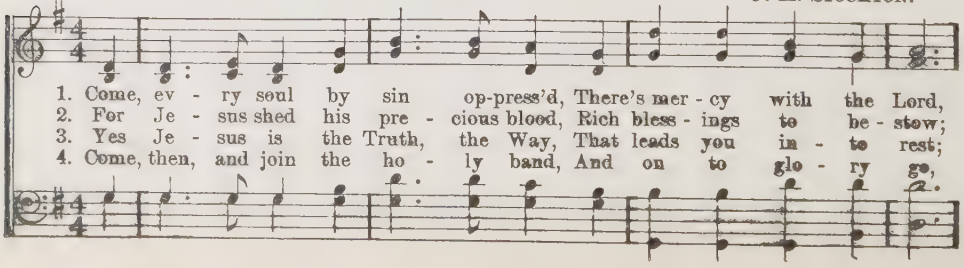
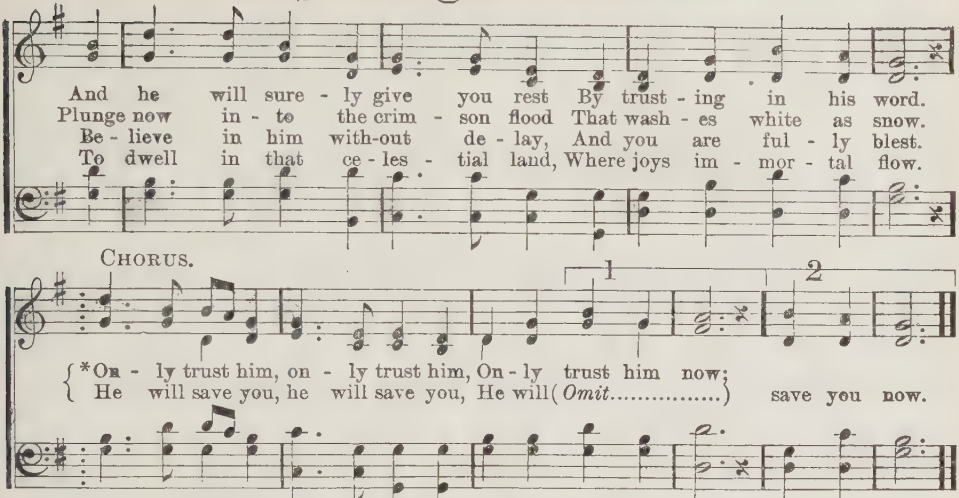
No. 297 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.


1. Come, ev - ry soul by sin op-press'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed his pre - cious blood, Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
3. Yes Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join the ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

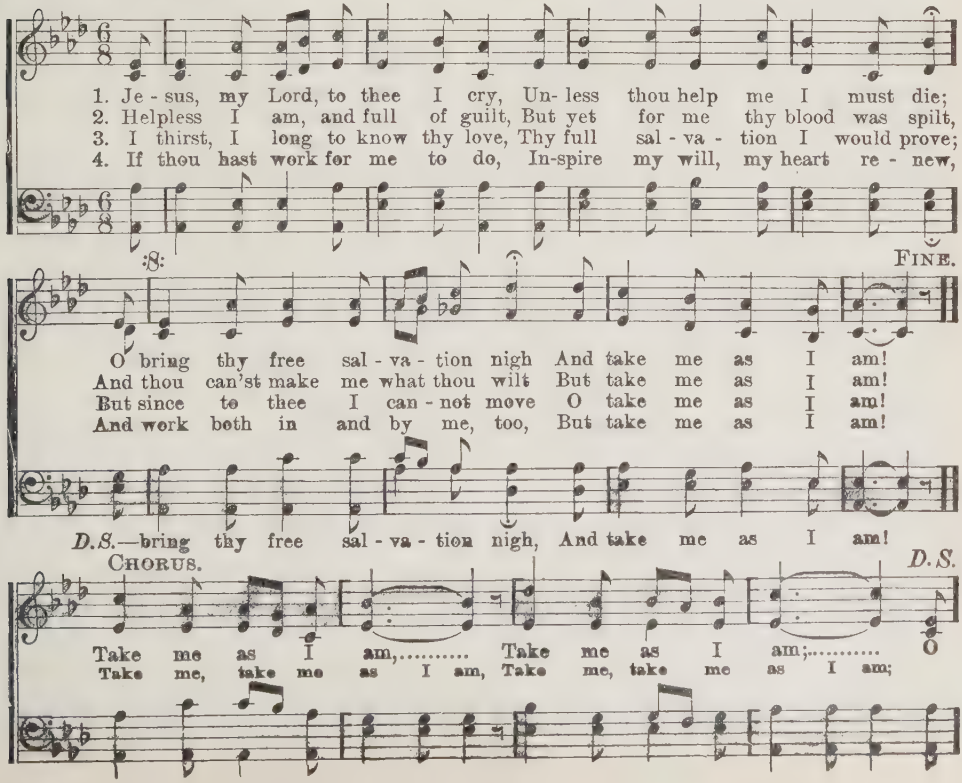
Only Trust Him.—Concluded.


And he will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in his word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in him with-out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.
CHORUS.
1
2
*On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you, He will (Omit.....) save you now.

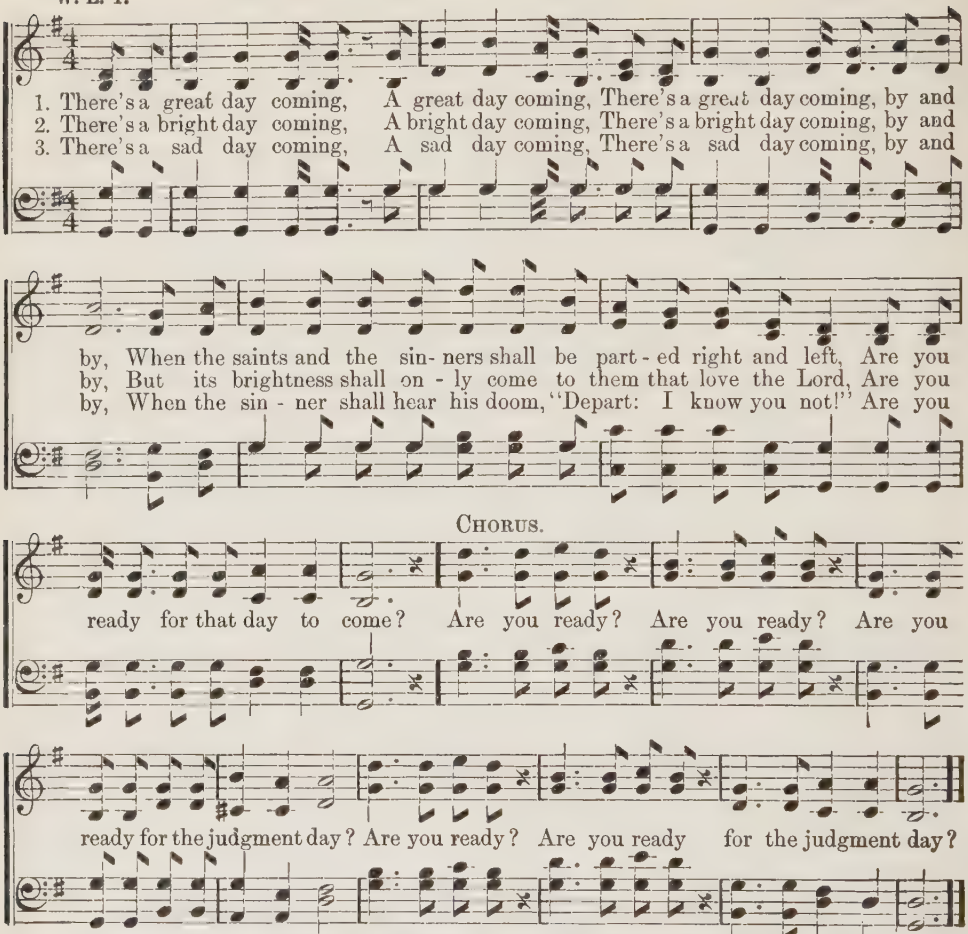
* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used for chorus instead of "Only Trust him."

No. 298 Take Me As I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.


1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un- less thou help me I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;
4. If thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart re - new,
:8:
FINE.
O bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh And take me as I am!
And thou can'st make me what thou wilt But take me as I am!
But since to thee I can - not move O take me as I am!
And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!
D.S.—bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
CHORUS.
D.S.
Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am;..... O
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

No. 299. There's a Great Day Coming.

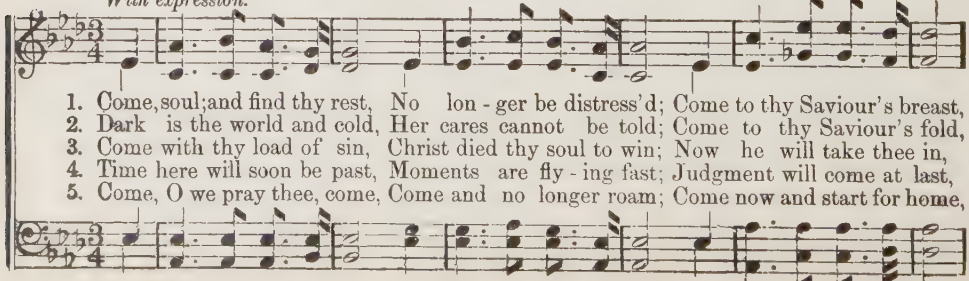
W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day coming, by and
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day coming, by and
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day coming, by and
by, When the saints and the sin- ners shall be part- ed right and left, Are you
by, But its brightness shall on- ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you
by, When the sin- ner shall hear his doom, "Depart: I know you not!" Are you
CHORUS.
ready for that day to come? Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you
ready for the judgment day? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day?

By per. of Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio, and Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

300. O Don't Stay Away.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. REV. W. J. STUART, A. M.

With expression.


1. Come, soul; and find thy rest, No lon- ger be distress'd; Come to thy Saviour's breast,
2. Dark is the world and cold, Her cares cannot be told; Come to thy Saviour's fold,
3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win; Now he will take thee in,
4. Time here will soon be past, Moments are fly- ing fast; Judgment will come at last,
5. Come, O we pray thee, come, Come and no longer roam; Come now and start for home,

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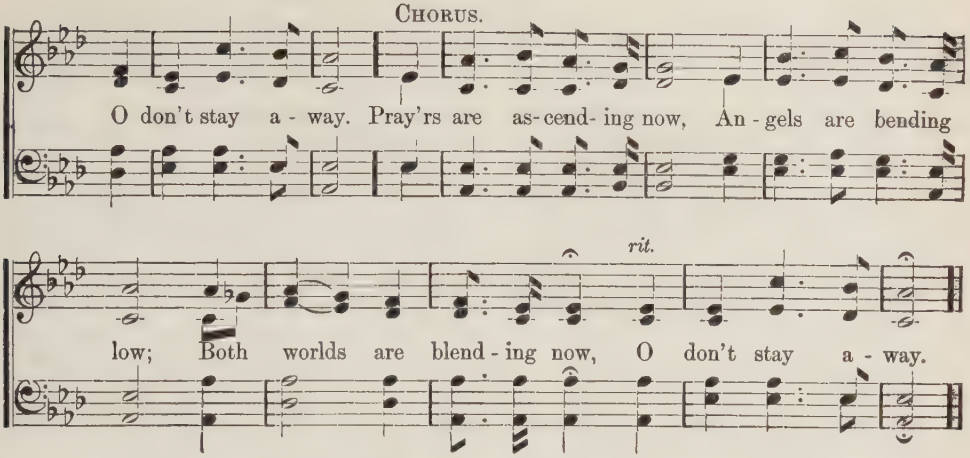
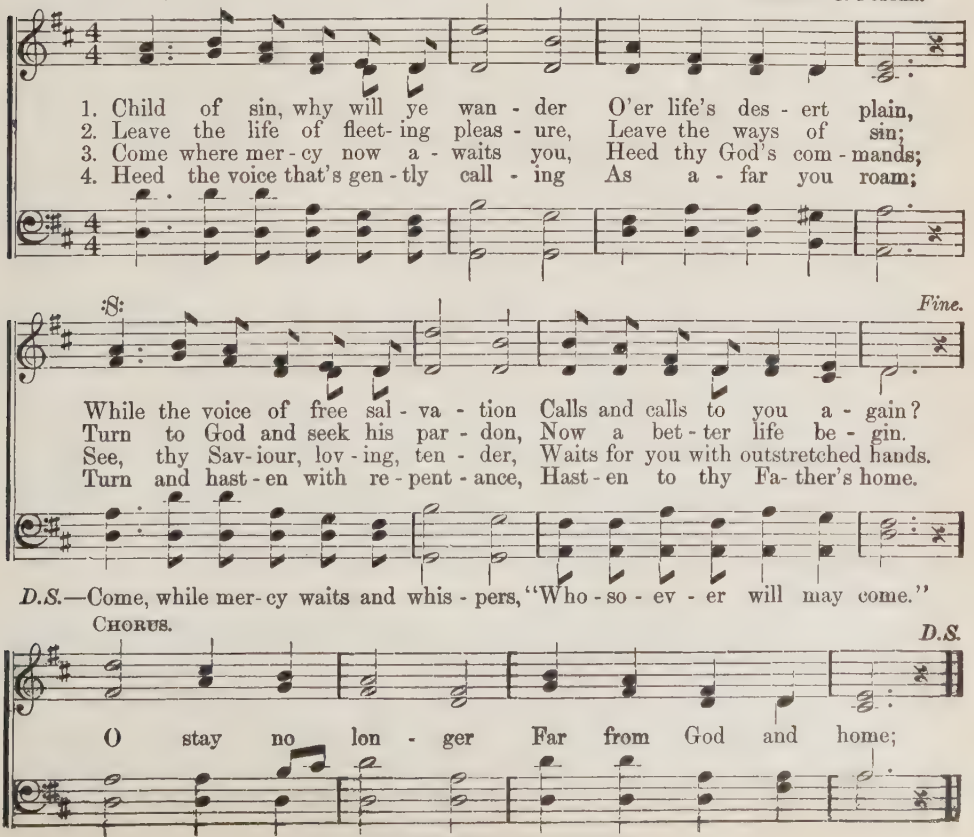
O Don't Stay Away.—Concluded.



No. 301. Whosoever Will May Come.

A. A. Payn. Stephen C. Foster.


1. Child of sin, why will ye wan - der O'er life's des - ert plain,
2. Leave the life of fleet- ing pleas - ure, Leave the ways of sin;
3. Come where mer - cy now a - waits you, Heed thy God's com - mands;
4. Heed the voice that's gen - tly call - ing As a - far you roam;
𝄋
Fine.
While the voice of free sal - va - tion Calls and calls to you a - gain?
Turn to God and seek his par - don, Now a bet - ter life be - gin.
See, thy Sav- iour, lov - ing, ten - der, Waits for you with outstretched hands.
Turn and hast - en with re - pent - ance, Hast - en to thy Fa- ther's home.

D.S.—Come, while mer- cy waits and whis - pers, "Who - so - ev - er will may come."

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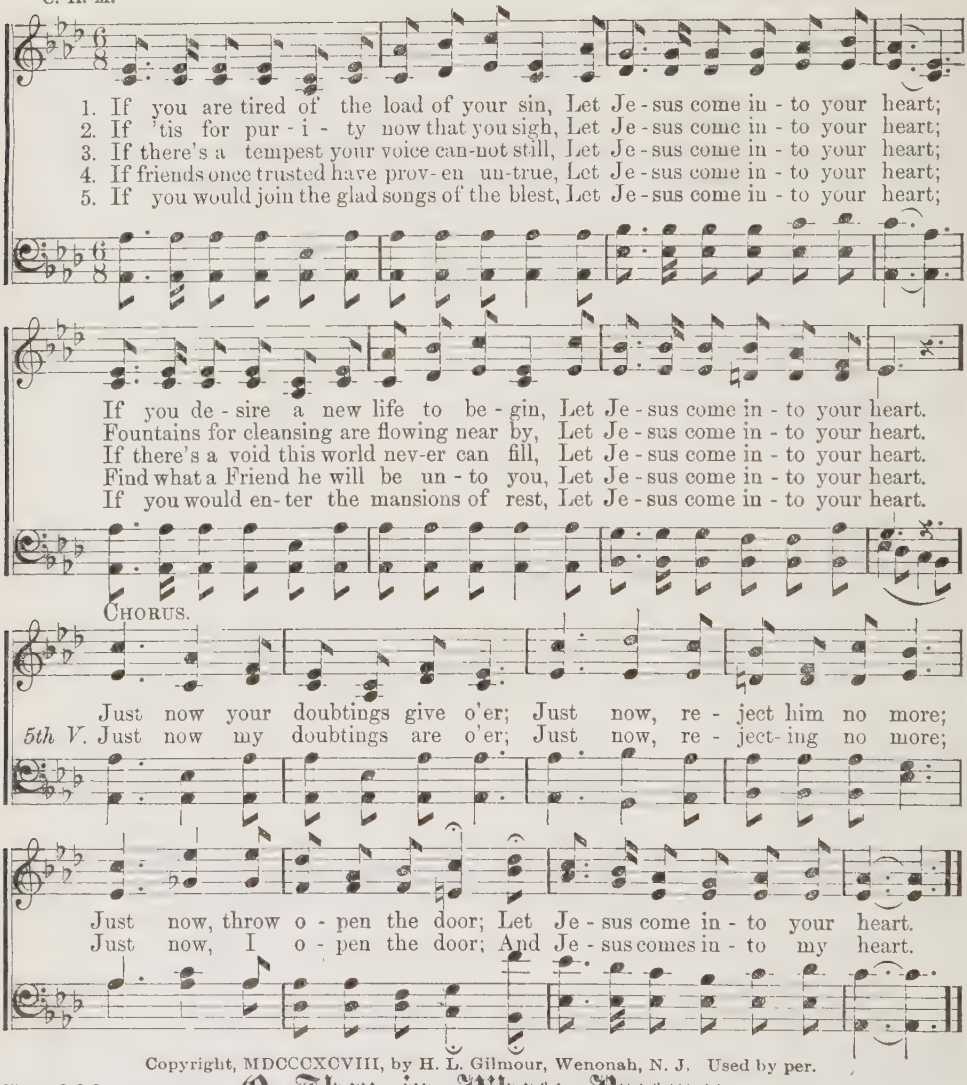
No. 302. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice can-not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
4. If friends once trusted have prov-en un-true, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
If you de - sire a new life to be - gin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
If there's a void this world nev-er can fill, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Find what a Friend he will be un - to you, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
If you would en-ter the mansions of rest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
CHORUS.
Just now your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject him no more;
5th V. Just now my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re - ject-ing no more;
Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Just now, I o - pen the door; And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.

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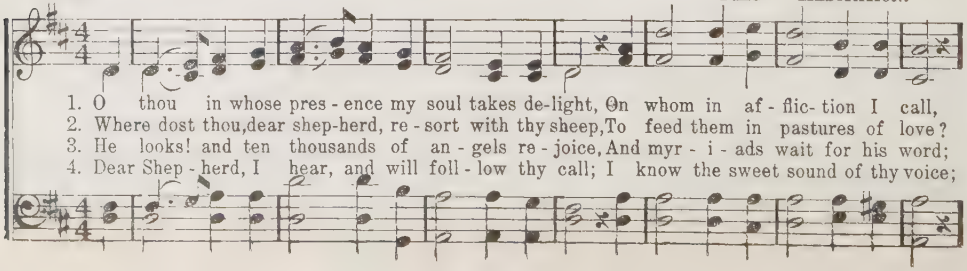
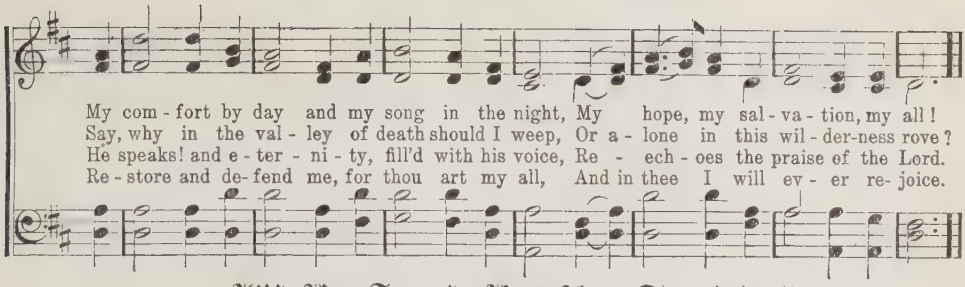
No. 303. O Thou in Whose Presence.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

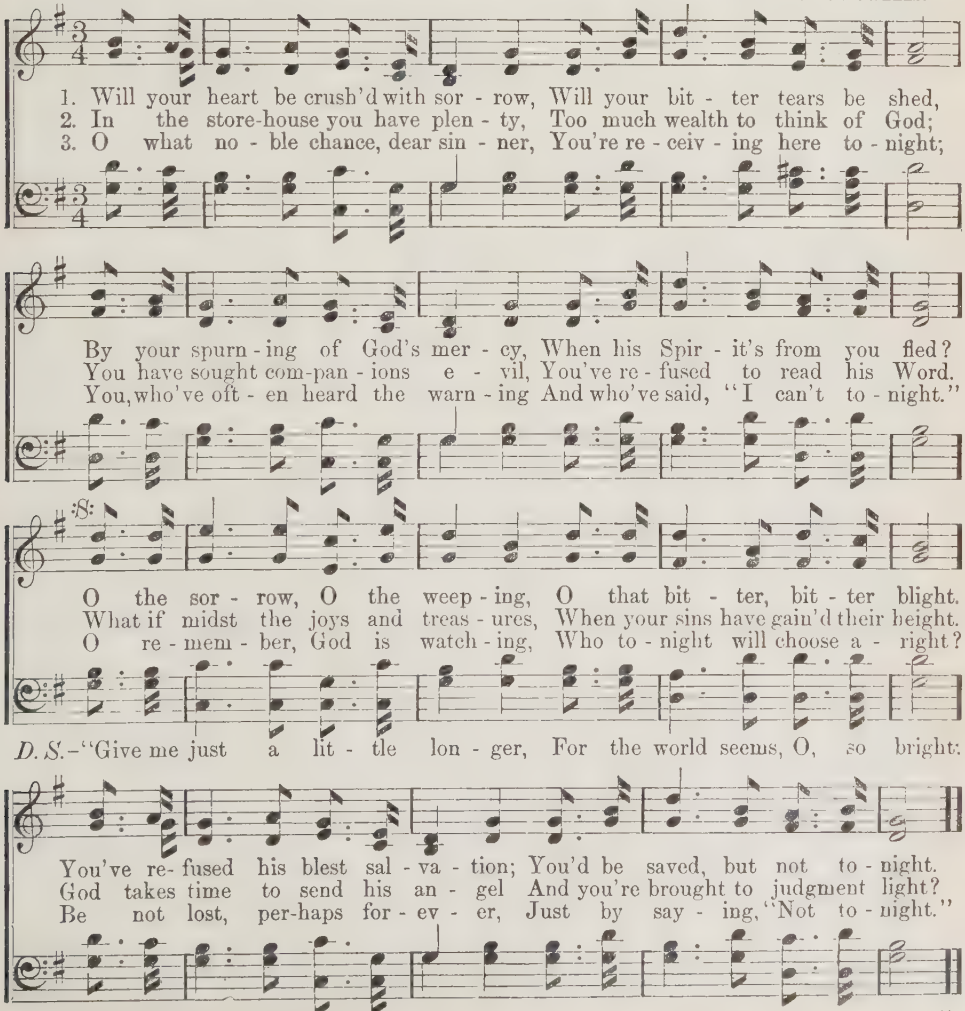
Tune—"MEDITATION."


1. O thou in whose pres - ence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af - flic- tion I call,
2. Where dost thou, dear shep-herd, re - sort with thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love?
3. He looks! and ten thousands of an - gels re - joice, And myr - i - ads wait for his word;
4. Dear Shep - herd, I hear, and will foll - low thy call; I know the sweet sound of thy voice;

O Thou in Whose Presence.—Concluded.


My com - fort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!
Say, why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wil - der-ness rove?
He speaks! and e - ter - ni - ty, fill'd with his voice, Re - ech - oes the praise of the Lord.
Re - store and de - fend me, for thou art my all, And in thee I will ev - er re - joice.

No. 304. "I'll Be Saved, But Not To-night."

R. M. H. Mrs. R. M. HOWELLS.

1. Will your heart be crush'd with sor - row, Will your bit - ter tears be shed,
2. In the store-house you have plen - ty, Too much wealth to think of God;
3. O what no - ble chance, dear sin - ner, You're re - ceiv - ing here to - night;
By your spurn - ing of God's mer - cy, When his Spir - it's from you fled?
You have sought com-pan - ions e - vil, You've re - fused to read his Word.
You, who've oft - en heard the warn - ing And who've said, "I can't to - night."
O the sor - row, O the weep - ing, O that bit - ter, bit - ter blight.
What if midst the joys and treas - ures, When your sins have gain'd their height.
O re - mem - ber, God is watch - ing, Who to - night will choose a - right?
D. S.—"Give me just a lit - tle lon - ger, For the world seems, O, so bright:
You've re - fused his blest sal - va - tion; You'd be saved, but not to - night.
God takes time to send his an - gel And you're brought to judgment light?
Be not lost, per-haps for - ev - er, Just by say - ing, "Not to - night."
I'll be saved when I am dy - ing, I'll be saved, but not to - night."

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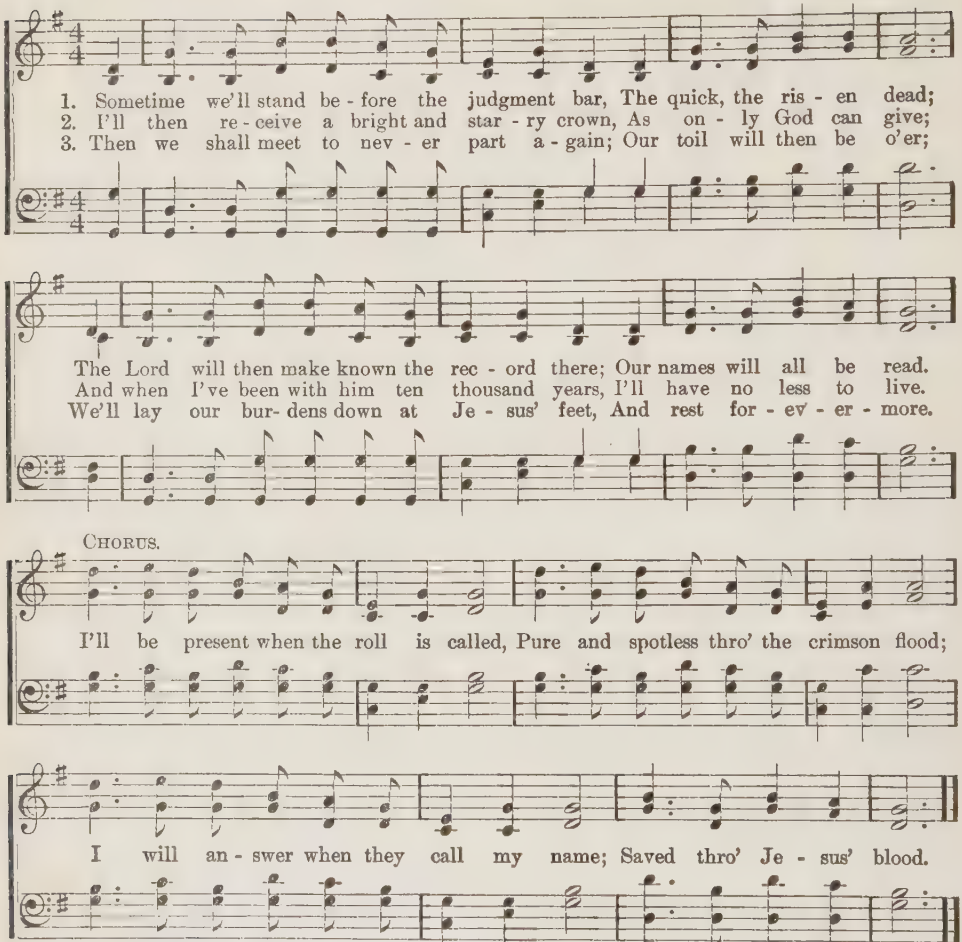
No. 305 Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. V. J. W. VanDeVenter.

1. Sometime we'll stand be - fore the judgment bar, The quick, the ris - en dead;
2. I'll then re - ceive a bright and star - ry crown, As on - ly God can give;
3. Then we shall meet to nev - er part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er;
The Lord will then make known the rec - ord there; Our names will all be read.
And when I've been with him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.
We'll lay our bur- dens down at Je - sus' feet, And rest for - ev - er - more.
Chorus.
I'll be present when the roll is called, Pure and spotless thro' the crimson flood;
I will an - swer when they call my name; Saved thro' Je - sus' blood.

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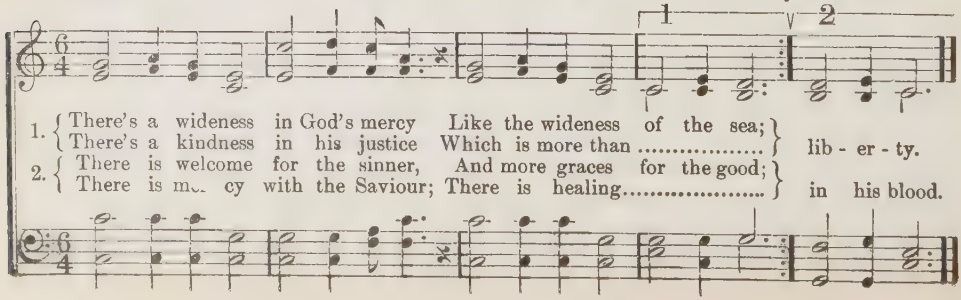
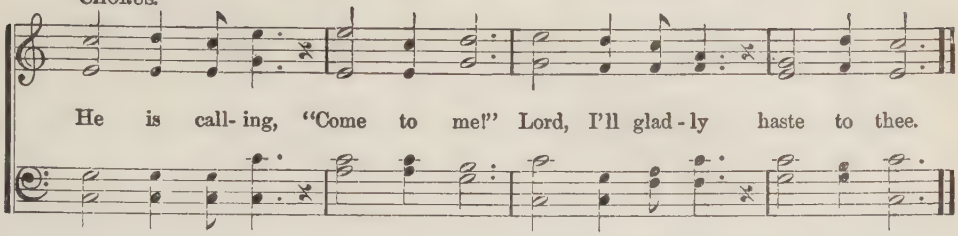
No. 306 He is Calling.

Faber. Arr. by S. J. Vail.


1
2
1. There's a wideness in God's mercy Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than ..... lib - er - ty.
2. There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour; There is healing..... in his blood.

He is Calling.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



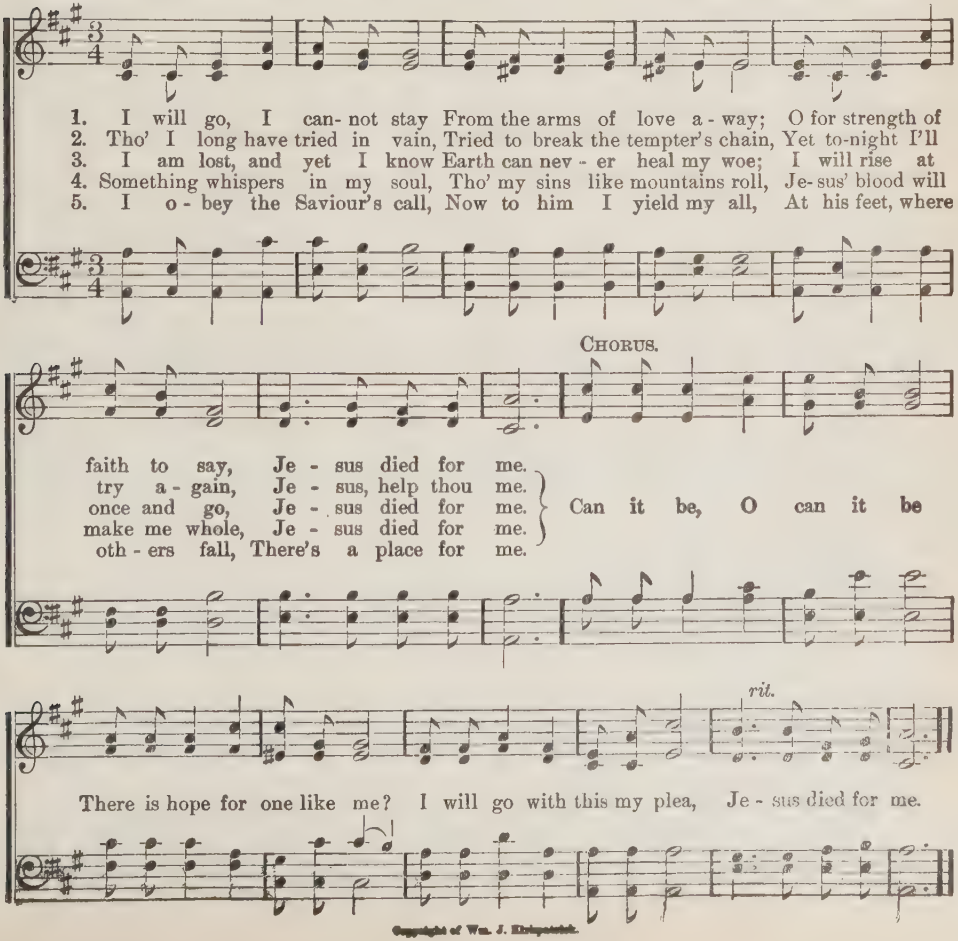
3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of the Lord.

No. 307

I Will Go.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I will go, I can- not stay From the arms of love a - way; O for strength of
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-night I'll
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev - er heal my woe; I will rise at
4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' my sins like mountains roll, Je- sus' blood will
5. I o - bey the Saviour's call, Now to him I yield my all, At his feet, where
CHORUS.
faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
try a - gain, Je - sus, help thou me.
once and go, Je - sus died for me.
make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.
Can it be, O can it be
rit.
There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je - sus died for me.

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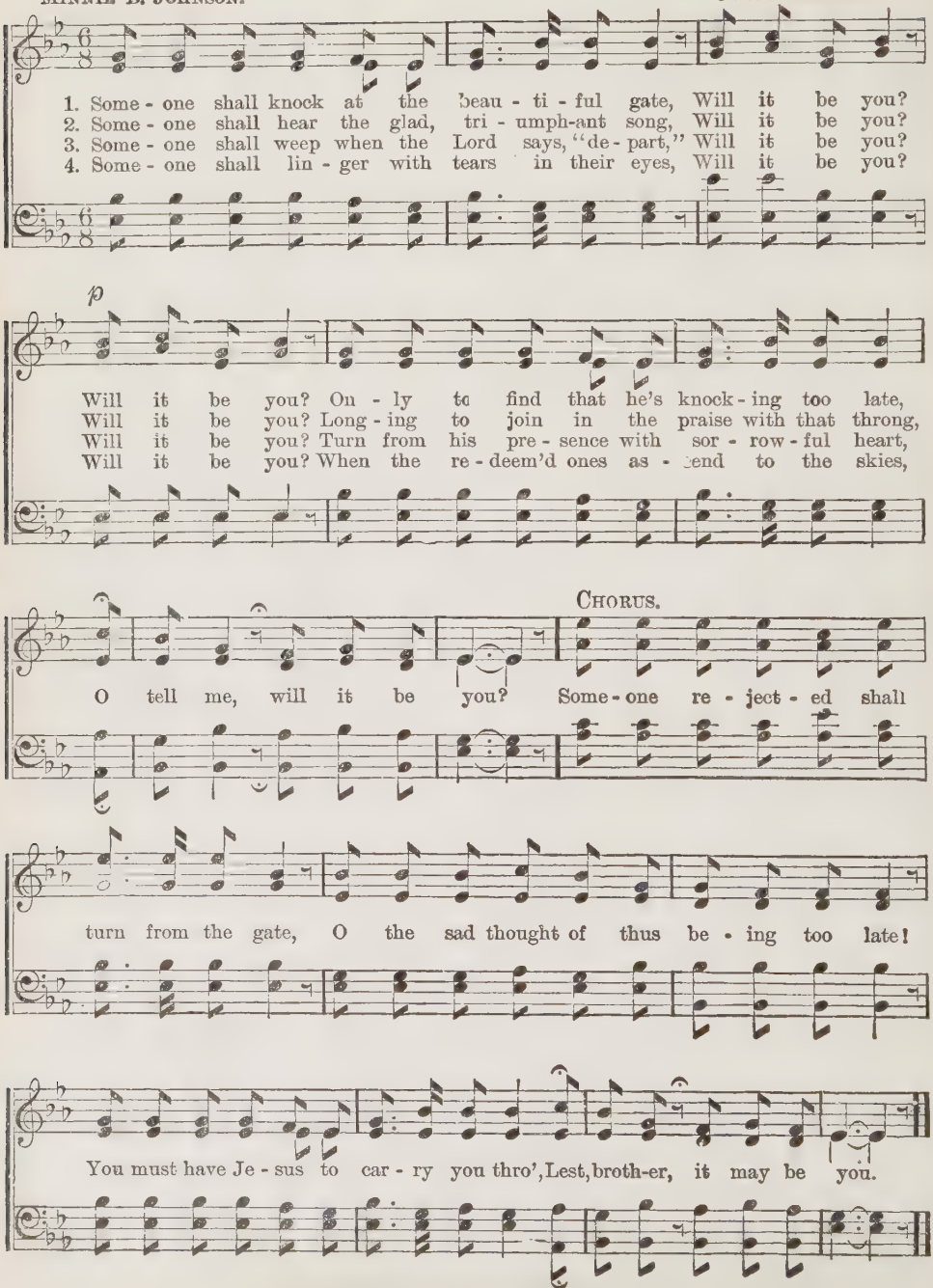
No 308.

Will It Be You?

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Some - one shall knock at the beau - ti - ful gate, Will it be you?
2. Some - one shall hear the glad, tri - umph-ant song, Will it be you?
3. Some - one shall weep when the Lord says, "de - part," Will it be you?
4. Some - one shall lin - ger with tears in their eyes, Will it be you?
p
Will it be you? On - ly to find that he's knock - ing too late,
Will it be you? Long - ing to join in the praise with that throng,
Will it be you? Turn from his pre - sence with sor - row - ful heart,
Will it be you? When the re - deem'd ones as - cend to the skies,
CHORUS.
O tell me, will it be you? Some - one re - ject - ed shall
turn from the gate, O the sad thought of thus be - ing too late!
You must have Je - sus to car - ry you thro', Lest, broth-er, it may be you.

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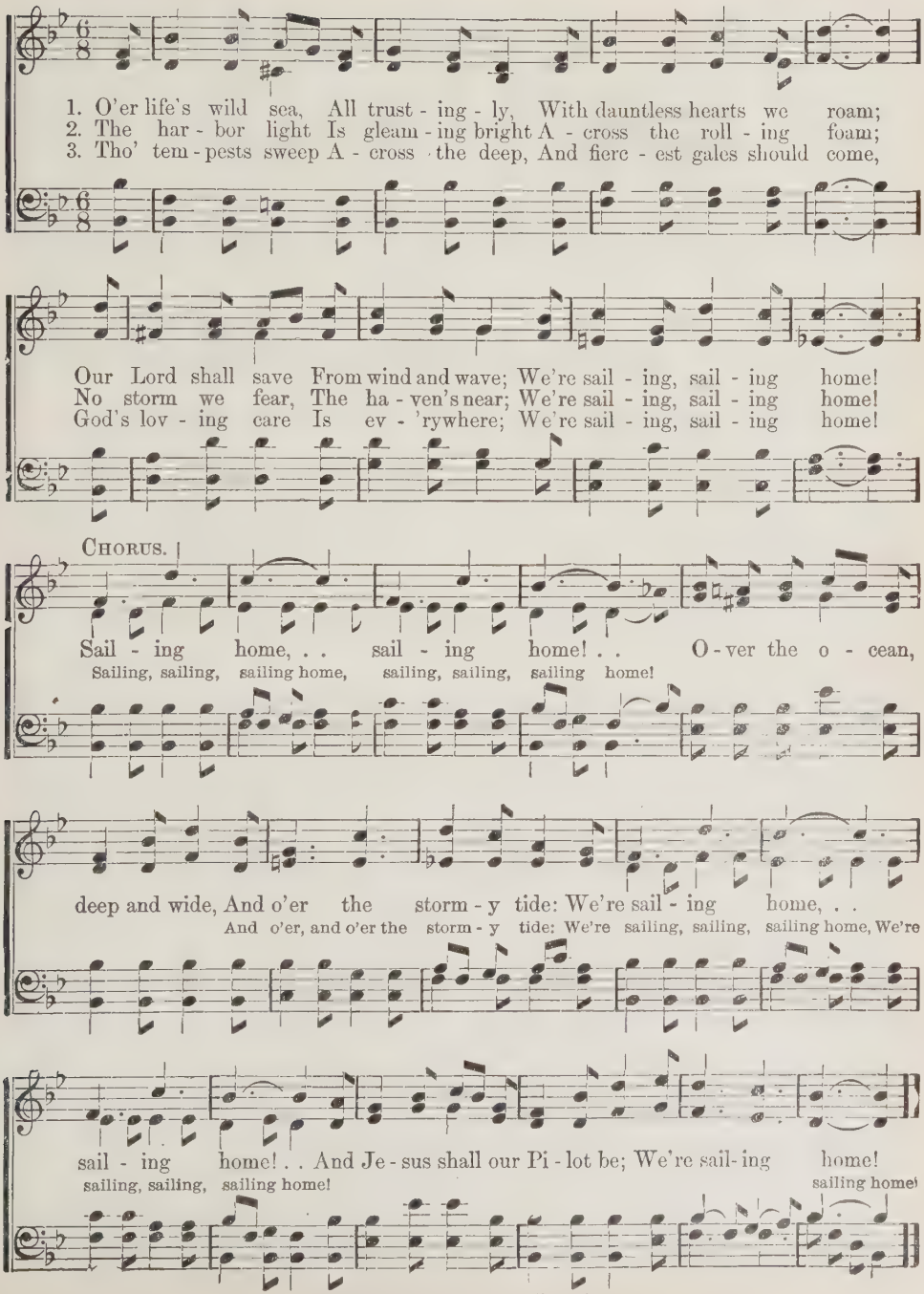
No. 309. Sailing Home!

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. O'er life's wild sea, All trust - ing - ly, With dauntless hearts we roam;
2. The har - bor light Is gleam - ing bright A - cross the roll - ing foam;
3. Tho' tem - pests sweep A - cross the deep, And fierc - est gales should come,
Our Lord shall save From wind and wave; We're sail - ing, sail - ing home!
No storm we fear, The ha - ven's near; We're sail - ing, sail - ing home!
God's lov - ing care Is ev - 'rywhere; We're sail - ing, sail - ing home!
CHORUS.
Sail - ing home, . . sail - ing home! . . O - ver the o - cean,
Sailing, sailing, sailing home, sailing, sailing, sailing home!
deep and wide, And o'er the storm - y tide: We're sail - ing home, . .
And o'er, and o'er the storm - y tide: We're sailing, sailing, sailing home, We're
sail - ing home! . . And Je - sus shall our Pi - lot be; We're sail - ing home!
sailing, sailing, sailing home!
sailing home!

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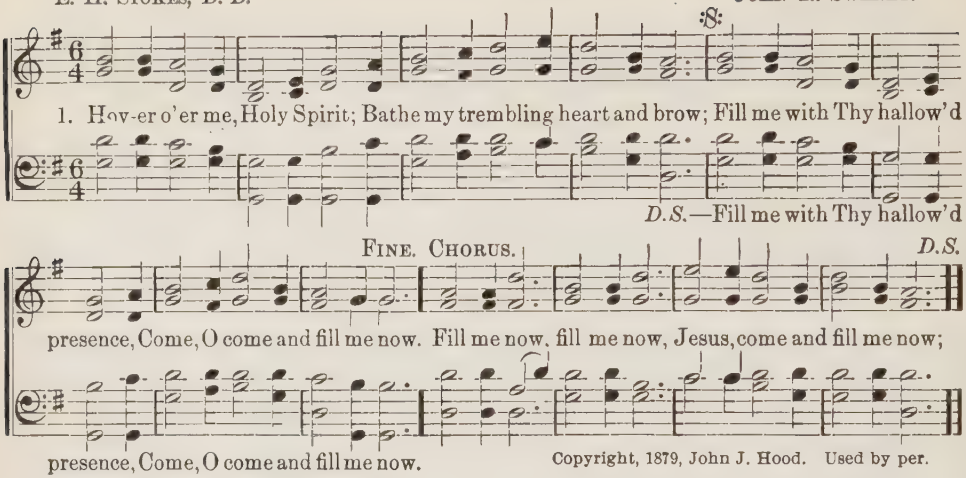
No. 310. Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes, D. D. John R. Sweney.


1. Hov-er o'er me, Holy Spirit; Bathe my trembling heart and brow; Fill me with Thy hallow'd
D.S.—Fill me with Thy hallow'd
Fine. Chorus.
D.S.
presence, Come, O come and fill me now. Fill me now, fill me now, Jesus, come and fill me now;
presence, Come, O come and fill me now.

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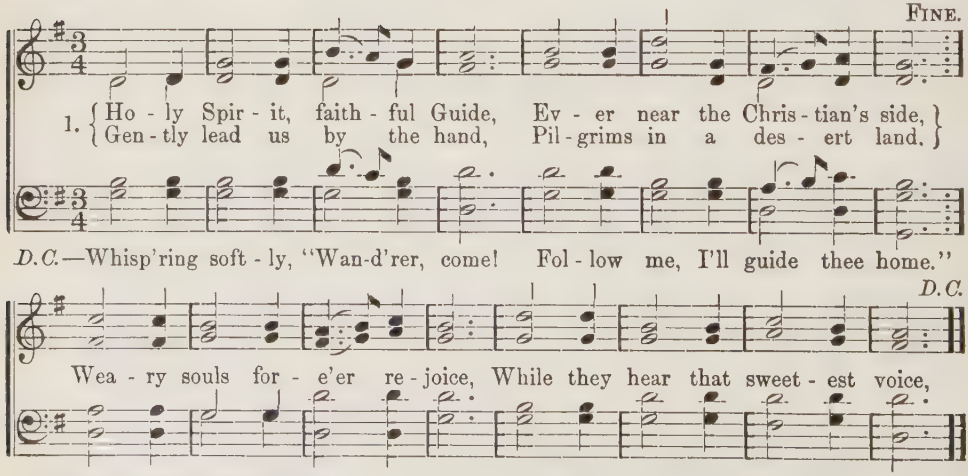
2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell Thee how;
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee;
Come, O come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At Thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

No. 311. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.

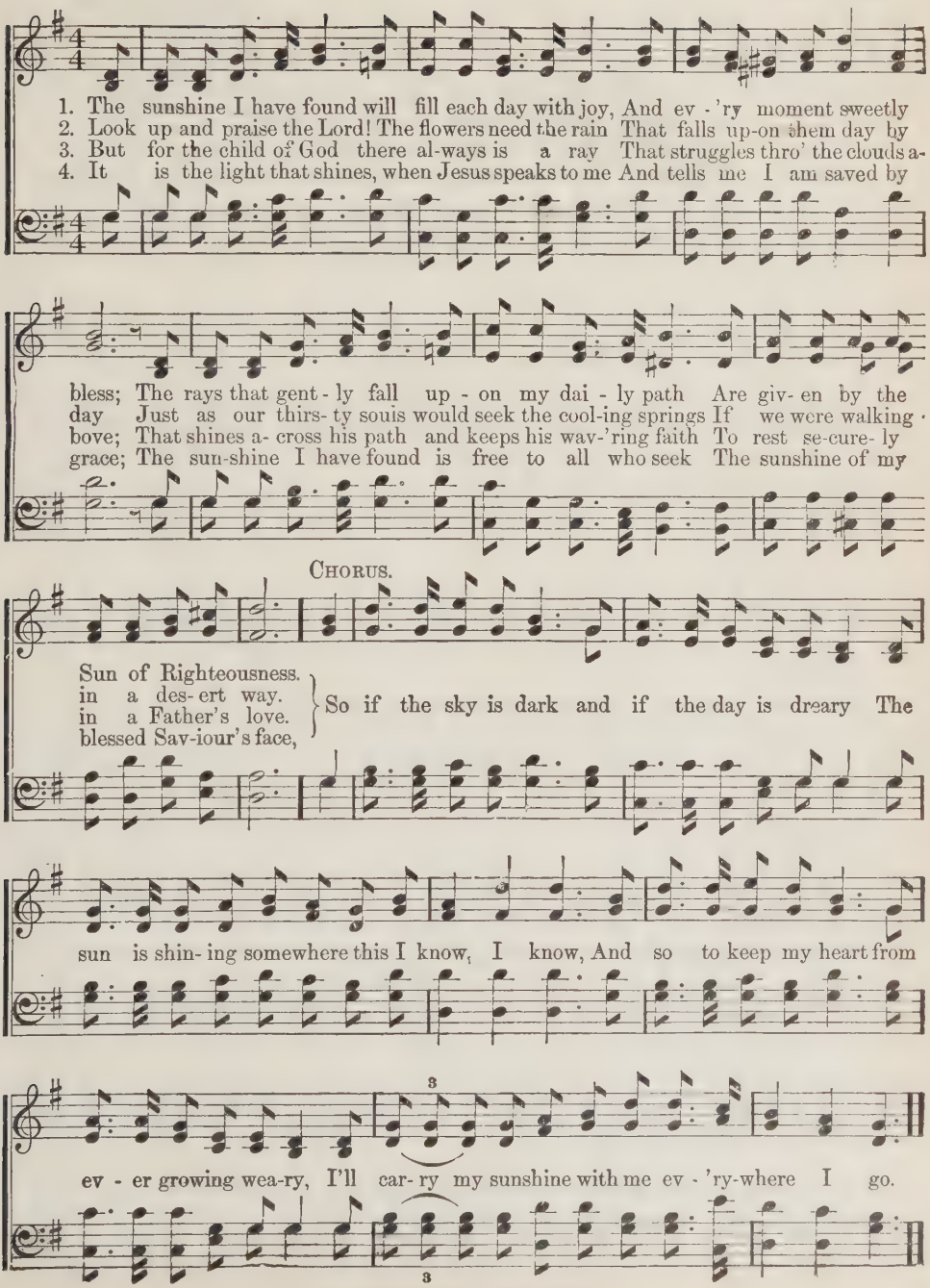

Fine.
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side,
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land.
D.C.—Whisp'ring soft - ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
D.C.
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

2 Ever-present, truest Friend,
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep in dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 312. C. A. M.

Sunshine.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. The sunshine I have found will fill each day with joy, And ev - 'ry moment sweetly
2. Look up and praise the Lord! The flowers need the rain That falls up-on them day by
3. But for the child of God there al-ways is a ray That struggles thro' the clouds a-
4. It is the light that shines, when Jesus speaks to me And tells me I am saved by
bless; The rays that gent - ly fall up - on my dai - ly path Are giv- en by the
day Just as our thirs- ty souls would seek the cool-ing springs If we were walking
bove; That shines a- cross his path and keeps his wav-'ring faith To rest se-cure- ly
grace; The sun-shine I have found is free to all who seek The sunshine of my
CHORUS.
Sun of Righteousness.
in a des- ert way.
in a Father's love.
blessed Sav-iour's face,
So if the sky is dark and if the day is dreary The
sun is shin- ing somewhere this I know, I know, And so to keep my heart from
3
ev - er growing wea-ry, I'll car- ry my sunshine with me ev - 'ry-where I go.
3

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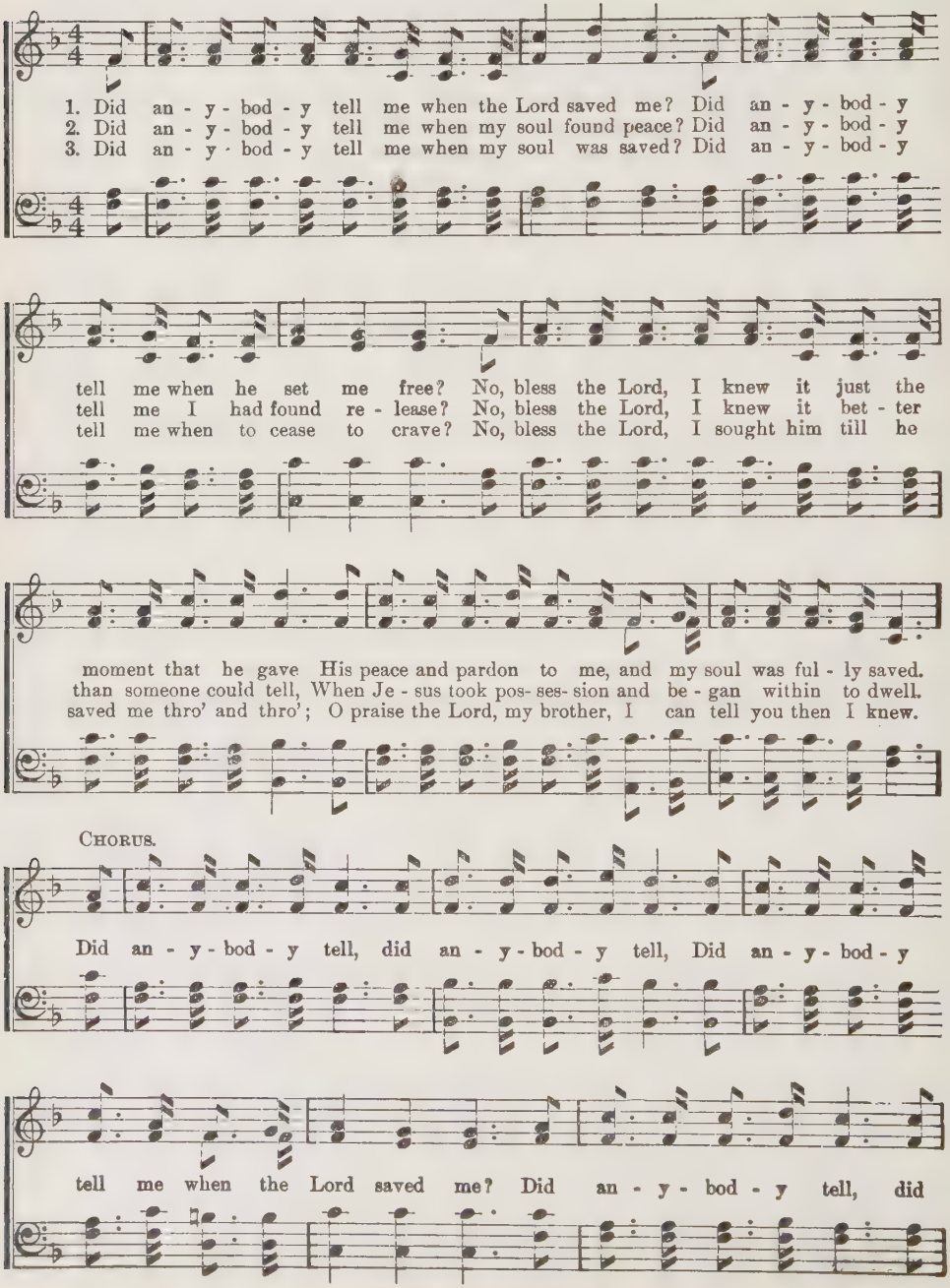
No. 313.

Did Anybody Tell Me?

Rev. F. L. Snyder. Howard E. Smith.

1. Did an - y - bod - y tell me when the Lord saved me? Did an - y - bod - y
2. Did an - y - bod - y tell me when my soul found peace? Did an - y - bod - y
3. Did an - y - bod - y tell me when my soul was saved? Did an - y - bod - y
tell me when he set me free? No, bless the Lord, I knew it just the
tell me I had found re - lease? No, bless the Lord, I knew it bet - ter
tell me when to cease to crave? No, bless the Lord, I sought him till he
moment that he gave His peace and pardon to me, and my soul was ful - ly saved.
than someone could tell, When Je - sus took pos- ses- sion and be - gan within to dwell.
saved me thro' and thro'; O praise the Lord, my brother, I can tell you then I knew.
Chorus.
Did an - y - bod - y tell, did an - y - bod - y tell, Did an - y - bod - y
tell me when the Lord saved me? Did an - y - bod - y tell, did

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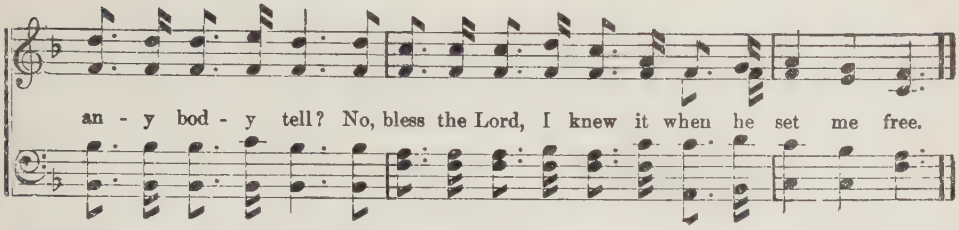
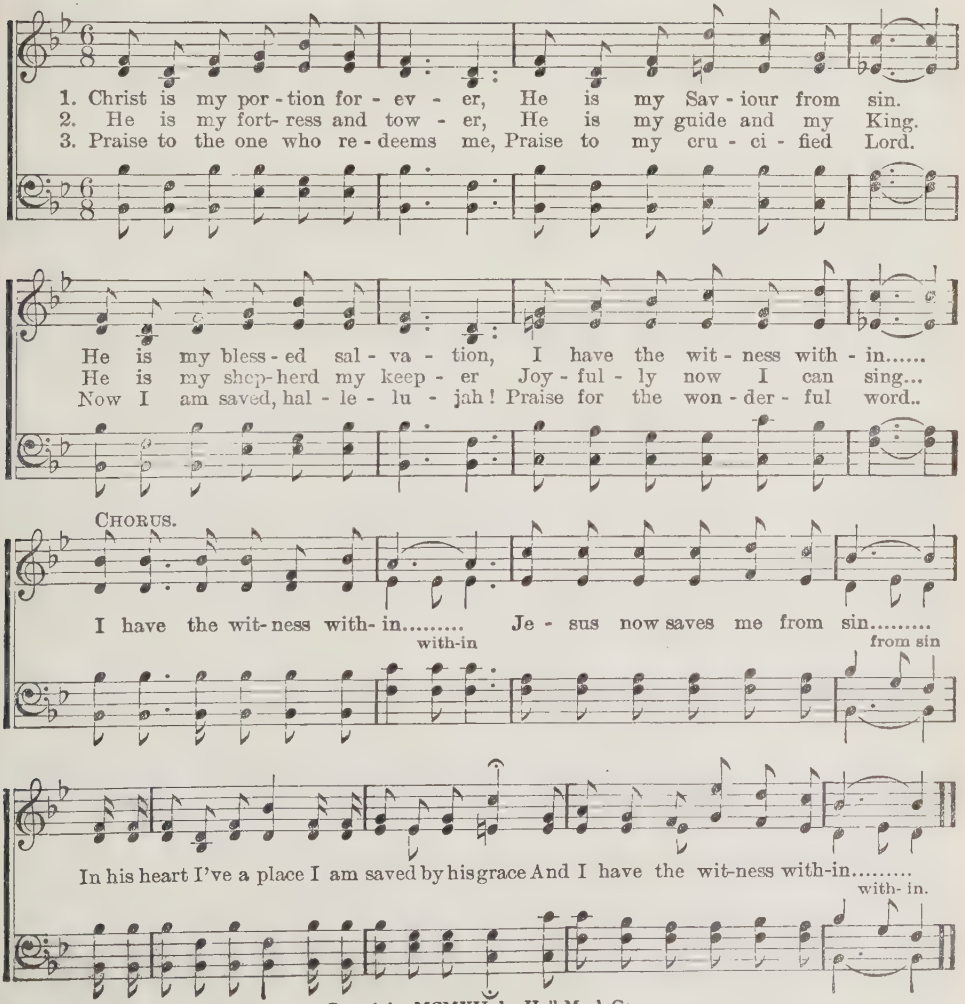
Did Anybody Tell Me?—Concluded.



No. 314. The Witness of the Spirit.

J. L. H. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Christ is my por - tion for - ev - er, He is my Sav - iour from sin.
2. He is my fort - ress and tow - er, He is my guide and my King.
3. Praise to the one who re - deems me, Praise to my cru - ci - fied Lord.
He is my bless - ed sal - va - tion, I have the wit - ness with - in.....
He is my shep - herd my keep - er Joy - ful - ly now I can sing...
Now I am saved, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise for the won - der - ful word..
CHORUS.
I have the wit - ness with - in..... Je - sus now saves me from sin.....
with-in
from sin
In his heart I've a place I am saved by his grace And I have the wit-ness with-in.....
with- in.

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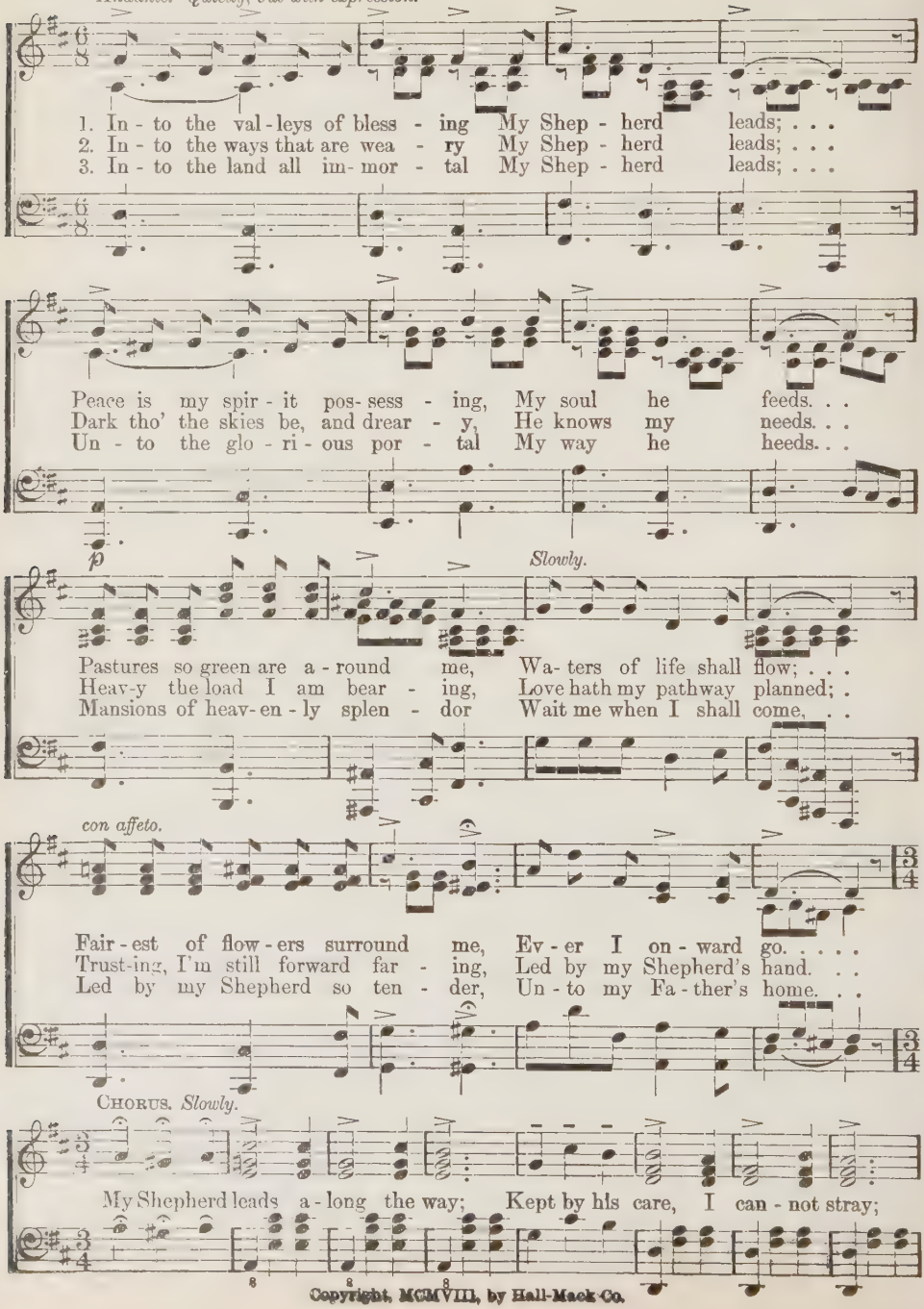
No. 315.

My Shepherd Leads.

MARY S. LEONARD. F. A. CLARK.

Andante. Quietly, but with expression.


1. In - to the val - leys of bless - ing My Shep - herd leads; . . .
2. In - to the ways that are wea - ry My Shep - herd leads; . . .
3. In - to the land all im - mor - tal My Shep - herd leads; . . .
Peace is my spir - it pos - sess - ing, My soul he feeds. . .
Dark tho' the skies be, and drear - y, He knows my needs. . .
Un - to the glo - ri - ous por - tal My way he heeds. . .
p
Slowly.
Pastures so green are a - round me, Wa - ters of life shall flow; . . .
Heav - y the load I am bear - ing, Love hath my pathway planned; .
Mansions of heav - en - ly splen - dor Wait me when I shall come. . .
con affeto.
Fair - est of flow - ers surround me, Ev - er I on - ward go. . . . .
Trust - ing, I'm still forward far - ing, Led by my Shepherd's hand. . .
Led by my Shepherd so ten - der, Un - to my Fa - ther's home. . .
CHORUS. Slowly.
My Shepherd leads a - long the way; Kept by his care, I can - not stray;

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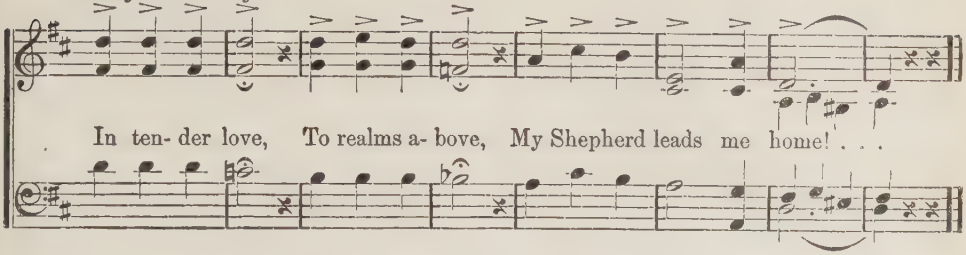
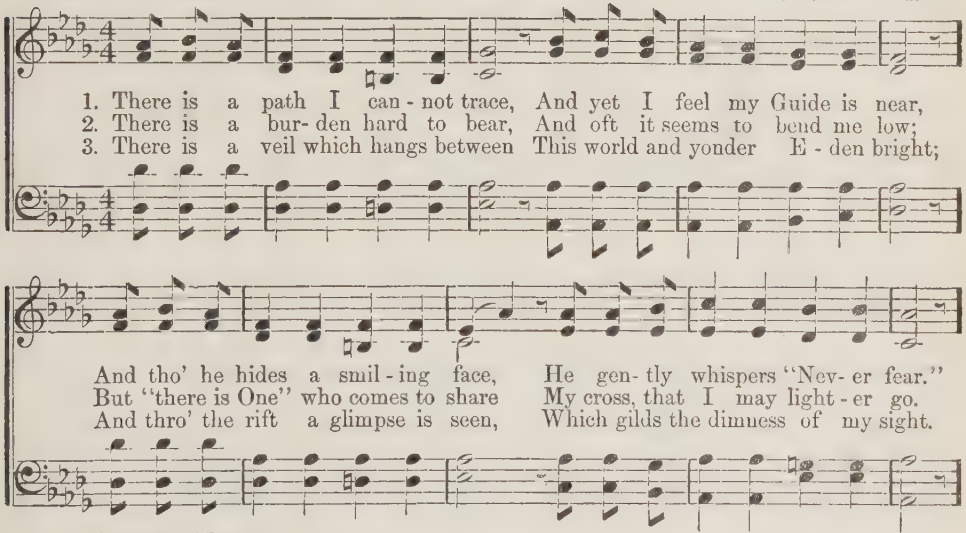
My Shepherd Leads.—Concluded.

Slowly and tenderly.

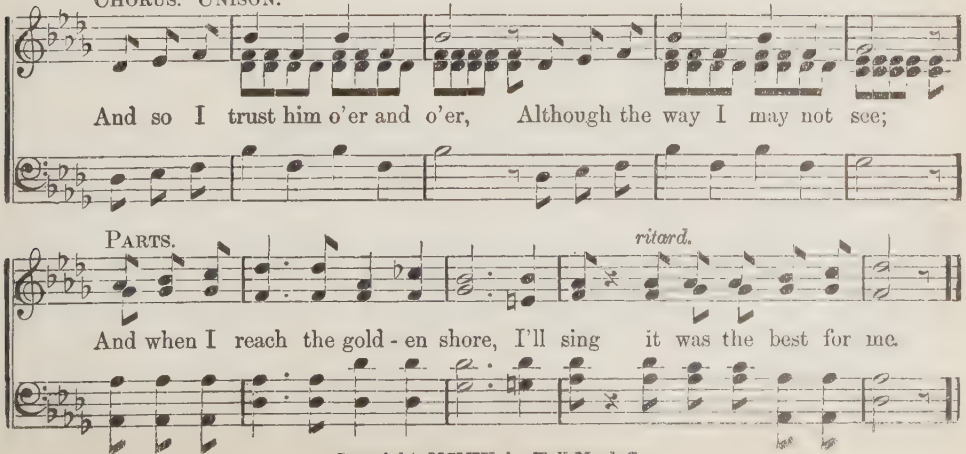


No. 316. I Trust Him.

REV. E. S. UFFORD. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. There is a path I can - not trace, And yet I feel my Guide is near,
2. There is a bur- den hard to bear, And oft it seems to bend me low;
3. There is a veil which hangs between This world and yonder E - den bright;
And tho' he hides a smil - ing face, He gen- tly whispers "Nev- er fear."
But "there is One" who comes to share My cross, that I may light - er go.
And thro' the rift a glimpse is seen, Which gilds the dimness of my sight.

CHORUS. UNISON.


And so I trust him o'er and o'er, Although the way I may not see;
PARTS.
ritard.
And when I reach the gold - en shore, I'll sing it was the best for me.

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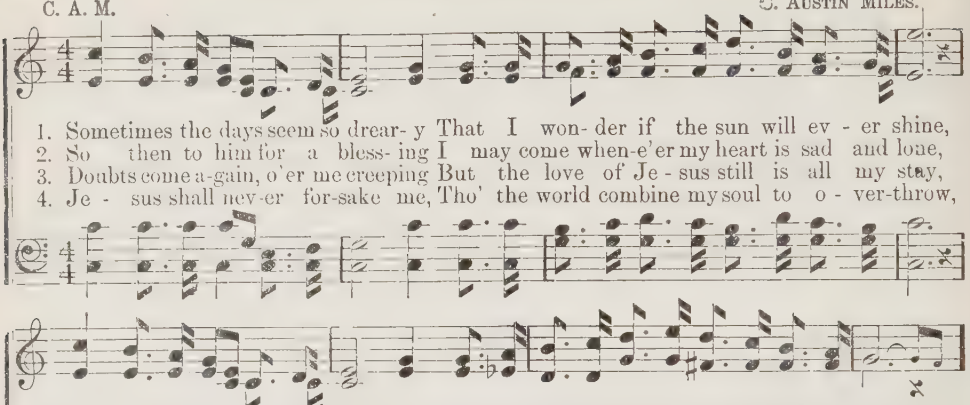
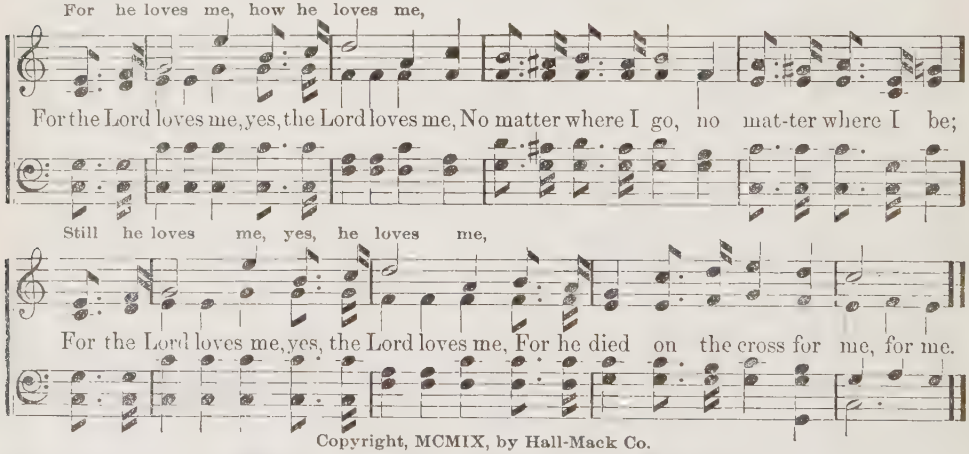
No. 317.

He Loves Me.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.


1. Sometimes the days seem so drear- y That I won- der if the sun will ev - er shine,
2. So then to him for a bless- ing I may come when-e'er my heart is sad and lone,
3. Doubts come a-gain, o'er me creeping But the love of Je - sus still is all my stay,
4. Je - sus shall nev-er for-sake me, Tho' the world combine my soul to o - ver-throw,
Oft-times my heart grows a-wea - ry, But I know the love of Je- sus still is mine.
To him my sins all con-fess - ing, I shall bear a-way a joy that's all my own.
All that I have in his keep- ing, Is "com-mit-ted un - to him a-gainst that day."
Close in his arms he will take me In commun-ion that the world can nev-er know.

Chorus.

For he loves me, how he loves me,
For the Lord loves me, yes, the Lord loves me, No matter where I go, no mat-ter where I be;
Still he loves me, yes, he loves me,
For the Lord loves me, yes, the Lord loves me, For he died on the cross for me, for me.

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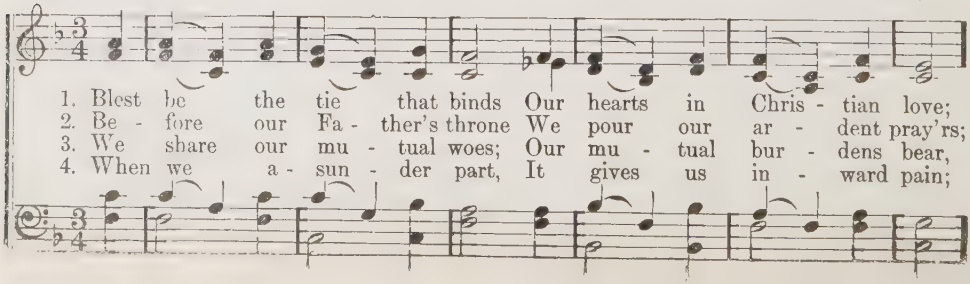
No. 318.

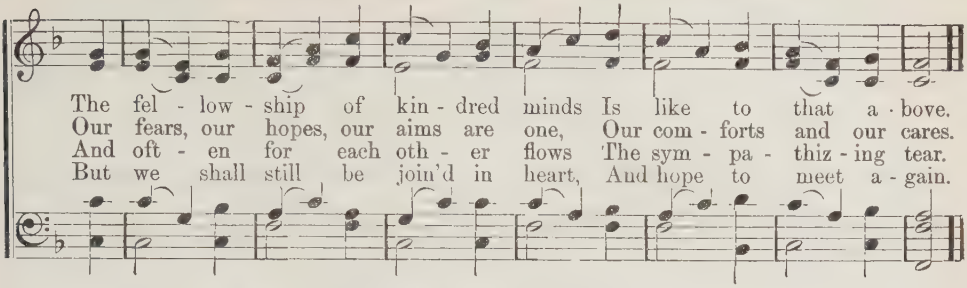
Blest be the Tie that Binds.

John Fawcett.

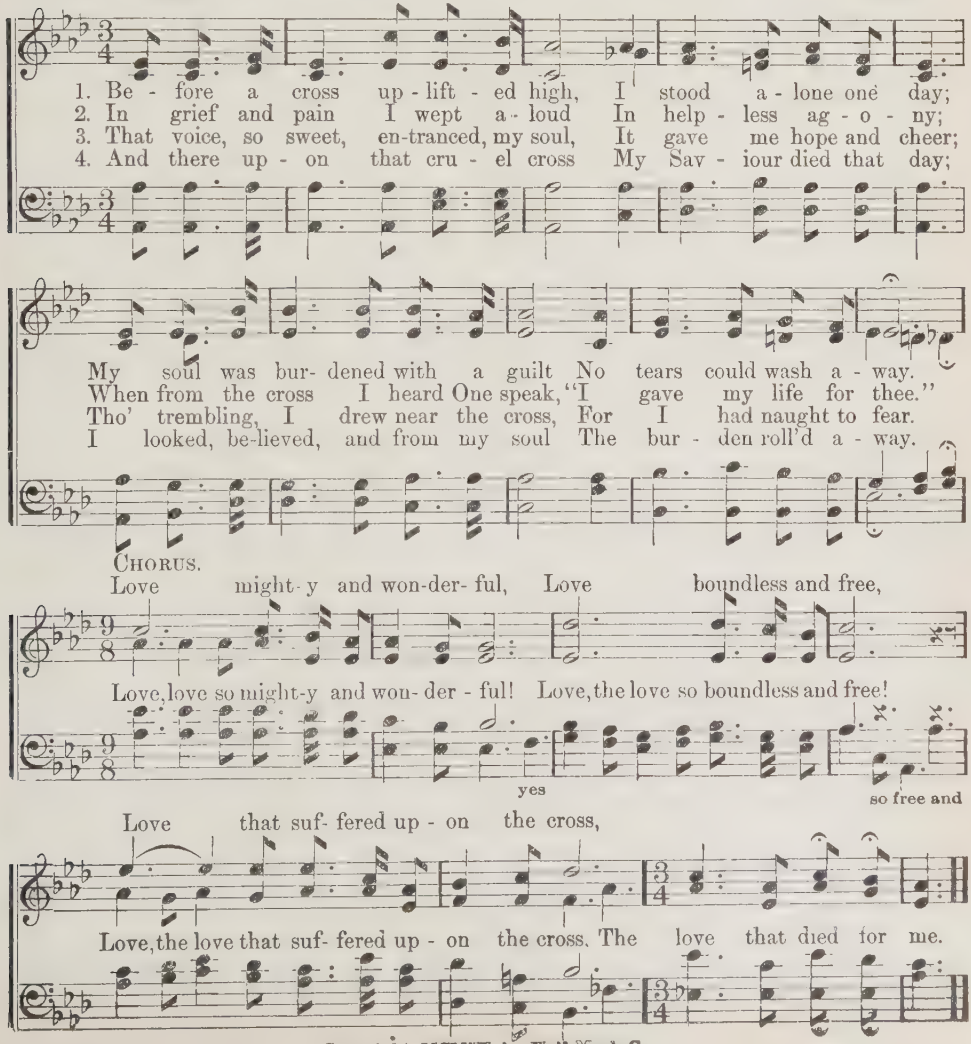
H. G. Nageli.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear,
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

Blest be the Tie that Binds.—Concluded.


The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 319. Love, Mighty and Wonderful.

FRANK E. GRAEFF. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. Be - fore a cross up - lift - ed high, I stood a - lone one day;
2. In grief and pain I wept a - loud In help - less ag - o - ny;
3. That voice, so sweet, en-tranced, my soul, It gave me hope and cheer;
4. And there up - on that cru - el cross My Sav - iour died that day;
My soul was bur- dened with a guilt No tears could wash a - way.
When from the cross I heard One speak, "I gave my life for thee."
Tho' trembling, I drew near the cross, For I had naught to fear.
I looked, be-lieved, and from my soul The bur - den roll'd a - way.
CHORUS.
Love might - y and won-der- ful, Love boundless and free,
Love, love so might-y and won- der - ful! Love, the love so boundless and free!
yes
so free and
Love that suf- fered up - on the cross,
Love, the love that suf- fered up - on the cross. The love that died for me.

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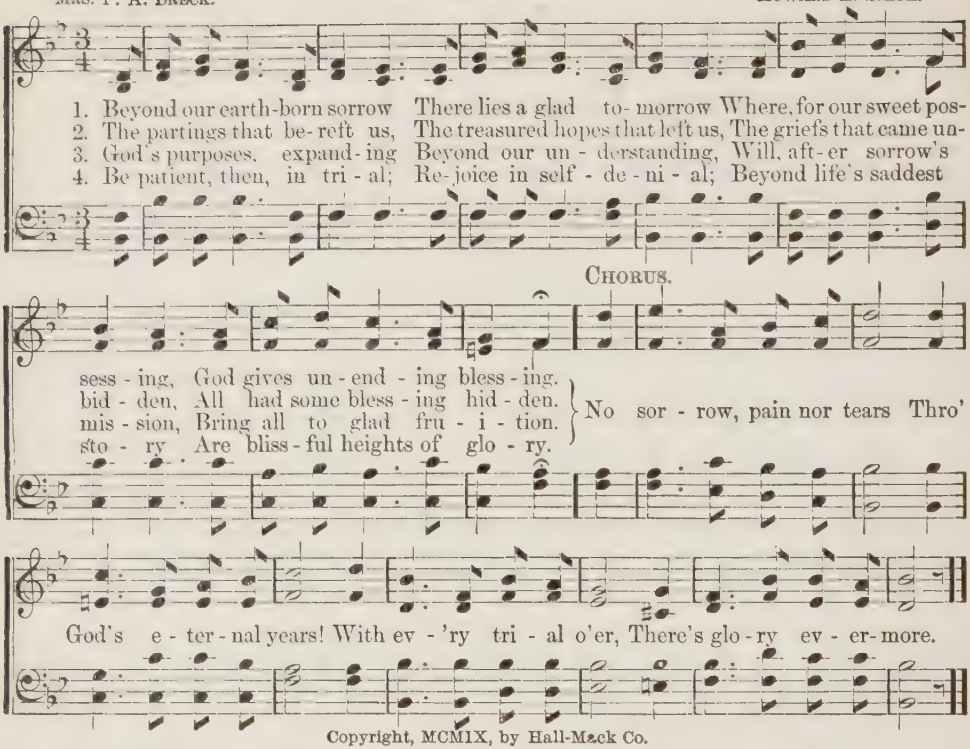
No. 320. Beyond Our Sorrow.

MRS. F. A. BRECK. HOWARD E. SMITH.


1. Beyond our earth-born sorrow There lies a glad to-morrow Where, for our sweet pos-
2. The partings that be-reft us, The treasured hopes that left us, The griefs that came un-
3. God's purposes, expand-ing Beyond our un-der-standing, Will, aft-er sorrow's
4. Be patient, then, in tri-al; Re-joice in self-de-ni-al; Beyond life's saddest
CHORUS.
sess-ing, God gives un-end-ing bless-ing.
bid-den, All had some bless-ing hid-den.
mis-sion, Bring all to glad fru-i-tion.
sto-ry Are bliss-ful heights of glo-ry.
No sor-row, pain nor tears Thro'
God's e-ter-nal years! With ev-'ry tri-al o'er, There's glo-ry ev-er-more.

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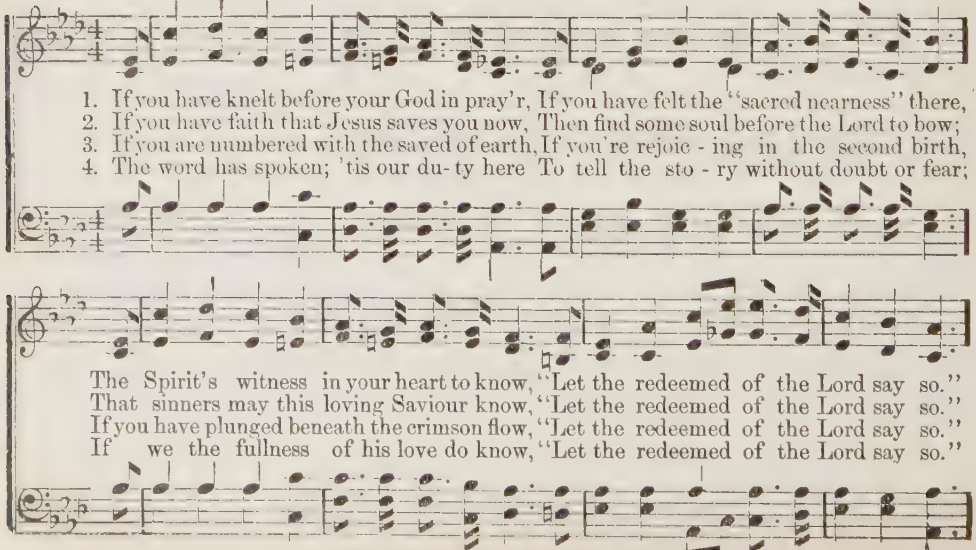
No. 321. Let the Redeemed of the Lord Say So.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. If you have knelt before your God in pray'r, If you have felt the "sacred nearness" there,
2. If you have faith that Jesus saves you now, Then find some soul before the Lord to bow;
3. If you are numbered with the saved of earth, If you're rejoic-ing in the second birth,
4. The word has spoken; 'tis our du-ty here To tell the sto-ry without doubt or fear;
The Spirit's witness in your heart to know, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."
That sinners may this loving Saviour know, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."
If you have plunged beneath the crimson flow, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."
If we the fullness of his love do know, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

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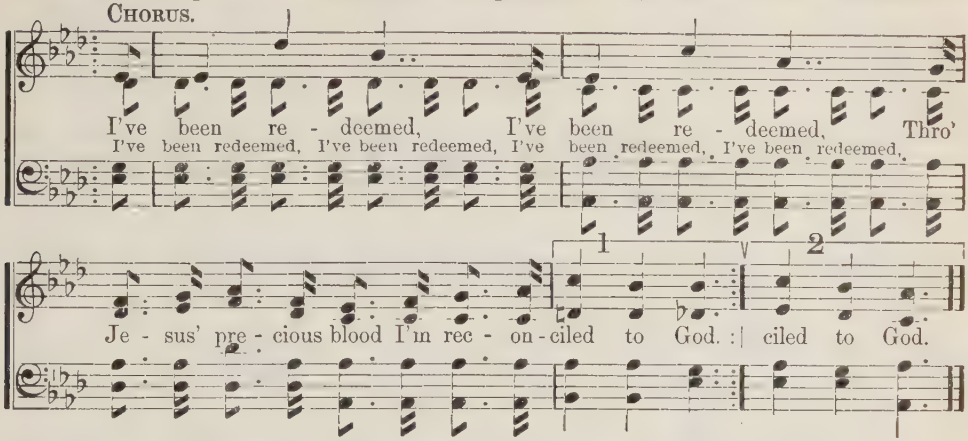
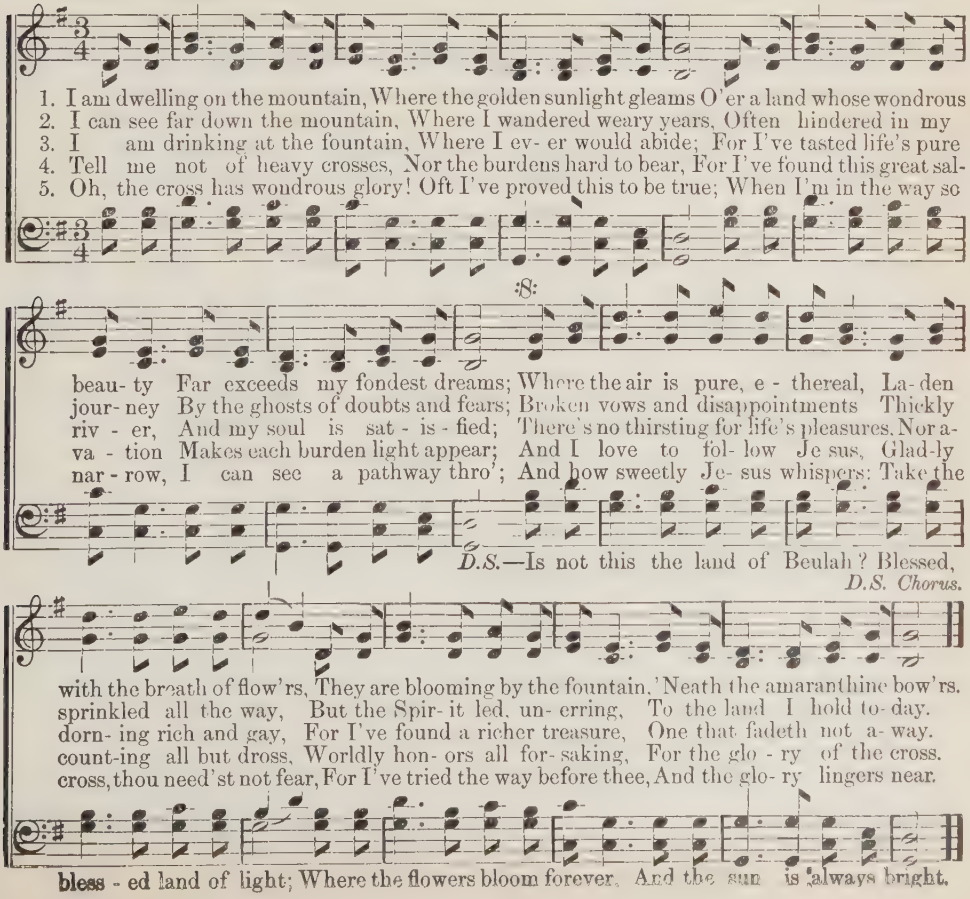
Let the Redeemed of the Lord Say So.—Concluded.

CHORUS.


I've been re - deemed, I've been re - deemed, Thro'
I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed,
1
2
Je - sus' pre - cious blood I'm rec - on - ciled to God. :| ciled to God.

No. 322. Is Not This the Land of Beulah?

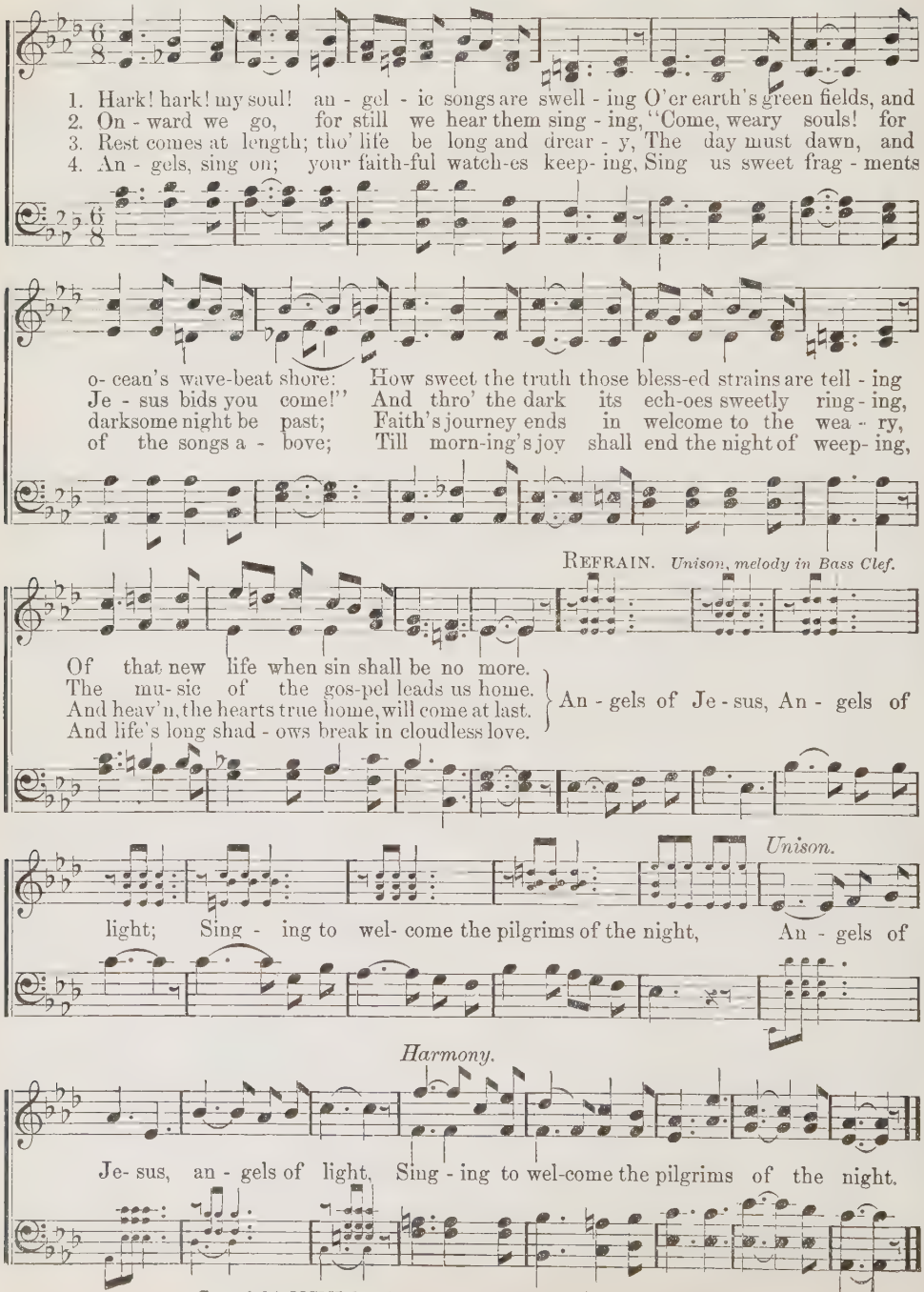
HARRIET WARNER RE QUA. REV. J. W. DADMUN.


1. I am dwelling on the mountain, Where the golden sunlight gleams O'er a land whose wondrous
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered weary years, Often hindered in my
3. I am drinking at the fountain, Where I ev- er would abide; For I've tasted life's pure
4. Tell me not of heavy crosses, Nor the burdens hard to bear, For I've found this great sal-
5. Oh, the cross has wondrous glory! Oft I've proved this to be true; When I'm in the way so
:S:
beau- ty Far exceeds my fondest dreams; Where the air is pure, e - thereal, La- den
jour- ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears; Broken vows and disappointments Thickly
riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied; There's no thirsting for life's pleasures. Nor a-
va - tion Makes each burden light appear; And I love to fol- low Je sus, Glad-ly
nar - row, I can see a pathway thro'; And how sweetly Je- sus whispers: Take the
D.S.—Is not this the land of Beulah? Blessed,
D.S. Chorus.
with the breath of flow'rs, They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the amaranthine bow'rs.
sprinkled all the way, But the Spir- it led, un- erring, To the land I hold to- day.
dorn- ing rich and gay, For I've found a richer treasure, One that fadeth not a- way.
count-ing all but dross, Worldly hon- ors all for- saking, For the glo - ry of the cross.
cross, thou need'st not fear, For I've tried the way before thee, And the glo- ry lingers near.
bless - ed land of light; Where the flowers bloom forever, And the sun is always bright.

No. 323.

Hark! Hark! My Soul.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. Hark! hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, weary souls! for
3. Rest comes at length; tho' life be long and drear - y, The day must dawn, and
4. An - gels, sing on; your faith-ful watch-es keep- ing, Sing us sweet frag - ments
o- cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing
Je - sus bids you come!" And thro' the dark its ech-oes sweetly ring - ing,
darksome night be past; Faith's journey ends in welcome to the wea - ry,
of the songs a - bove; Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep- ing,
REFRAIN. Unison, melody in Bass Clef.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu- sic of the gos-pel leads us home.
And heav'n, the hearts true home, will come at last.
And life's long shad - ows break in cloudless love.
An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of
Unison.
light; Sing - ing to wel- come the pilgrims of the night, An - gels of
Harmony.
Je- sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night.

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No. 324.

What are You Doing for Jesus?

EMILY P. MILLER. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. What are you doing for Je - sus, As you journey thro' life? Sowing the grain for the
2. What are you doing for Je - sus? Are you striving each day, By lit - tle acts of
3. What are you doing for Je - sus As the days go by? Telling the lone and the
4. What are you doing for Je - sus? Soon comes setting of sun; Hasten and tell the glad

CHORUS.

har - vest, Or scat - ter - ing seeds of strife?
kind - ness, To bright - en someone's way?
wea - ry, Of rest be - yond the sky?
tid - ings, Lest you leave some work un - done.

What are you do - ing, What are you do - ing for Jesus your Friend?

Do - ing for Je - sus? What are you do - ing, What are you do - ing for Je - sus to - day? What are you do - ing for Je - sus your Friend,

As the days go by?..... What are you do - ing, Do - ing for days go by? What are you doing for Jesus your Friend? What are you doing for

Je - sus? What are you do - ing, As the days go by?..... Je - sus to - day? What are you do - ing for Je - sus your Friend, days go by?

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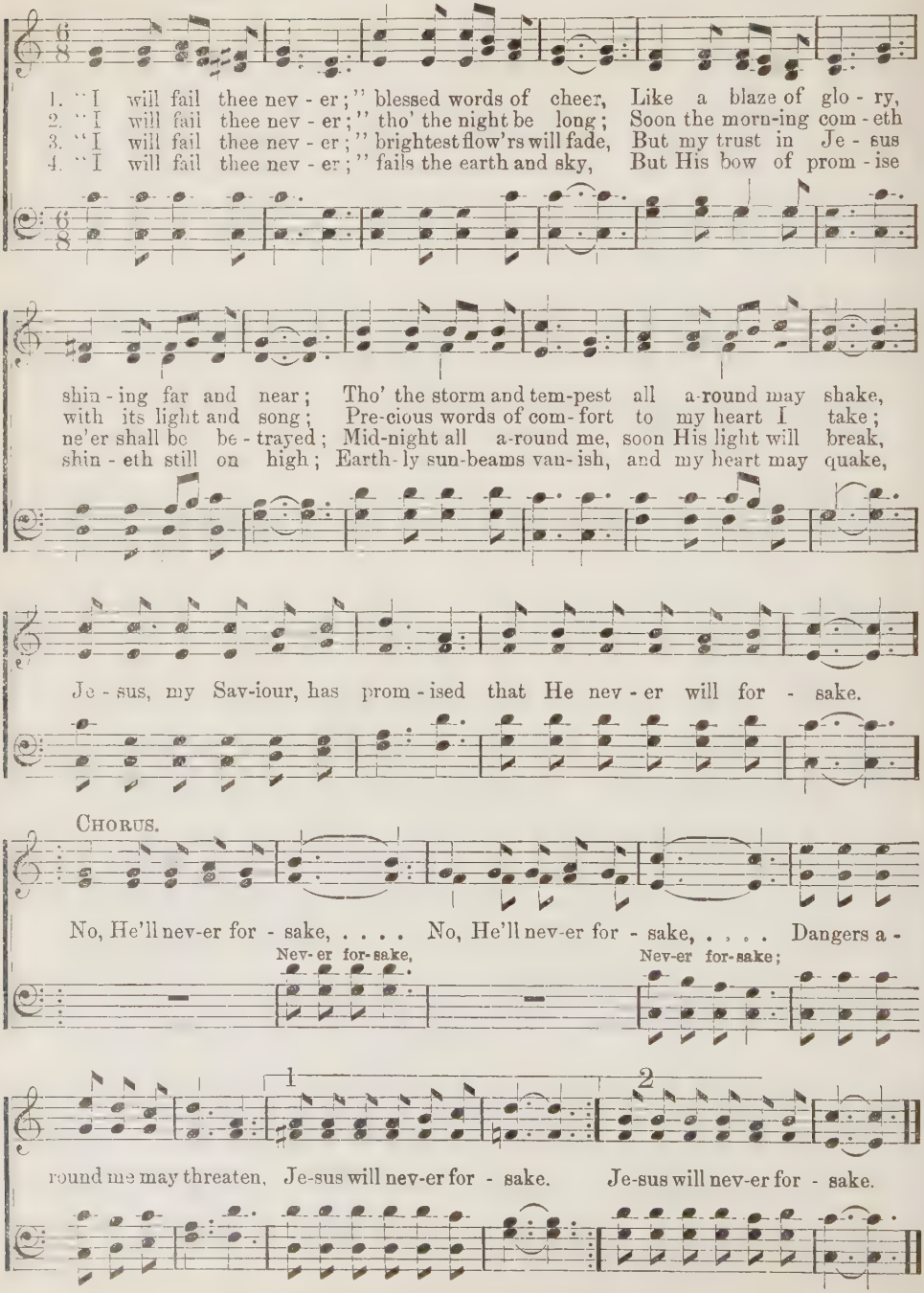
No. 325. He'll Never Forsake.

FRANK M. MASHAW. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. "I will fail thee nev - er;" blessed words of cheer, Like a blaze of glo - ry,
2. "I will fail thee nev - er;" tho' the night be long; Soon the morn-ing com - eth
3. "I will fail thee nev - er;" brightest flow'rs will fade, But my trust in Je - sus
4. "I will fail thee nev - er;" fails the earth and sky, But His bow of prom - ise
shin - ing far and near; Tho' the storm and tem-pest all a-round may shake,
with its light and song; Pre-cious words of com-fort to my heart I take;
ne'er shall be be - trayed; Mid-night all a-round me, soon His light will break,
shin - eth still on high; Earth-ly sun-beams van-ish, and my heart may quake,
Je - sus, my Sav-iour, has prom - ised that He nev - er will for - sake.
CHORUS.
No, He'll nev-er for - sake, ... No, He'll nev-er for - sake, ... Dangers a -
Nev-er for-sake,
Nev-er for-sake;
1
2
round me may threaten, Je-sus will nev-er for - sake. Je-sus will nev-er for - sake.

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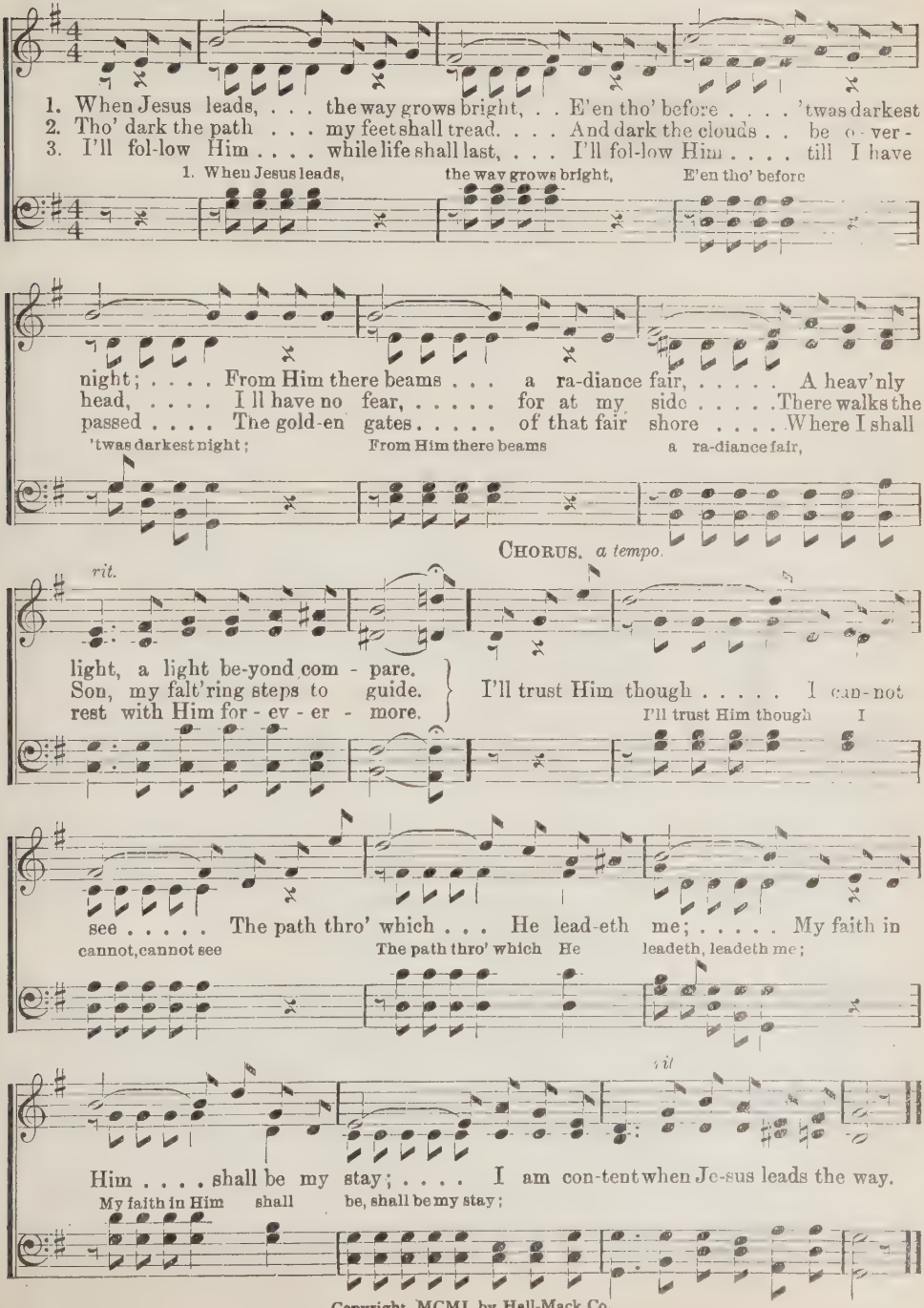
No. 326. When Jesus Leads.

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles

1. When Jesus leads, . . . the way grows bright, . . E'en tho' before . . . . 'twas darkest night; . . . . From Him there beams . . . a ra-diance fair, ... A heav'nly
2. Tho' dark the path . . . my feet shall tread. . . . And dark the clouds . . be o - ver - head, ... I ll have no fear, ... for at my side . . . . . There walks the
3. I'll fol-low Him . . . . while life shall last, . . . I'll fol-low Him . . . . till I have passed . . . . The gold-en gates . . . . . of that fair shore . . . . Where I shall
Chorus. a tempo.
rit.
light, a light be-yond com - pare.
Son, my falt'ring steps to guide.
rest with Him for - ev - er - more.
I'll trust Him though . . . . . I can-not see . . . . . The path thro' which . . . He lead-eth me; . . . . . My faith in Him . . . . shall be my stay; . . . . I am con-tent when Je-sus leads the way.

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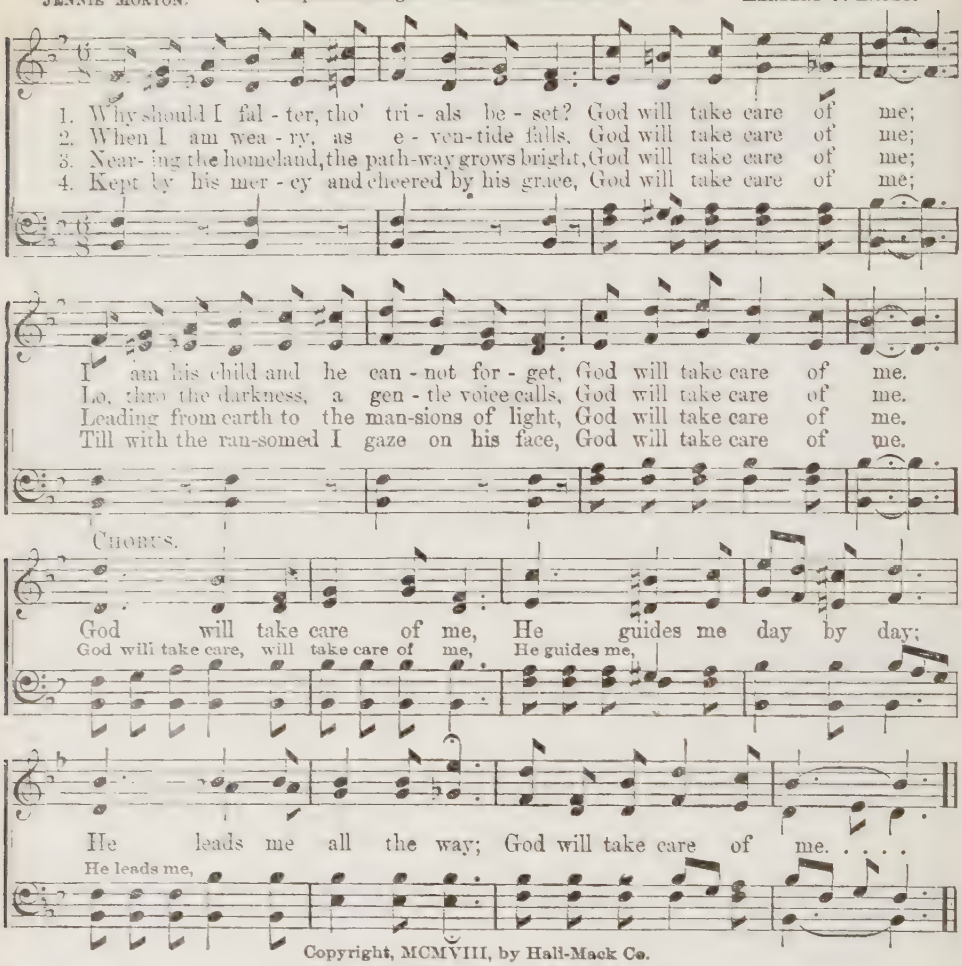
No. 327. God Will Take Care of Me.

JENNIE MORTON. (Companion song to "God Will Take Care of You.") HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. Why should I fal - ter, tho' tri - als be - set? God will take care of me;
2. When I am wea - ry, as e - ven-tide falls, God will take care of me;
3. Near- ing the homeland, the path-way grows bright, God will take care of me;
4. Kept by his mer - cy and cheered by his grace, God will take care of me;
I am his child and he can - not for - get, God will take care of me.
Lo, thro' the darkness, a gen - tle voice calls, God will take care of me.
Leading from earth to the man-sions of light, God will take care of me.
Till with the ran-somed I gaze on his face, God will take care of me.
CHORUS.
God will take care of me, He guides me day by day;
God will take care, will take care of me, He guides me,
He leads me all the way; God will take care of me. . . . .
He leads me,

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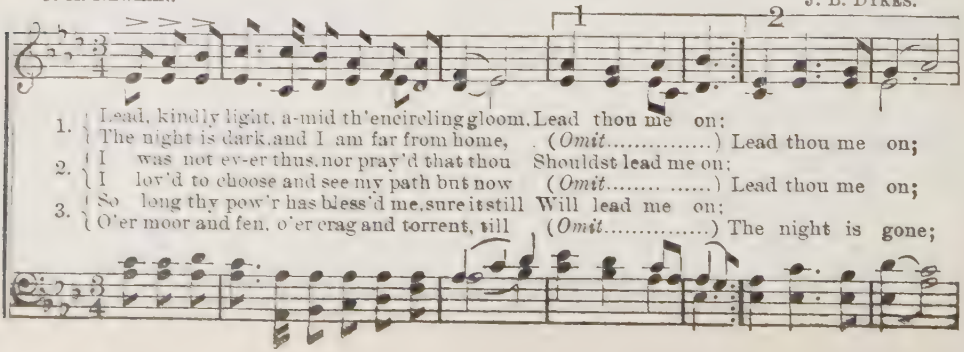
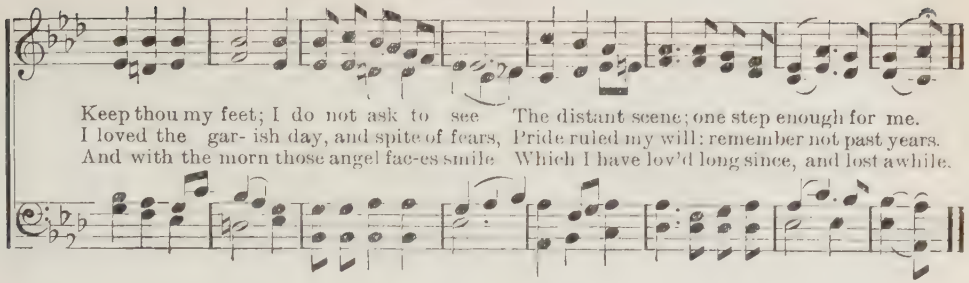
No. 328. Lead, Kindly Light.

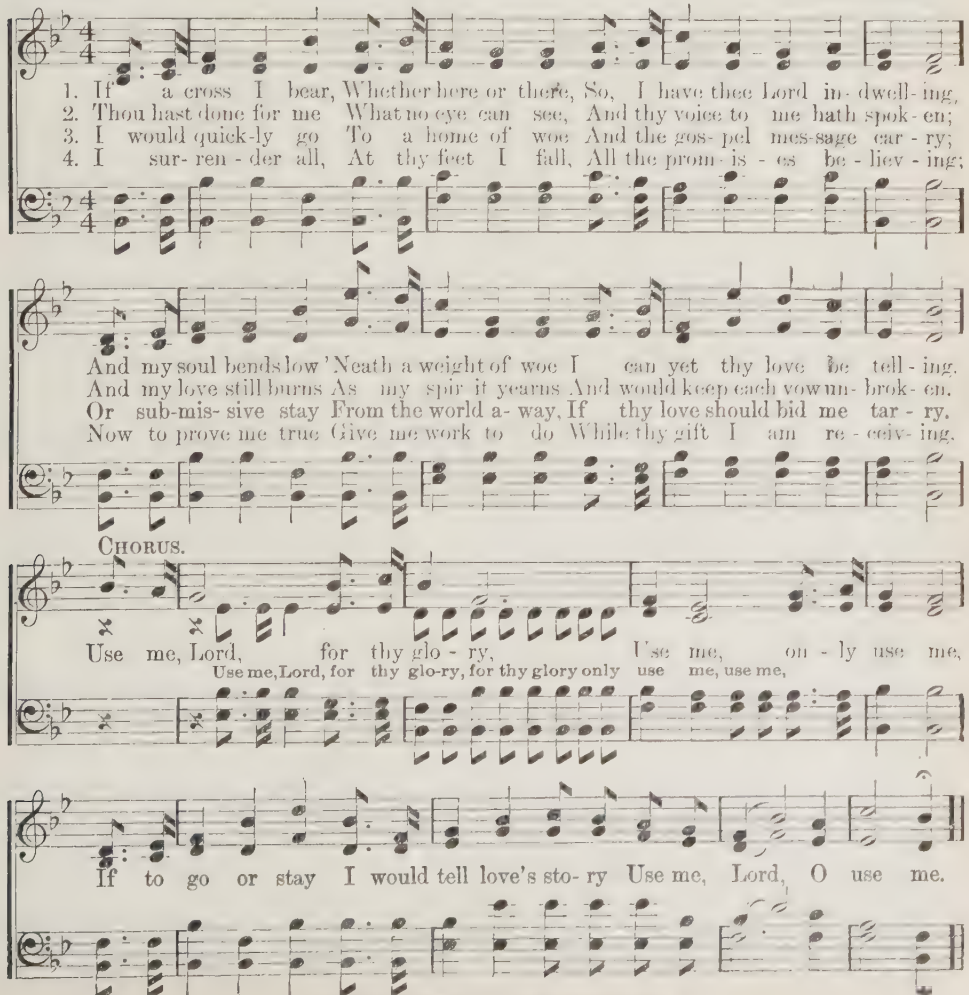
J. H. NEWMAN. J. B. DYKES.


1
2
1. Lead, kindly light, a-mid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home, (Omit.....) Lead thou me on;
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on;
I lov'd to choose and see my path but now (Omit..... .....) Lead thou me on;
3. So long thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on;
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till (Omit.....) The night is gone;

Lead, Kindly Light.—Concluded.


Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.
I loved the gar- ish day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
And with the morn those angel fac-es smile Which I have lov'd long since, and lost awhile.

No. 329. Use Me, Lord.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. If a cross I bear, Whether here or there, So, I have thee Lord in- dwell- ing,
2. Thou hast done for me What no eye can see, And thy voice to me hath spok- en;
3. I would quick-ly go To a home of woe And the gos- pel mes-sage car- ry;
4. I sur- ren - der all, At thy feet I fall, All the prom- is - es be- liev - ing;
And my soul bends low 'Neath a weight of woe I can yet thy love be tell- ing.
And my love still burns As my spir it yearns And would keep each vow un- brok- en.
Or sub-mis- sive stay From the world a- way, If thy love should bid me tar- ry.
Now to prove me true Give me work to do While thy gift I am re- ceiv- ing.
Chorus.
Use me, Lord, for thy glo - ry, Use me, on - ly use me,
Use me, Lord, for thy glo-ry, for thy glory only use me, use me,
If to go or stay I would tell love's sto- ry Use me, Lord, O use me.

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No. 330.

I Love Him Best of All.

ADA BLENKHORN. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. I love the bright hued flow'rs that bloom With-in the woodland way, I
2. I love the mer - ry warb - ling birds That car - ol all the day, I
3. My cheer- ful home, my hap - py home, I love with all my heart, Where

FEMALE VOICES. UNISON.

love the sunbeams warm and bright That with the shadows play, The laughing rills that
love the bright-winged butterflies A - mid the flow'rs at play. The lit - tle raindrops
all is peace and joy with- in, And naught but death can part. But in my heart I

rip - ple by, The trees so strong and tall, But my dear Lord, who lov - eth me,
cool and clear, Re - freshing as they fall, But my dear Lord, who lov - eth me,
hear a voice That doth so sweet - ly call, It is my Lord, who lov - eth me,

ALL. HARMONY.

CHORUS.

I love him best of all. Best of all, Best of
Best of all, best of all, Best of all,

all, But my dear Lord, who lov - eth me, I love him best of all.
best of all,

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No. 331.

Some of These Days.

F. L. S.

J. Lincoln Hall.

Duet. (Soprano and Alto.)

1. Some of these days all the skies will be brighter— Some of these days all the
2. Some of these days, in the des - erts up - springing, Fountains shall flash, while the
3. Some of these days! Let us bear with our sor - row; Faith in the future— its

bur- dens be light - er; Hearts will be hap - pi - er, souls will be whit - er—
joy- bells are ring - ing, And all the world, with the birds, shall go sing - ing,
light we may bor - row; There will be joy in the gold - en to - mor - row,

Chorus.

Some of these days, some of these days! Some of these days,..... some of these

Some of these days,

days,..... Skies will be bright - er some of these days;.....

some of these days,

some of these days;

rit.

Some of these days all the burdens be lighter, Some of these days, some of these days!

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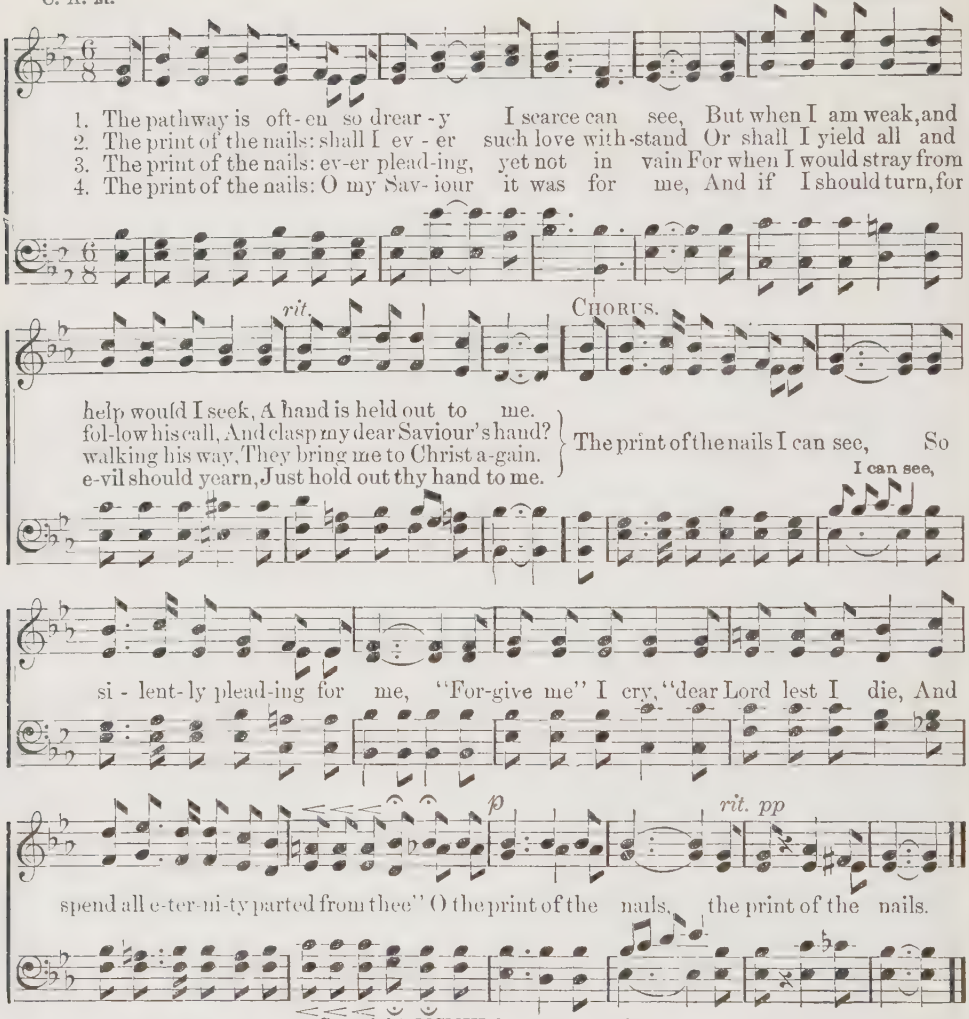
No. 332. The Print of the Nails.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. The pathway is oft-en so drear-y I scarce can see, But when I am weak, and
2. The print of the nails: shall I ev-er such love with-stand Or shall I yield all and
3. The print of the nails: ev-er plead-ing, yet not in vain For when I would stray from
4. The print of the nails: O my Sav-iour it was for me, And if I should turn, for
rit.
CHORUS.
help would I seek, A hand is held out to me.
fol-low his call, And clasp my dear Saviour's hand?
walking his way, They bring me to Christ a-gain.
e-vil should yearn, Just hold out thy hand to me.
The print of the nails I can see, So
I can see,
si-lent-ly plead-ing for me, "For-give me" I cry, "dear Lord lest I die, And
p
rit. pp
spend all e-ter-ni-ty parted from thee" O the print of the nails, the print of the nails.

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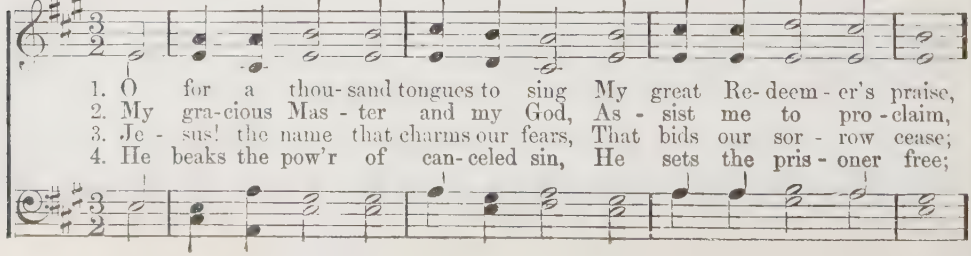
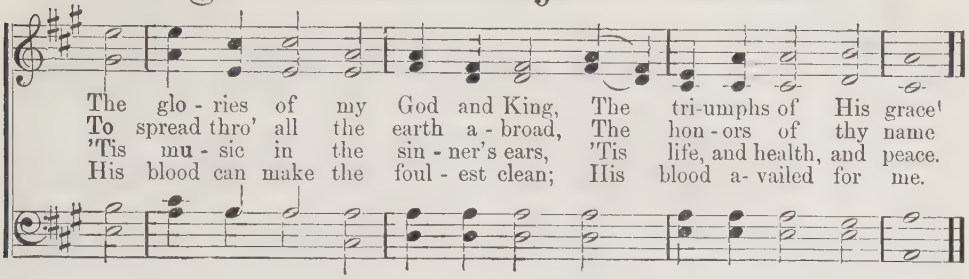
No. 333. O For a Thousand Tongues.

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.

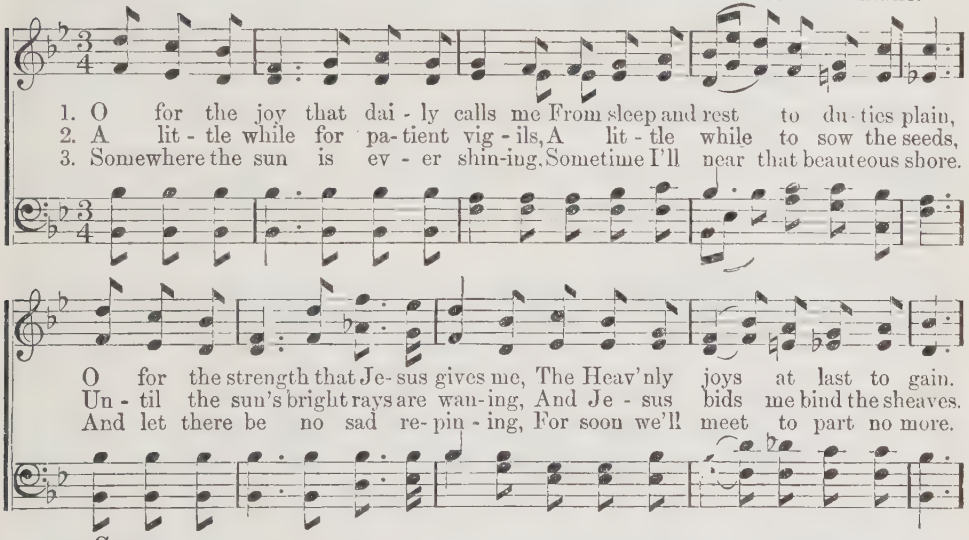

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise,
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-row cease;
4. He beaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, He sets the pris-oner free;

O For a Thousand Tongues.—Concluded.

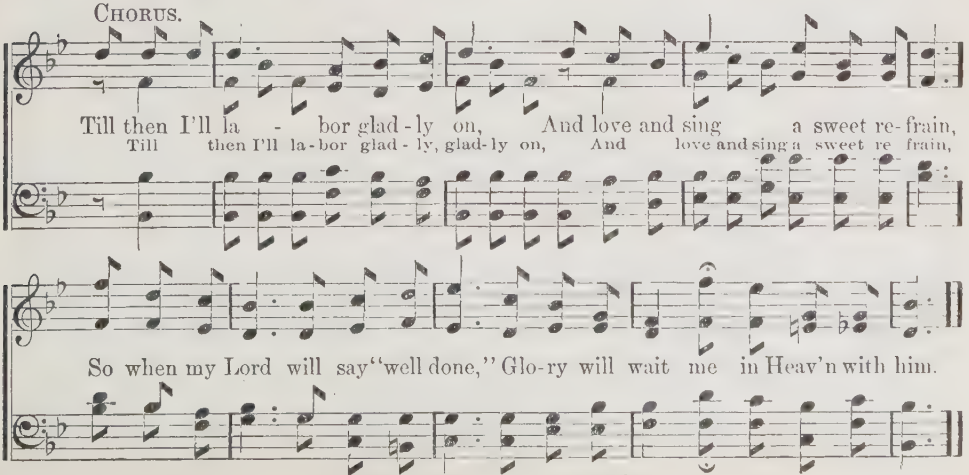

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a - broad, The hon - ors of thy name
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a- vailed for me.

No. 334. Until Then.

F. E. H. F. E. HATHAWAY.


1. O for the joy that dai - ly calls me From sleep and rest to du - ties plain,
2. A lit - tle while for pa-tient vig - ils, A lit - tle while to sow the seeds,
3. Somewhere the sun is ev - er shin-ing, Sometime I'll near that beauteous shore.
O for the strength that Je - sus gives me, The Heav'nly joys at last to gain.
Un - til the sun's bright rays are wan-ing, And Je - sus bids me bind the sheaves.
And let there be no sad re-pin - ing, For soon we'll meet to part no more.

CHORUS.


Till then I'll la - bor glad - ly on, And love and sing a sweet re-frain,
Till then I'll la-bor glad - ly, glad-ly on, And love and sing a sweet re frain,
So when my Lord will say "well done," Glo-ry will wait me in Heav'n with him.

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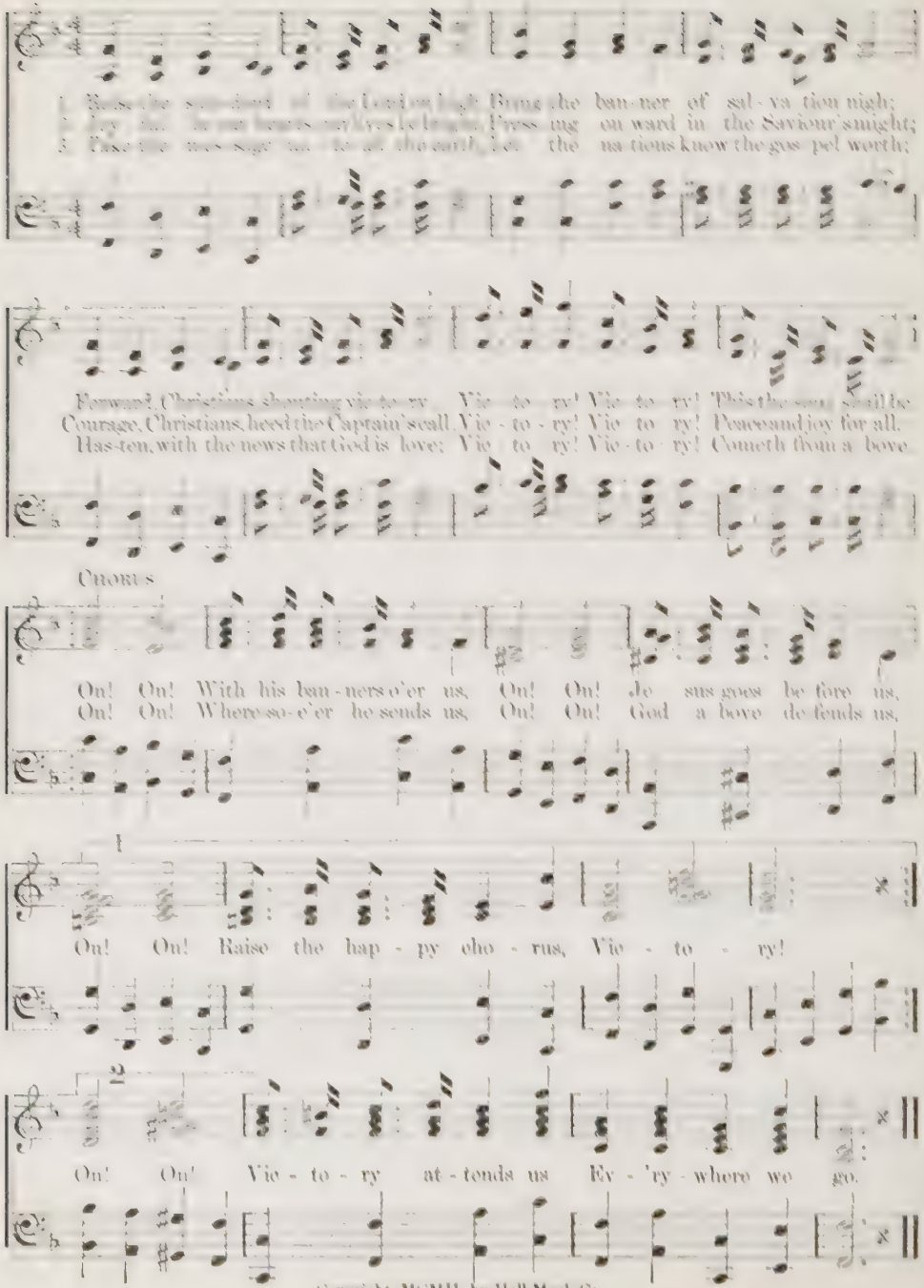
No. 339

Victory.

IRVIN H. MACK

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Raise the standard of the Lord on high! Bring the ban-ner of sal-va-tion nigh;
2. Pay no heed to worldly cowards' fears, Press-ing on-ward in the Saviour's sight;
3. Take the mes-sage un-to all the earth, Let the na-tions know the gos-pel worth;
Forward, Christians, shouting vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry! This the song we all be-
Courage, Christians, heed the Captain's call! Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry! Peace and joy for all.
Has-ten, with the news that God is love; Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry! Cometh from a bove.
CHORUS
On! On! With his ban-ners o'er us, On! On! Je-sus goes be-fore us,
On! On! Where-so-e'er he sends us, On! On! God a bove de-fends us,
1
On! On! Raise the hap-py cho-rus, Vic-to-ry!
2
On! On! Vic-to-ry at-tends us Ev-'ry-where we go.

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No. 336.

Hail to the Flag.

J. L. ELDERDICE. C. AUSTIN MILES.

Quickly.

1. O flag of our fa-thers, of men good and brave, Who pour'd out their life-blood, our
2. O'er each val-ley streaming, o'er each mountain height, Be-hold her bright col- ors, that
3. We love all her col-ors, the red, white and blue, To all that is righteous, O

coun-try to save, O'er na-tion of free-men for-ev - er she'll wave— All
gleam in the light; To keep and de-fend her we all will u - nite; All
may she be true,— No stain of dis-hon-or e'er dark-en her hue; All

CHORUS.

hail to the flag of our coun - try! Hail our glo-rious ban-ner,

badge of lib-er-ty. To each heart how sacred is thy mem-o-ry; Beneath thy gleaming

rit.

col-ors we pledge thee loy-al-ty; The flag of our coun-try! For-ev - er!

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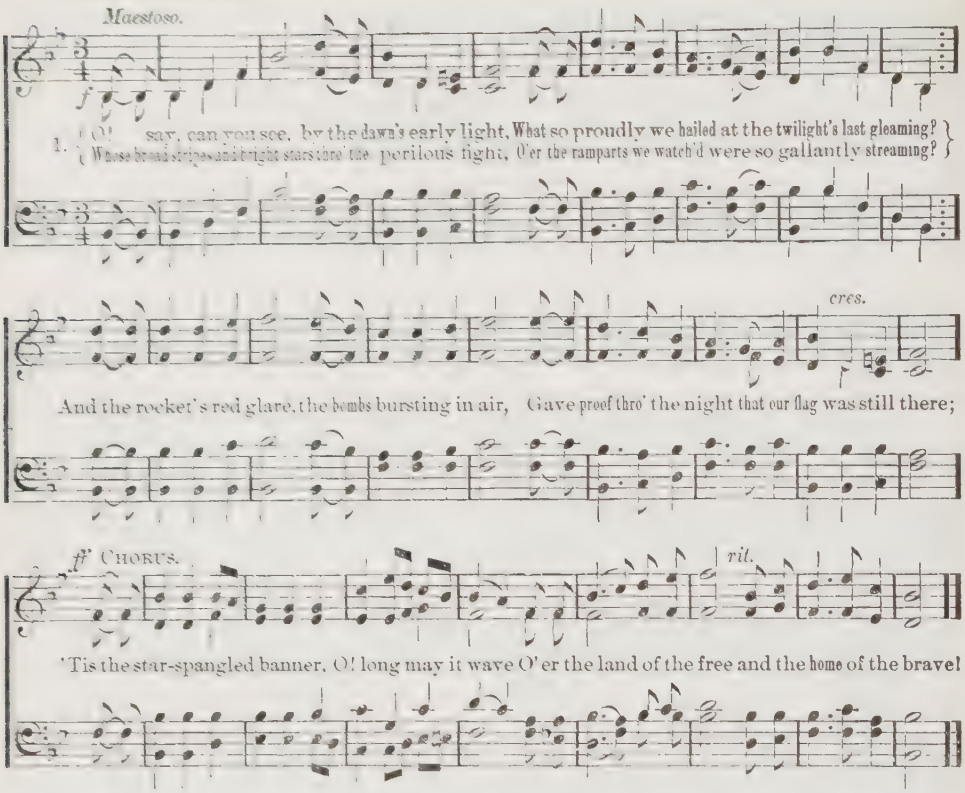
No. 337. The Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. SAMUEL ARNOLD.

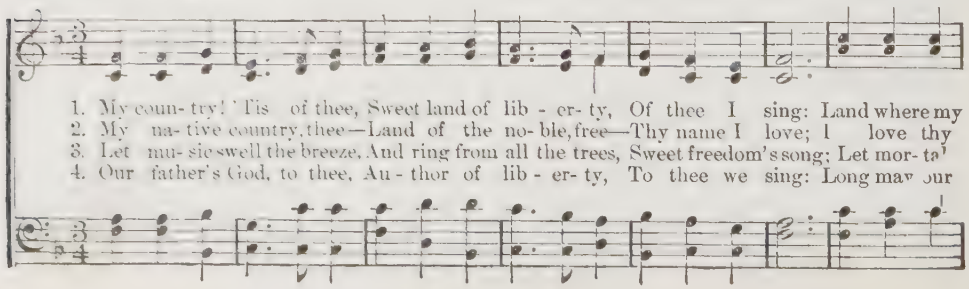

Maestoso.
1. O! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
cres.
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there;
ff CHORUS. rit.
'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

2 On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foes' haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which in the breeze, o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;

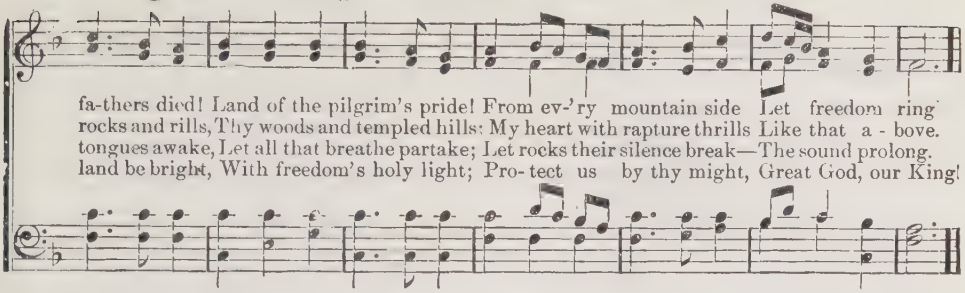
3 O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the pow'r that has made and preserved us a nation,
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

No. 338. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.

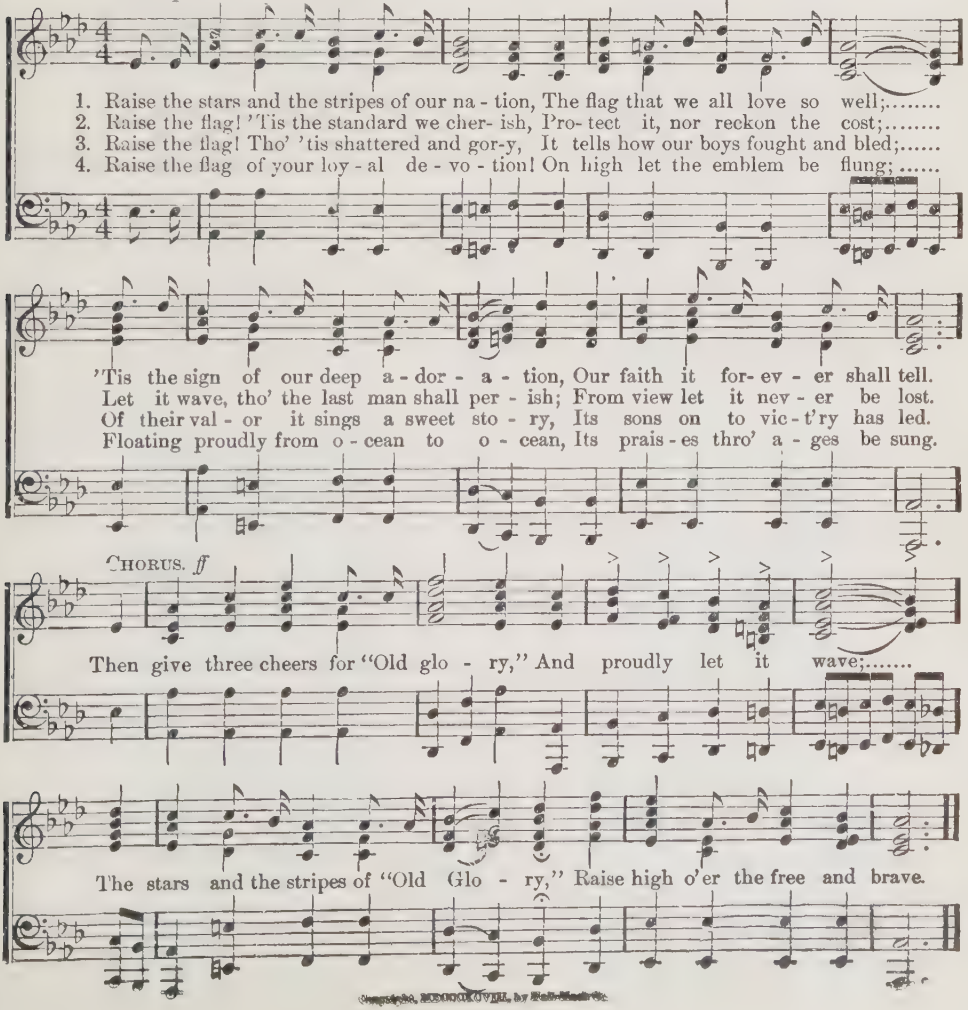

1. My coun- try! 'Tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er- ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na- tive country, thee—Land of the no- ble, free—Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu- sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor- tal
4. Our father's God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er- ty, To thee we sing: Long may our

My Country, 'Tis of Thee.—Concluded.


fa-thers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev-'ry mountain side Let freedom ring
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break—The sound prolong.
land be bright, With freedom's holy light; Pro-tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 339. Raise the Flag.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

With spirit and enthusiasm.

1. Raise the stars and the stripes of our na - tion, The flag that we all love so well;.....
2. Raise the flag! 'Tis the standard we cher- ish, Pro- tect it, nor reckon the cost;.....
3. Raise the flag! Tho' 'tis shattered and gor-y, It tells how our boys fought and bled;.....
4. Raise the flag of your loy - al de - vo - tion! On high let the emblem be flung; .....
'Tis the sign of our deep a - dor - a - tion, Our faith it for- ev - er shall tell.
Let it wave, tho' the last man shall per - ish; From view let it nev - er be lost.
Of their val - or it sings a sweet sto - ry, Its sons on to vic - t'ry has led.
Floating proudly from o - cean to o - cean, Its prais - es thro' a - ges be sung.
CHORUS. ff
Then give three cheers for "Old glo - ry," And proudly let it wave;.....
The stars and the stripes of "Old Glo - ry," Raise high o'er the free and brave.

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Temperance and Patriotic.

340. Temperance and Liberty.

Tune:—"Maryland, My Maryland." Key G.

1 O shout the watchword clear and strong,
"Temperance and Liberty."
We march to vict'ry over wrong,
Temperance and Liberty;
Come join together hand in hand,
Inspired by all that's good and grand,
And help to save our native land,
Temperance and Liberty.

2 We'll watch and work as well as pray,
Temperance and Liberty,
For soon will dawn our golden day,
Temperance and Liberty.
Eternal right is at the stake,
Our hands the chains of sin must break,
Through grace divine, and for his sake,
Temperance and Liberty.

3 Our noble cause the Lord will bless,
Temperance and Liberty,
It stands for truth and rightcousness,
Temperance and Liberty.
With faith in God and self control,
We forward press to reach the goal,
Exultant sing with heart and soul,
Temperance and Liberty.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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341. God Bless Our Native Land.

Tune:—"Italian Hymn." Key G.

1 God bless our native land;
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

3 To God,—the Father, Son,
And Spirit,—Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong;
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth, in heaven.

Rev. John S. Dwight.

342. Evils of Intemperance.

Tune:—"Boylston." Key C.

1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

3 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

343. What Ruin.

Tune:—Azmon." Key A.

1 What ruin hath intemperance wrought!
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

2 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King,
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end the usurper's reign.

4 The cause of temperance is thine own;
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord, in thee alone
To crown them with success.

344. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

Tune:—"Laban." Key C.

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

345. Work for Temperance.

Tune:—"Work, for the Night is Coming." See No. 99.

1 Work, for the cause of temperance,
Work, and our God shall bless;
Faith in his word shall aid us,
He shall give success.
Save those who see no danger
In the alluring drink,
Save, ere their souls shall perish
O'er sin's treacherous brink.

2 Work, for the cause of temperance,
Heeding the light of truth;
Save to this glorious nation
Lives of precious youth.
Till o'er the land and ocean
Floats in the sun-kissed air
That flag which should mean "Temperance"
In this land so fair.

3 Work, while the strength is given
To overcome the foe,
Let every hour be precious
Saving souls from woe.
Then as the last ray fadeth
Blotting this world from sight,
Vict'ry shall crown our efforts
In the cause of right.

346. Recessional.

Tune:—"St. Catherine." Key A♭.

1 God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

2 The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart,
Lord God of hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

3 Far called, our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday,
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

4 If drunk with sight of power we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law,
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling.

347. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Key C.

1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming af the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage, where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

2 I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His truth is marching on.—CHO.

3 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift my soul to answer him! be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.—CHO.

4 In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea;
With a glory in his bosom, that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.—CHO.

Julia Ward Howe.

348. The Morning Light is Breaking.

Tune:—"Webb." B♭.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay,
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Samuel F. Smith.

349. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Tune:—"St. Gertrude." Key E.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before,
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go!

REFRAIN.

Onward Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God,
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—REF.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail,
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—REF.

4 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.—REF.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

350. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

Key C.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified,
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

Sir J. Bowring.

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